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SELECT REVIEWS, of Literature

AND

SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN MAGAZINES.

BY

E. BRONSON, AND OTHERS.

"THE WHEAT FROM ALL THESE PUBLICATIONS SHOULD, FROM TIME TO TIME, BE WINNOWED, AND THE CHAFF THROWN AWAY."

EXTERNO ROBORE CRESCIT.....CLAUD.

VOL. V.

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1811.

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AND

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR JANUARY, 1811.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

A Treatise on the Law of War, translated from the original Latin of Cornelius Van Bynkershoek; being the first book of his Quæstiones Juris Publici, with Notes. By Peter Stephen Duponceau, Counsellor at Law in the Supreme Court of the United States of America. 8vo. pp. 218. Farrand and Nicholas. Philadelphia. 1810.

THIS masterly treatise is another, and most distinguished refutation of the calumnies flung from all quarters of Europe, but particularly from Great Britain, on the literature of the United States of America. The immense resources of this country for foreign trade, and its supposed inability for foreign war, have given such a spread and turn to its foreign relations, as to render maritime and political law, and particularly the conflicting pretensions of war and neutrality, objects of especial attention and pursuit; objects, which it seems, are to be attained by acuteness only, without the corroboration of force, involving perpetual diplomatick as well as private controversies, indefinitely diversified, and infinitely magnified, by the astonishing national alterations that have taken place since our entrance upon the theatre of sovereign states; and to which, therefore, all the talents of our statesmen, all the ingenuity of our lawyers, all the skill and enterprise of our merchants and citizens at large, preeminently enterprising and intelligent as they are, have been incessantly directed.

When the British government, in 1805, threatened to enforce what they chose to summon from the vasty deep as the rule of 1756, the American nation unanimously raised its voice against the aggression; and from all the seaport towns addresses poured in upon the administration, signed without distinction of party, calling upon the intervention of government to ward off this insidious and destructive blow. The addresses from Boston and Baltimore, which were ascribed to Mr. Gore and Mr. Pinkney, were, above all others, distinguished for the power of argument, and animation of language, with which they maintained the attitude of opposition it became us to assume on that conjuncture. And the present president of the United States, then secretary of state, also taking up the pen, and devoting to

this momentous subject a greater portion of time than any other individual had bestowed, soon after published his examination of the British doctrine, in a pamphlet, containing a very profound and temperate discussion of the question; in which he took occasion to recommend this treatise of Bynkerskoek, as the most able and impartial repository of the law of nations. To the publicist and lawyer, indeed, that recommendation was not necessary; for, though buried in a dead language, and a bad translation, yet in one or other of those shapes, this excellent treatise was to be found in most of their libraries. But considering the vast importance of being able, at a moment's warning, to arm ourselves with an authority of the first impression, whose learning and good sense have stamped upon his work a sterling weight and value universally recognised, and whose learning and good sense, though proof alike against bias and antipathy, have made him favourable to neutrals, and the champion of neutral rights, we rejoice with an exceeding great joy to meet him in a form so tangible, plain, and pleasing as the present translation; which brings his worth home to all men's bosoms, whether learned or laymen, and places his redoubtable truncheon within the grasp of every the shallowest politician that ever grapples with an argument.

In no part of the world is the study of the law of nations so general and essential as in this country. In no other part have so much pains been taken to make it a law fundamental and supreme; and, let the prejudices of Europe sneer as they may, in no part is it so well understood or so rigidly adhered to. The constitution of the American admiralty courts is such as to promise greater justice and uniformity, in the dispensation of international law, than can be expected from any other similar tribunals; because the judges are independent in their tenures of office, the law of nations is expressly enjoined upon them by the constitution as a paramount rule of action, appeals from their decisions lie not to the executive magistracy, or any delegation of political authority; nor is it possible for any admixture of state necessity or fleeting policy, to infuse itself into their proceedings.

In England, where a system of municipal law, if not perfect in itself, is at least so ably and invariably administered, as to answer, perhaps, all the ends of the most perfect system, the organization of their admiralty courts is altogether political; and though politicks are a very general study in England, it is hardly conceivable how little, till very lately, that most noble and useful department of jurisprudence, in which the law of nations is deposited, was explored or exhibited. Such men as sir William Scott, who unite profound and elegant erudition with daily practice and long experience, seem to prefer, as Sallust says of the early Romans, optumus quisque facere, quam dicere; sua ab aliis benefacta laudari, quam ipse aliorum narrare malebat: That they should perform, and others report their performances, than to apply their talents for the benefit of posterity. Hence the elements of this superiour science remain to this hour, untilled by English hands; and amidst the abundance of their soil in productions of municipal law, the law of nations lies barren and uncultivated. Some ages ago, indeed, Zouch struck in with his clumsy spade, and barely turned up the earth; and nearer to our times, Lee, pilfering the gardens of Bynkershoek, and disfiguring what he had rudely gathered, passed it for his own. But Zouch has got to the highest shelf, where the dust lies thickest, whence he is never taken down, not even for a reference or citation; but reposes with the rest of the

necessary "monumental mockery," of a library. And with Lee, as we shall have frequent occasion for him in the course of our review, we seize this the earliest opportunity of breaking ground, by declaring unequivocally, *sans phrase*, that without understanding his subject, his author or himself, he had the (not uncommon) impudence to put off a spurious and incomplete plagiarism from Bynkershoek, as an original work of his own, which base impression continued current from the period of its emission, in 1759, until 1803, when a second edition was published [Mr. Lee, we suppose, being then no more] in which it is, even then, only half acknowledged to be "an *enlarged* translation of the principal part of Bynkershoek's Quæstiones Juris Publici."

The principal cause of this defect in English learning, we presume to ascribe to the limited acquaintance of most English lawyers, jurists, and statesmen, with the languages, in which the most celebrated and recognised works on the law of nations are written. The English are as remarkable for their proficiency in the dead, as for their deficiency in the living languages. There are, perhaps, no bodies of individuals in the world, so conversant with Greek and Latin, as the parliament and bar of Great Britain; nor any containing such a number, among whom there is so large a proportion unacquainted with Italian, French, Spanish, German and Dutch; few of whom enjoy the advantages of even a partial intimacy with those sources of intelligence, each one of which, without disparaging the inestimable benefits of a knowledge of the classick tongues, opens a new and inexhaustible realm of learning; causes, (as Charles V. is reported to have said) a man to be born anew, and sheds on him more practical and profitable information, than the most profound erudition in the lore of antiquity. The contempt with which the English regard all foreign nations and idioms, and the insurmountable subdivisions of employment which prevail among them, restricting each individual to a precise avocation, have also conspired to exclude them from any excellence of attainment in the law of nations, which happens to belong to no particular profession (for even the admiralty courts are but the satellites of war) and is mostly to be found in foreign, living languages. Though there is not, strictly speaking, a single treatise on this subject in English, so very numerous are the writers upon it, on the continent of Europe, that a German has filled two volumes with a mere account of these books, tracts, and dissertations, which are published with the title of "Literature of the Law of Nations.'

It was reserved for an American lawyer to present us with a correct and acceptable English translation of Bynkershoek, elucidated, and adapted to the present enlarged sphere of political science, by a body of notes, the offspring of extensive reading, sound judgment, great experience, and especially excellent acquirements in the particular subjects investigated; in which, where applause is due, either to foreign nations or ourselves, it is bestowed with an even measure; and where censure is provoked, it is in like manner laid on with an impartial hand, not regarding where it may fall; throughout which a genuine American spirit is asserted and inculcated, and associated with those correct expositions of the law of nations, that are at the same time the aim and ornament of the original work, and the policy, and vital interest of this country. Accordingly, the world, and particularly the English community, now have in Bynkershoek an author of superiour abilities, discussing principles formed and familiarized in his mind by education and his profession; by deep

study, long practice, and unbiassed judicial experience; whose station, talents, and character placed him above the common level of common prejudices; who did not publish, till time and reflection had matured his researches; who unites a laudable love of equity with a due portion of that hardy, mental temperament, which is indispensable to an impartial commentator on laws and usages not generally known, and considerably contested; whose work appeared at an age when the law of nations, the rights of neutrality, and the pretensions of war were less involved and expanded than they are at present; and the fruits of whose labours have been hitherto locked up in the almost impervious recesses of a dead language, invisible to the general eye, when once partially shown, miserably mutilated, and, free of access only to scholars and civilians. In his American translator we have a successour (as he may not improperly be entitled) to Bynkershoek's qualifications, living in an age when all the points of which his author treats, have been vastly enhanced in importance; in a country removed from the despotisms, which lie with an iron sway, in Europe, on both actions and opinions; where, from the bosom of a prosperous neutrality, the controversies that agitate the world, may be dispassionately surveyed; of whose law the law of nations is a fundamental part; whose citizens, from every motive of interest and ambition, emolument and pride, are incessantly striving to learn and to teach, to improve, extend, and render permanent, that law; among whom Mr. Duponceau is distinguished for having made this subject his peculiar study and employment; for having adorned his library with the most celebrated treatises in the various languages, that are d edicated to it; for his uncommonly extensive and accurate knowledge of those various languages, and consequently for his conspicuous and superiour capacity for managing and displaying such a subject to the greatest advantage; who does not hastily transmute the treasures of his information into the first stipend, that is offered by a bookseller; but purified by time and repeated revision from the inevitable crudities and imperfections of a first impression,

Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna,

and at a proper season given to the publick, from a noble desire to instruct, and the generous ambition of an honest fame.

At such a crisis as the present, when on one side the imperial rulers of the earth, and the lords of the "ambitious ocean" on the other, are like the Heathen gods, waging their "high engendered battles," without any regard to the rights of other powers, who by side-blows are crushed in the desperate conflict; when the United States in particular who alone from their remoteness, have been saved from destruction, are made the anvil of a new and incomparably tremendous application of hostility, called belligerent retaliation, whose strokes, falling for the most part wide of their aim, if not levelled at, at any rate light upon us, driving law, right, and neutrality out of view, it is peculiarly gratifying to have such a shield as Bynkershoek, burnished by such a master as Duponceau. It is in fact so rare, we may say unexampled, to meet a modern jurist, discussing the angry topicks of the law of nations, with candour, learning, and dispassionateness, without some paltry prejudice or absurd antipathy, that we are ready to hail such a writer, as we would a powerful pacificator after many years of commotion and bloodshed; who, dispensing the selectest influence over benighted and infuriated empires, in a voice of authority commands peace and reason.

In reviewing such a work, it would be presumptuous to assume

the functions of domineering criticism. In this era of universal restlessness, revolution, and usurpation, criticks, like other usurpers, have enthroned themselves on the high seats of spoliation, from whence they presume to pass sentence, mostly of damnation and combustion, sometimes of cold and dignified approval, on the lords and monarchs of letters, beings greatly their superiours, who, worsted by the perversion of the times, are forced to submit to their decision. For us, we have no such pretensions. Without wishing to make new books the mere vehicles for obtruding upon the publick our own dogmas and prepossessions; but sincerely desirous of rendering ourselves strictly ancillary to their purposes, to be their "honest chronicler," and with a fair annunciation of their merits and demerits, to leave them to the judgment of their readers, we enter upon the present examination, intending to avoid, as much as may be, without confusion, all points of mere politicks, and of mere municipal jurisprudence; and directing our inquiries to the great, interesting questions of international law.

CHAPTER I.

The first chapter treats of the definition and nature of war; a particular of no great interest to most readers; for though it is of moment with an author to simplify and reduce to some precise test, those ideas, from which he sets out, and which are afterwards to be enlarged upon in more various examination, yet none but a student, and very seldom a mere reader, pays much attention to this preliminary.

At the very threshold of our inquiry we are called upon to contrast the clear style and correct version of Mr. Duponceau, with the awkward and blundering translation of Lee: of which, that there may be no doubt, we beg leave to set before our readers the original and both translations. Bellum est eorum, qui suæ potestatis sunt, juris sui persequendi ergo, concertatis per vim vel dolum.* After citing the definitions of Cicero and Grotius, as if he took them from those authors respectively, and not as he found them in Bynkershoek, Lee proceeds: "But Mr. Bynkershoek, an author of great reputation, has given a much fuller, and I think, more perfect, definition of war, which, he says, is a contest between independent *sovereigns, who are therefore* entitled to pursue their own just rights by force, or by artifice."† Which uncandid and disingenuous copy has not the bare merit of being correct; but is, in several respects, untrue and absurd. Eorum qui suæ potestatis sunt, is translated into independent *sovereigns;* whereas it plainly means only independent *persons;* which is clearly shown, immediately after, by the author himself, who adds "sive nempe gentium, sive *singulorum hominum.*" The word "ergo" in this definition means "for the sake of," as Mr. Duponceau gives it; but Lee, plunging along, translates it "therefore;" thus turning a definition, which of course should not argue, into a ridiculous enthymem. Let us now hear Mr. Duponceau. "War is a contest carried on between independent persons, by force, or fraud, for the sake of asserting their rights."

Perhaps, to exclude the idea of a duel, "bodies" might be substituted with advantage for "persons:" but in the face of such authorities we even suggest with great deference. One of the best definitions we know of, not of war, but its opposite, peace, in which succinctness of expression and fulness of matter are best combined, is an incidental definition by Sallust; who calls peace "otium ferocis," the cessation of hostilities; or leisure from that state of barbarian, untamed conflict, which seems to be

* Bynkershoek. † Lee.

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prevailed lately to so enormous an amount between France and England, notwithstanding the *flagration* of war; that monstrous anomaly in the usages of nations and laws of war, which prohibits and confiscates a neutral for attempting what a belligerent may perpetrate with impunity, and without disguise; that best and boasted issue from the law of gleaning, the only one we know of, in which the supreme wants of necessity are allowed to overcome the institutions of society. Let empires make peace when they can no longer bear the weight of war; or, at all events, let not the indefeasable and primary rights of neutrality fall a victim to the subsequent and doubtful aggressions of war, unless the latter are maintained with such rigorous exactitude as to entitle belligerents to the rigorous exercise of their rights on neutrals. Let not the former claim both the bone and the flesh.

To such, if any there be, who advocate the right, as well as the policy of the late British orders, and French decrees, we recommend what Bynkershoek, with an independence of sentiment, as laudable, as his arguments are irresistable, urges against the Dutch decree of the 27th November, 1666, and the French decree of the 17th September, 1672, which unnatural ebullitions of hostile anger he unhesitatingly disapproves, though they originated with his own government, because without actual enforcement they were illegal and void; because they fell alike on the innocent and offensive: for, says this great and just publicist, "RETALIATION IS ONLY TO BE EXERCISED ON HIM WHO HAS COMMITTED THE INJURY, AND NOT ON A COMMON FRIEND; AND HE, WHO HAS DONE NO INJURY, OUGHT NOT, IN JUSTICE, TO SUFFER." Even Mr. Lee, not foreseeing the juncture that has arisen, honestly declares that "commerce, by the very nature of *war*, ceases between powers at open enmity; for it would be absurd to suppose, that any people would venture with their persons and goods to places, where they were sure to have the one imprisoned and the other confiscated: wherefore in *declarations of war*, and proclamations which follow them, mutual commerce is generally forbid." This retaliation, of all measures of state necessity, is that to which the poet's description of a monster, as applied by Bynkershoek to state necessity in general, most emphatically belongs,

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

In his 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters, Bynkershoek treats with his usual talent and impartiality, of recaptures, of hostile territorial occupancy, of confiscations, and of hostilities in neutral ports or territories: and the translation proceeds with the same spirit and accuracy. But we pass rapidly over these divisions, to come to those of higher interest, which follow, wherein the rights of neutrality, as clashing with those of war, contraband, and blockade, are investigated.

The fearful improvements of late years in the arts of war and destruction, which have distinguished the old world, both by sea and land; and the no less prodigious growth of commercial prosperity and maritime enterprise, proceeding from the new, have forced the conflicting doctrines of both war and neutrality into so many new views, that it is matter of curious speculation to examine the pure but little fountains, from which they rose, and from whence they have now spread over the whole face of the globe. From the author before us, one of the most copious and unadulterated of these sources, we perceive that the time is not very distant when soldiers were not comprehended in the list of contraband, that has lately swelled to such an enormous roll; and that those same powers, which now inhibit the shipment of an ounce of lead or a coil of cordage, as a vio-

lent breach of the rights of war, formerly did not presume to complain, when men, of flesh and blood, and equipped with arms, were transported to fight in the array of one belligerent against another. Neutrality had not even a name. Language had no term to express it; not because it did not exist, but because its immunities were so very latitudinary, as to be almost coextensive with the superfluities, which a nation at peace could furnish to one at war.

"I call neutrals [*non hostes**] those who take part with neither of the belligerent powers, and who are not bound to either by any alliance. If they are so bound, they are no longer neutrals, but allies. *Grotius* has called them middle men [*medii*] *l.* 3. *De J. B. ac P. c.* 9. Of these it is asked what is lawful for them to do or not do between two belligerent parties? Every thing, perhaps it will be said, that it was lawful for them to do or to omit doing when they were all at peace; for the state of war does not seem to extend farther than to those who are at war with each other. Does reason require, will you say, that the enemies of our friends should be considered as our own enemies? If not, why shall not our friends carry to their friends, though they be our enemies, those things which they were in the habit of carrying to them before? nay, arms, men, and every thing else? It militates, indeed, against our own advantage, but we are not considering what is advantageous, but what is reasonable. The injury suffered is alone the cause of the war, and it is evident that that injury has no effect beyond the person of him who has suffered it, except, that if he is a prince, it extends also to all his subjects, but not to those who are not subject to his dominion. Whence it must follow, that my friend's enemy is not my enemy, but that the friendship between us subsists precisely as it did before the war.

"We find that the counsellors of the states-general adopted this doctrine, when on the 3d of *March* 1640, the states issued an edict on their report, declaring that *agreeably to ancient custom and to the law of neutrality*, it was lawful for neutrals to fight for us or for our enemies as they might think proper And when the *Spaniards*, on the 30th of *March* 1639, issued an edict declaring that if any of the people of Liege had enlisted in the service of the states-general, they should return within one month, having first taken an oath that they would no more fight against Spain or the house of Austria, otherwise, every pardon would be denied to them, a similar edict was made in retaliation on the 3d of March 1640, in the name of the states-general, of which I remember that it was to be in force as long as that of Spain, which, in the said edict of the 3d of March 1640, was represented as an innovation, entirely devoid of reason, and stigmatized in these words: '*an unreasonable edict—such novelty and unreasonableness—so long as the Spaniards shall continue in force their unreasonable edict*, &c,' Such also was the opinion of certain Dutch citizens, expressed in the states of Holland, on the 26th of February 1684, when they urged the sending of auxiliary troops to the Spaniards, to be employed against the French, which they said could be done without injury to the peace then subsisting with France: *Salvâ pace et amicitiâ cum Francis.*

"And indeed, what I have just now said is not only conformable to reason, but to the usage admitted by almost all nations. For although it be lawful for us to carry on trade with the enemies of our friends, usage has so ordered it, as I shall show more at large in the next chapter, that we should not assist either of them with those things by which the war against our friends may be carried on. It is therefore unlawful to carry to either party those things which are necessary in war, such as cannon, arms, and what is most essentially useful, soldiers; nay, soldiers are positively excepted by the treaties of various nations, and sometimes also materials for building ships, which might be used against our friends, have been excepted. Provisions likewise are

* It is remarkable that there are no words in the Latin language which precisely answer to the English expressions, *neutral, neutrality;* for *neutralis, neutralitas*, which are used by some modern writers, are barbarisms, not to be met with in any classical author. These make use of the words *amici, medii, pacati*, which are very inadequate to express what we understand by neutrals, and they have no substantive whatever (that we know of) for neutrality. We shall not here inquire into the cause of this deficiency. Such an inquiry would carry us too far, and does not comport with the object of this work. T.

often excepted, when the enemies are besieged by our friends, or are *otherwise* pressed by famine. The law has very properly forbidden our supplying the enemy with any of those things; for it would be, as it were, making war against our friends. Therefore if we consider the belligerents merely as our friends, we may lawfully carry on trade with them, and carry to them any kind of merchandise, but if we consider them as the enemies of our friends, those merchandises must be excepted, by means of which they might injure those friends; and this reason is stronger than the former; for in whatever manner we may assist one against the other, we do interfere in the war, which is not consistent with the duties of neutrality. From these reasons may be seen which had the most justice on its side, the edict of the Spaniards of the 30th of March 1639, or that of the states-general of the 3d of March, 1640, of both of which I have spoken above."

As respects contraband, Bynkershoek is very explicit and very reasonable. In truth, it is not his least merit, that, without seeming to concede any thing to either party, he mostly recommends that medium, which ought to be unobjectionable to both.

"It is denied that the subject of an ally or confederate, trading with a common enemy, may be punished by us, or his property condemned; because it is said that every one is bound only to obey the laws of his own sovereign, and therefore that an ally can have no control over him. But reason, usage, and publick utility, are opposed to that decision."

But the belligerent assertion, which by its enormity, has swallowed up all others, is that of blockade; a principle, in itself so plain, that two unprejudiced minds can hardly differ about it. Yet it is the constructive extension of this principle, so clear when confined to its legitimate bounds, so clearly a wrong when exceeding them, that has unhinged the established laws and usages of nations and of ages. Bynkershoek, in the main, supports those sentiments, that are most prevalent on this point, for the theory is too plain for a cavil.

"I have said in a former chapter, that by the usage of nations, and according to the principles of natural reason, it is not lawful to carry any thing to places that are blockaded or besieged. Grotius is of the same opinion; for he reprobates the carrying any thing to blockaded or besieged places, 'if it should impede the execution of the belligerent's lawful designs; and if the carriers might have known of the siege or blockade, as in the case of a town actually invested or a port closely blockaded, and when a surrender or a peace is already expected to take place.'* Indeed, it is sufficient that there be a siege or blockade to make it unlawful to carry any thing, whether contraband or not, to a place thus circumstanced; for those who are within may be compelled to surrender, not merely by the direct application of force, but also by the want of provisions and other necessaries. If, therefore, it should be lawful to carry to them what they are in need of, the belligerent might thereby be compelled to raise the siege or blockade, which would be doing him an injury, and therefore would be unjust. And because it cannot be known what articles the besieged may want, the law forbids, in general terms, carrying *any thing* to them; otherwise disputses and altercations would arise to which there would be no end."

* *Si juris mei executionem rerum subvectio impedierit, idque scire potuerit qui advexit,* BUT SI *oppidum obsessum tenebam, si portus clausos, & jam deditio aut pax expectabatur, tenebitur ille mihi de damno culpâ dato, ut qui debitorem carceri exemit, aut fugam ejus in meam fraudem instruxit; si damnum nondùm dederit, sed dare voluerit, jus erit rerum retentione eum cogere ut de futuro caveat, obsidibus, pignoribus, aut alio modo.* If he (the carrier) should by his supplies impede the execution of any lawful designs; *as if* I kept a town besieged or a port closely blockaded, and I already expected a surrender or a peace; he will be liable to me for the damage occasioned by his fault, in like manner as he who should make my debtor escape out of prison, or aid him in his flight to defraud me of my right: and if he has not occasioned to me any actual damage, but has been willing to do it, in that case, it will be lawful by the detention of his goods, to compel him to give security for the future, by hostages, pledges, or in some other way. *Grot. de J. B. ac. P.* l. 3. c. 1. § 5. n. 3.

So much has been said and written on this subject of late, that we cannot presume to tax our readers with a renewal of the irksome discussion. Every one knows that a blockade, by law and common sense, must be actual and enforced: but every one likewise knows that overwhelming power, the intoxication of success, and desperation of disaster, have driven off what ought to be, and substituted what is, a system of paper, that enchains the world more effectually than cannons, fleets, and armies.

Before we leave this class of chapters we must not forget to remark that Bynkershoek, in the 6th, quotes the answer of a Roman emperour to the king of Persia, in these words: Qui enim Dominus est ejus qui imperat, quomodo nec Dominus erit ejus quod ei subest? which Mr. Lee translates [page 98] "How is he master of him, who commands, when he is not to be master of that, which is subject to him?" which being exactly what the original does *not* mean, Mr. Duponceau has taken care [page 48] to set it right.

CHAPTER XIII—XIV.

To the advocates of neutral rights these chapters are peculiarly gratifying. They discuss the belligerent claims to neutral goods found on board enemies' ships, and enemies' goods found on board neutral ships; and after an analysis of the law, deduced from treaties, writers, and usage, and a luminous development of the abstract merits, conclude by an expression of the author's opinion, in both cases, against those unjust pretensions, which have been occasionally advanced by powerful belligerents, in moments of triumph or pressure; but upon the injustice of which all writers, at least, are agreed. The first has never been so much contested, as the second, the long agitated question whether free ships make free goods, about which so many swords and so many pens have been brandished, so much blood and ink have been spilt. The basis on which Bynkershoek leaves it is unexceptionably just, and should be universally satisfactory. But we especially rejoice at the unqualified and quasi territorial property of ships, which is established by the coincident opinions of Hubner and Byknershoek, as explained by Mr. Duponceau.

"We will now proceed to consider the second question, whether the enemy's goods themselves, taken on board of a neutral vessel, are liable to confiscation. Some will wonder, perhaps, that any doubt should be entertained about it, as it is clearly lawful for a belligerent to take the property of his enemy. And yet, in all the treaties which I have cited in the preceding chapter [p. 103] there is an express stipulation that 'enemy's goods, found on board of neutral vessels, shall be free;' or (as we commonly express it) that *free ships shall make free goods*, except, however, contraband of war, when carrying to the enemy. And what will be thought more astonishing, is, that among those treaties, there are four to which France is a party, and, according to them, even *enemy's goods*, laden on board of neutral vessels, are not liable to confiscation; much less, therefore, ought the *neutral vessel* to be confiscated, on board of which they are shipped. So that it must be said, either that the principle of the old French law, which I have above mentioned, has been entirely abandoned, or, what is more probable, that those treaties are to be considered as exceptions to it. However this may be, we are bound, in the discussion of general principles, to attend more to reason than to treaties. And on rational grounds, I cannot see why it should not be lawful to take enemy's goods, although found on board of a neutral ship; for in that case, what the belligerent takes is still the property of his enemy, and by the laws of war, belongs to the captor.

"It will be said, perhaps, that a belligerent may not lawfully take his enemy's goods on board of a neutral vessel, unless he should first take the neutral vessel itself, that he cannot do this without committing an act of violence upon his friend, in order to come at the property of his enemy, and that it is quite as unlawful as if he were to attack that enemy in a neutral port, or to commit depredations in the

territory of a friend." But it ought to be observed, that it is lawful to detain a neutral vessel, in order to ascertain, not by the flag merely, which may be fraudulently assumed, but by the documents themselves which are on board, whether she is really neutral. If she appear to be such, then she is to be dismissed, otherwise, she may be captured. And if this is lawful, as on every principle it is, and as it is generally practised, it will be lawful, also, to examine the documents which concern the cargo, and from thence to learn, whether there are enemy's goods concealed on board, and if any should be found, why may they not be captured by the law of war? The Dutch lawyers, whose opinion I have already cited, and the *Consolato del Mare*, in the chapter above referred to [Consil. Belg. *ubi supra*] are equally clear upon this point. According to them, the neutral ship is to be released, but the enemy's goods are to be carried into a port of the captor, and there condemned."

Here again we are obliged to expose Richard Lee, esq who ushers in the 14th chapter with the following formidable absurdity: Si navis amici [says B.] mei hostium res vehat, et capiatur, duplex erit inspectio; altera, an ipsa navis amica, altera an res hostiles recte publicentur! "If the *ship* of a *friend* [says L.] carries the goods of an *enemy*, this occasions a double inspection—one whether the ship itself belongs to my friend, the other, whether the enemy's goods may be rightly condemned?" Without the aid of the original, this would be unintelligible: and with that aid it is plain Mr. Lee has totally mistaken and perverted his author.

CHAPTER XV—XVI.

The law of Postliminy, explained in this chapter, is mostly of municipal regulations.

CHAPTER XVII—XVIII—XIX—XX.

These chapters are fraught with useful learning on subjects of every day's occurrence in all maritime countries; learning, which is more applicable now in Great Britain and the United States, than it was in Holland at the time of publication; because of the vast progress of maritime adventure since then. They treat of pirates and privateers, of the forum for the punishment of the first, and of the relative rights and liabilities of the latter, their owners and associates; altogether of municipal cognizance, and therefore not to our present purpose.

CHAPTER XXI.

Ensurance of enemy's property and the conclusiveness of foreign sentences, which are the subjects of this chapter, are also without the scope of our design. We will therefore content ourselves with expressing our unfeigned joy that these once sturdily asserted doctrines are now nearly exploded, and on the high road to overthrow and obilvion, a consummation of justice to which the authority of Bynkershoek availed much in England, and we will add, the labours of Mr. Duponceau have not been in vain in America.

* It is worthy of observation, that our author, while he supports the belligerent principle, on the long agitated question, whether *free ships* "do or do not make *free goods*," tacitly admits that neutral vessels are entitled to be considered as *neutral territory*, a proposition which Mr. Hubner thought so self-evident, that he did not think it worth while (though he professedly wrote in favour of the neutral doctrine) to devote a single page of his work to its proof and development. *Hubn. de la Saisie, &c.* vol. 1. p 211. This principle being admitted, the question is reduced to the single point: "Whether the right of taking enemy's property on board of neutral vessels, *necessarily* follows as a consequence of the right of search, for the purpose of ascertaining their neutral character." On this point alone, the whole of our author's argument turns, and he maintains the affirmative; but like Hubner, he takes his proposition for granted, without taking any pains to demonstrate it. On the whole, he must be considered as having made a very important concession in favour of neutrals; and having greatly narrowed for them the field of that celebrated controversy. T.

We ask leave here for a transient deviation from our plan, merely to insert a note of Mr. Duponceau's in which, with a national pride we heartily reciprocate, he notices the decided superiority of the reason given by judge Johnson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, over that given by lord Ellenborough, for the capture of a neutral for having violated his neutrality.

"According to the above decisions, the capture of *neutral* vessels by the cruisers of Great Britain or her co belligerents, is considered as a prohibited risk, 'because,' says lord Ellenborough, '*it is repugnant to the interest of the state*, and has a tendency to render the British operations by sea ineffectual.' *Kellner v. Le Mesurier*, 4 *East*, 402. This is certainly correct, on the ground of state policy; but, another reason, founded on the broad basis of the law of nations, is afforded by our own judge Johnson (one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States, and presiding judge of the courts which compose the 6th federal circuit) 'a neutral,' says he, 'who is captured for having violated his neutrality, is considered by the belligerent as an *enemy* waging an *individual war* against his nation, and is abandoned by his own government as such.' *Rose* v. *Himely*, *Bee's Admiralty Reports*, 322 It follows, from this principle, that all risks of capture, by the armed vessels of the nation to which the ensurer belongs, may be properly classed within the general prohibition against ensuring *enemy's property*. And, indeed, according to the *formula* which is used at present by the courts of admiralty of Great Britain, whatever may be, in point of fact, the specifick ground of condemnation of a neutral vessel or cargo, no other reason is assigned in the decree, but that it belonged, at the time of capture, to the *enemies* of that country.—*Horne's Compend.* 148."

CHAPTER XXII.

The United States have been no less disturbed, than, as we are informed by Bynkershoek, many of the European states formerly were, by disputes concerning the expatriation of citizens, and extradition of deserters, which, together with the right of enlisting men in foreign countries, are the subjects of this 22d chapter. Of all the points in controversy between Great Britain and the United States, this is the one least susceptible of any settlement, and most liable to vexatious difficultics, of perpetual recurrence. As Bynkershoek is very satisfactory in all his views of this particular, we abstain from any comment, and leave him to the reader.

"I enter upon the discussion of a question which has been, and is still, the cause of much disturbance in many of the kingdoms and states of Europe: Whether it is lawful to enlist men in the territory of a friendly sovereign: Let it not be imagined, that I mean to contend, that it is lawful to entice away soldiers, by bribes or solicitations, from the service of another prince, in order to enlist them into our own. I know too well, that those who promote desertion, are not less guilty, and do not deserve a less punishment than the deserters themselves;† and, indeed, among some nations, that crime has even been construed into high treason. The question which I am about to investigate, is of a quite different nature. It is, whether a prince may, in the territory of a friendly sovereign, enlist private individuals who are not soldiers, and make use of them in war against his own enemies? It is certain, that if a prince prohibits his subjects from transferring their allegiance and en-

† The important question respecting the delivering up, or as it is called, the *extradition* of deserters from one country to another, has been the subject of much controversy in America as well as in Europe, and is not yet at rest. It has been but slightly touched upon by some of the writers on the law of nations, and by others not at all. Vattel says nothing upon it. Hubner lays it down as a general principle, that "a neutral sovereign may receive in his dominions, and even among the number of his subjects, deserters from either of the belligerent armies, unless he is obliged to deliver them up by a special convention, called a *cartel*. 1 *Hubn. De la Saisie, &c.* p. 39. But Galiani distinguishes and contends, that if the army from which the soldiers desert is on the neutral territory at the time when the desertion takes place, as for instance, if it has been allowed the right of passage, the neutral sovereign is bound to deliver up those who have deserted their colours within his dominions; otherwise, it will be considered as a violation of the laws of hospitality.—*Galiani, De' doveri*, &c. l. 1. c. 8. § 4. T.

tering into the army or navy of another sovereign, such sovereign cannot, with propriety, enlist them into his service; but, where no such prohibition exists (as is the case in most of the countries of Europe) it is lawful, in my opinion, for the subject to abandon his country, migrate into another, and there serve his new sovereign in a military capacity

"It is lawful, I repeat it, if there is no law that prohibits it, for a subject to change his condition, and transfer his allegiance from one sovereign to another. The writers on publick law are all of this opinion; nor does Grotius dissent from them; but he adds, that expatriation is not lawful among the Muscovites; and we know, that it is unlawful also among the English and Chinese. We know likewise, that Louis XIV. king of France,* declared, by an edict of the 13th of August 1669, that those of his subjects who should, without the permission of the government, emigrate from his dominions, with the intention never to return, should be punished with the forfeiture of life and goods. Before that period, it was lawful to emigrate from France, and it is so wherever the country is not a prison.† And if it is lawful for a subject to pass under the dominion of another prince, it must be so likewise for him to seek the means of procuring an honest livelihood, and why may he not do it by entering into the land or sea service? In the United Provinces there is certainly no law to prevent it, and many Dutchmen, formerly, as well as within my own recollection, have served other sovereigns by sea as well as by land."

Thus with fidelity and impartiality, the utmost merits to which we aspire, we have reviewed this translation, which well deserves to be entitled a treatise, chapter by chapter, exhibiting such prominent features as in our opinion, deserved to be displayed; and extolling those principles of international law, which it appears to have been the object of both the author and translator to inculcate, and which we conceive it both the interest and honour of this country to defend and maintain. We should not have been so patriotick, if the intrinsick worth of those principles were not as clear, as is their identity with the neutral policy of the United States: and we are certainly rather the warmer in our eu-

* This edict was made with a view to the Protestants. It was in the same year that Louis the XIV. began to violate the edict of Nantz, by abolishing the *chambres mi-parties*, tribunals consisting of judges of both religions, which that edict had established—*Hénault, Abregé de l' Hist. de Fr. sub anno* 1669. He foresaw the immense emigration which its final repeal would produce, and thus vainly endeavoured to prevent it. T.

† By the first constitution of Pennsylvania, made on the 28th of September, 1776, it was declared, [c. 1. § 15] "that all men have a natural, inherent right to emigrate from one state to another that will receive them." 1 *Dallas's Laws of Penn. Appen. p.* 54. The present constitution merely provides [art. 9. § 25] "that emigration from the state shall not be prohibited." 3 *Dallas's Laws of Penn.* p. xxii.

The question, "whether it is lawful for a citizen to expatriate himself," has been brought several times, and in various shapes, before the Supreme Court of the United States. It was made a point, incidentally, in the case of Talbot *v.* Jansen, mentioned above. [p. 136] In that case, it appeared to be the opinion of the court, that expatriation is lawful, provided it is effected at such time, in such manner, and under such circumstances as not to endanger the peace or safety of the United States. "The cause of removal," said judge Patterson, "must be lawful, otherwise, the emigrant acts contrary to his duty, and is justly charged with a crime. Can that emigration be legal and justifiable, which commits or endangers the neutrality, peace, or safety of the nation of which the emigrant is a member?" 3 *Dallas's Reports*, 153.—"That a man," said judge Iredell, "ought not to be a slave; that he should not be confined against his will to a particular spot, because he happened to draw his first breath upon it; that he should not be compelled to continue in a society to which he is accidentally attached, when he can better his situation elsewhere; much less where he must starve in one country, and may live comfortably in another; are positions which I hold as strongly as any man, and they are such as most nations of the world appear clearly to recognise. The only difference of opinion is, as to the proper manner of exercising this right." *Ibid.* 162. Judge Cushing concurred in the general principle, that expatriation is lawful, and approved of the doctrine laid down on this subject by Heineccius,

logium, because a sense of propriety and the spirit of patriotism happen exactly to coincide. We will now briefly notice such demerits as appeared in the retrospect. There are in the book itfelf some assertions, to which we cannot subscribe; but as their authority is imposing, and to contradict them would have opened too long a discussion, they were not noticed. But with the translation we may be more free. In the first place then we will observe that though fidelity is indispensable, we would have been better pleased if in this instance it had been less adhered to, because Mr. Duponceau has great funds of his own, and need not have feared to draw on them. We trust that the reception of this work will be such as to induce him to favour us with others of the same character. And if a future opportunity should offer for improving this, we respectfully suggest that it might be done, by not only, as he almost apologises for doing, shortening Bynkerhoek's Ciceronian periods; dividing his paragraphs; and adjusting his phrases to our idiom; but, provided he preserve the spirit of the original; by enlarging his notes, and indulging himself in any such transposition or phraseology, as will make the style and even the work his own.

In the 4th chapter the Latin word *mores* is given by the English word *manners*; a meaning, which however it may sometimes be proper, does not belong to it in this place. Bynkershoek's expressionis "in ipso Belgio Fœderato leges *moresque* repugnare, abunde persuadebunt, quæ hoc et sequenti capite proxime dicentur," which is thus translated by Mr. Duponceau, "what I shall say in this and the next chapter will abundantly prove that this custom is repugnant to the laws and *manners* of the United Provinces." In the beginning of the 5th chapter "*moribus* gentium obsolevisse" is again translated "have become obsolete by the gradual change of *manners*." In both these instances the English term should be *usage* or *practice*. The Latin root *mos*, and the French word *mœurs* branch, in English, into two distinct terms, *morals* and *manners*, perfectly distinguishable in our acceptation. In the beginning of

Elem. Jur. Nat. et Gent. l. 2. c. 10. "But," said he, "the act of expatriation should be *bonâ fide*, and manifested at least by the emigrant's actual removal, with his family and effects, into another country." *Ibid.* 169. In the case then before the court, no such removal had taken place.

In that of Murray *v.* The Charming Betsey, it was decided, that a citizen of the United States who has *bonâ fide* expatriated himself, is to be considered as an *alien* for *commercial purposes*. One Shattuck, a natural born citizen of the United States, had, for many years, resided with his family, and had been naturalized in the Danish island of St. Thomas. It was objected to him, that he had traded from that island with the French colonies, in fraud of an act of congress, by which all trade was interdicted to the citizens of the United States, with the dominions of France. But the court were of opinion, "that an American citizen may acquire, in a foreign country, the commercial privileges attached to his domicile, and be exempted from the operation of the general prohibitory laws of his native country." The court did not, however, determine, whether a citizen of the United States can devest himself absolutely of that character, otherwise than in such manner as may be prescribed by *our own laws*, nor whether his expatriation would be sufficient to rescue him from punishment, for a crime committed against the United States. 2 *Cranch's Reports*, 120.

And lastly, in the case of M'Ilvaine *v.* Cox's lessee, it was determined that a citizen of New Jersey, who had gone over to the enemy during the revolutionary war, and had, since that time, remained in England, enjoying the privileges of a British subject, had not ceased to be a citizen of New Jersey, and was entitled to claim lands by descent, in that state, because several laws had been made by its legislature, some before and others after his emigration, by which emigrants of that description were declared to be *fugitive citizens* and *traitors*, punishable as such, but were not considered as *aliens*. *Cranch's Reports*, vol. ii. p. 280. vol. iv. p. 209. T.

the 8th chapter "*quam in rem*," is translated "*whereupon*,"—"*concerning which*" we suggest as preferable. In the 8th chapter "*edicti de criminibus*" is translated "*criminal edict;*" an expression, which excites an ambiguous idea, and for which might be substituted *penal edict*, or *edict concerning crimes*.

But upon the whole the translation, though somewhat too precise, is very correct—the style as flowing and easy, as a jurisprudential style well can be, and the entire execution of the performance such as to command full approbation. We strongly recommend every man who has read Lee, as soon as possible to read Duponceau. To such as have read neither; to the statesman and the politician, the lawyer and the jurist, the merchant and the man of leisure, we recommend this work, as containing, in a convenient space, more useful knowledge of the laws of war and peace, that is to say of the laws of nations—a more satisfactory exposition of those principles, which however for the moment driven out of view, must reappear, grow with the growth of reason and good sense, and particularly strengthen with the strength of the United States of America, certainly, than any other in the English language, and probably in any language whatever.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Remarks on the System of Education in Publick Schools, 8vo. London, 1809.

THERE is a set of well dressed, prosperous gentlemen, who assemble daily at Mr. Hatchard's shop; clean, civil personages; well in with the people in power; delighted with every existing institution; and almost with every existing circumstance; and, every now and then, one of these personages writes a little book; and the rest praise that little book, expecting to be praised, in their turn, for their own little books; and, of these little books, thus written by these clean, civil personages, so expecting to be praised, the pamphlet before us appears to be one.

The subject of it is the advantage of publick schools; and the author, very creditably to himself, ridicules the absurd clamour, first set on foot by Dr. Rennel, of the irreligious tendency of publick schools. He then proceeds to an investigation of the effects which publick schools may produce upon the moral character; and here the subject becomes more difficult, and the pamphlet worse.

In arguing any large or general question, it is of infinite importance to attend to the first feelings which the mention of the topick has a tendency to excite; and the name of a publick school brings with it immediately the idea of brilliant classical attainments. But, upon the importance of these studies, we are not now offering any opinion. The only points for consideration are, whether boys are put in the way of becoming good and wise men by these schools; and whether they actually gather there, those attainments which it pleases mankind, for the time being, to consider as valuable, and to decorate by the name of learning.

By a publick school, we mean an endowed place of education, of old standing, to which the sons of gentlemen resort in considerable numbers, and where they continue to reside, from eight or nine, to eighteen years of age. We do not give this as a definition which would have satisfied Porphyry or Duns-Scotus; but as one sufficiently accurate for our purpose. The characteristick fea-

cures of these schools are, their antiquity, the numbers, and the ages of the young people who are educated at them. We beg leave, however, to premise, that we have not the slightest intention of insinuating any thing to the disparagement of the present discipline or present rulers of these schools, as compared with other times and other men. We have no reason whatever to doubt that they are as ably governed at this, as they have been at any preceding period. Whatever objections we may have to these institutions, they are to faults, not depending upon present administration, but upon original construction.

At a publick school (for such is the system established by immemorial custom) every boy is alternately tyrant and slave. The power which the elder part of these communities exercises over the younger, is exceedingly great, very difficult to be controlled, and accompanied, not unfrequently, with cruelty and caprice. It is the common law of the place, that the young should be implicitly obedient to the elder boys; and this obedience resembles more the submission of a slave to his master, or of a sailor to his captain, than the common and natural deference which would always be shown by one boy to another a few years older than himself. Now, this system we cannot help considering as an evil, because it inflicts upon boys, for two or three years of their lives, many painful hardships, and much unpleasant servitude. These sufferings might, perhaps, be of some use in military schools; but, to give to a boy the habit of enduring privations to which he will never again be called upon to submit, to inure him to pains which he will never again feel, and to subject him to the privation of comforts, with which he will always in future abound, is surely not a very useful and valuable severity in education. It is not the life in miniature which he is to lead hereafter, nor does it bear any relation to it. He will never again be subjected to so much insolence and caprice; nor ever, in all human probability, called upon to make so many sacrifices. The servile obedience which it teaches, might be useful to a menial domestick; or the habits of enterprise which it encourages, prove of importance to a military partisan; but we cannot see what bearing it has upon the calm, regular, civil life, which the sons of gentlemen, destined to opulent idleness, or to any of the three learned professions, are destined to lead. Such a system makes many boys very miserable; and produces those bad effects upon the temper and disposition, which unjust suffering always does produce; but what good it does we are much at a loss to conceive. Reasonable obedience is extremely useful in forming the disposition. Submission to tyranny lays the foundation of hatred, suspicion, cunning, and a variety of odious passions. We are convinced that those young people will turn out to be the best men, who have been guarded most effectually, in their childhood, from every species of useless vexation; and experienced, in the greatest degree, the blessings of a wise and rational indulgence. But even if these effects upon future character are not produced, still, four or five years in childhood make a very considerable period of human existence; and it is by no means a trifling consideration whether they are passed happily or unhappily. The wretchedness of school tyranny is trifling enough to a man who only contemplates it, in ease of body and tranquillity of mind, through the medium of twenty intervening years; but it is quite as real, and quite as acute, while it lasts, as any of the sufferings of mature life: and the utility of these sufferings, or the price paid in compensation for them, should be clearly made out to a con-

scientious parent, before he consents to expose his children to them.

This system also gives to the elder boys an absurd and pernicious opinion of their own importance, which is often with difficulty effaced by a considerable commerce with the world. The *head* of a publick school is generally a very conceited young man, utterly ignorant of his own dimensions, and losing all that habit of conciliation towards others, and that anxiety for self improvement, which result from the natural modesty of youth. Nor is this conceit very easily and speedily gotten rid of. We have seen (if we mistake not) publick school importance lasting through the half of after life, strutting in lawn, swelling in ermine, and displaying itself, both ridiculously and offensively, in the haunts and business of bearded men.

There is a manliness in the athletick exercises of publick schools, which is as seductive to the imagination as it is utterly unimportant in itself. Of what importance is it in after life, whether a boy can play well or ill at cricket, or row a boat with the skill and precision of a waterman? If our young lords and esquires were hereafter to wrestle together in publick, or the gentlemen of the bar to exhibit Olympick games in Hilary term, the glory attached to these exercises of publick schools would be rational and important. But of what use is the body of an athlete, when we have good laws over our heads, or when a pistol, a postchaise, or a porter, can be hired for a few shillings? A gentleman does nothing but ride or walk; and yet such a ridiculous stress is laid upon the manliness of the exercises customary at publick schools, exercises in which the greatest blockheads commonly excel the most, as often render habits of idleness inveterate, and often lead to foolish expense and dissipation at a more advanced period of life.

One of the supposed advantages of a publick school, is the greater knowledge of the world which a boy is considered to derive from those situations; but if, by a knowledge of the world, is meant a knowledge of the forms and manners which are found to be the most pleasing and useful in the world, a boy from a publick school is almost always extremely deficient in these particulars; and his sister, who has remained at home at the apron strings of her mother, is very much his superiour in the science of manners. It is probably true, that a boy at a publick school has made more observations on human character, because he has had more opportunities of observing, than have been enjoyed by young persons educated either at home or at private schools; but this little advance gained at a publick school, is so soon overtaken at college or in the world, that, to have made it, is of the least possible consequence, and utterly undeserving of any risk incurred in the acquisition. Is it any injury to a man of thirty or thirty-five years of age; to a learned serjeant or a venerable dean, that at eighteen they did not know so much of the world as some other boys of the same standing? They have probably escaped the arrogant character so often attendant upon this trifling superiority; nor is there much chance that they have ever fallen into the common and youthful errour of mistaking a premature initiation into vice, for a knowledge of the ways of mankind: and, in addition to these salutary exemptions, a winter in London brings it all to a level; and offers to every novice the advantages which are supposed to be derived from this precocity of confidence and polish.

According to the general prejudice in favour of publick schools, it would be thought quite as absurd and superfluous to enumerate the illustrious characters who have been

bred at our three great seminaries of this description, as it would be to descant upon the illustrious characters who have passed in and out of London over our three great bridges. Almost every conspicuous person is supposed to have been educated at publick schools, and there are scarcely any means (as it is imagined) of making an actual comparison; and yet, great as the rage is, and long has been, for publick schools, it is very remarkable, that the most eminent men in every art and science have not been educated in publick schools; and this is true, even if we include, in the term of publick schools, not only Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, but the Charter-house, St Paul's school, Merchant Taylors, Rugby, and every school in England, at all conducted upon the plan of the three first. The great schools of Scotland we do not call publick schools; because, in these, the mixture of domestick life gives to them a widely different character. Spenser, Pope, Shakspeare, Butler, Rochester, Spratt, Parnell, Garth, Congreve, Gay, Swift, Thomson, Shenstone, Akenside, Goldsmith, Samuel Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Johnson, Sir Philip Sidney, Savage, Arbuthnot, and Burns, among the poets, were not educated in the system of English schools. Sir Isaac Newton, Maclaurin, Wallis, Hamstead, Saunderson, Simpson, and Napier, among men of science, were not educated in publick schools. The three best historians that the English language has produced, Clarendon, Hume, and Robertson, were not educated at publick schools. Publick schools have done little in England for the fine arts, as in the examples of Inigo Jones, Vanburgh, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Garrick, &c. The great medical writers and discoverers in Great Britain, Harvey, Cheselden, Hunter, Jeaner, Meade, Brown and Cullen, were not educated at publick schools. Of the great writers on morals and metaphysicks, it was not the system of publick schools which produced Bacon, Shaftesbury, Hobbes, Berkley, Butler, Hume, Hartley, or Dugald Stewart. The greatest discoverers in chymistry have not been brought up at publick schools; we mean Dr. Priestly, Dr. Black, and Mr. Davy. The only Englishmen who have evinced a remarkable genius, in modern times, for the art of war, the duke of Marlborough, lord Peterborough, general Wolfe, and lord Clive, were all trained in private schools. So were lord Coke, sir Matthew Hale, and lord chancellor Hardwick, and chief justice Holt, among the lawyers. So also, among statesmen, were lord Burleigh, Walsingham, the earl of Strafford, Thurloe, Cromwell, Hampden, lord Clarendon, sir Walter Raleigh, Sydney, Russel, sir W. Temple, lord Somers, Burke, Sheridan, Pitt. In addition to this list, we must not forget the names of such eminent scholars and men of letters, as Cudworth, Chillingworth, Tillotson, archbishop King, Selden, Conyers, Middleton, Bentley, sir Thomas Moore, cardinal Wolsey, bishops Sherlock and Wilkins, Jeremy Taylor, Isaac Hooker, bishops Usher, Stillingfleet and Spelman, Dr. Samuel Clark, bishop Hoadley and Dr. Lardner. Nor must it be forgotten, in this examination, that none of the conspicuous writers upon publick economy which this country has as yet produced, have been brought up in publick schools. If it be urged that publick schools have only assumed their present character within this last century, or half century, and that what are now called publick schools, partook, before this period, of the nature of private schools, there must then be added to our lists, the names of Milton, Dryden, Addison, &c. &c. and it will follow, that the English have done almost all that they have done in the arts and sciences, without the aid of that system of education to

which they are now so much attached. Ample as this catalogue of celebrated names already is, it would be easy to double it; yet, as it stands, it is obviously sufficient to shew that great eminence may be attained in any line of fame, without the aid of publick schools. Some more striking inferences might, perhaps, be drawn from it; but we content ourselves with the simple fact.

The most important peculiarity in the constitution of a publick school is its numbers, which are so great, that a close inspection of the master into the studies and conduct of each individual is quite impossible. We must be allowed to doubt, whether such an arrangement is favourable either to literature or morals.

Upon this system, a boy is left almost entirely to himself, to impress upon his own mind, as well as he can, the distant advantages of knowledge, and to withstand, from his own innate resolution, the examples and the seductions of idleness. A firm character survives this brave neglect; and very exalted talents may sometimes remedy it by subsequent diligence. But schools are not made for a few youths of preeminent talents, and strong characters; such prizes can, of course, be drawn but by a very few parents. The best school is that which is best accommodated to the greatest variety of characters, and which embraces the greatest number of cases. It cannot be the main object of education to render the splendid more splendid, and to lavish care upon those who would almost thrive without any care at all. A publick school does this effectually; but it commonly leaves the idle almost as idle, and the dull almost as dull, as it found them. It disdains the tedious cultivation of those middling talents, of which only the great mass of human beings are possessed. When a strong desire of improvement exists, it is encouraged, but no means are taken to inspire it. A boy is cast in among five or six hundred other boys, and is left to form his own character; if his love of knowledge survives this severe trial, it, in general, carries him very far; and, upon the same principle, a savage, who grows up to manhood, is, in general, well made, and free from all bodily defects; not because the severities of such a state are favourable to animal life, but because they are so much the reverse, that none but the strongest can survive them. A few boys are incorrigibly idle, and a few incorrigibly eager for knowledge; but the great mass are in a state of doubt and fluctuation; and they come to school, for the express purpose not of being left to themselves (for that could be done any where) but that their wavering tastes and propensities should be decided by the intervention of a master. In a forest, or publick school for oaks and elms, the trees are left to themselves; the strong plants live, and the weak ones die. The towering oak that remains is admired; the saplings that perish round it are cast into the flames and forgotten. But it is not, surely, to the vegetable struggle of a forest, or the hasty glance of a forester, that a botanist would commit a favourite plant. He would naturally seek for it a situation of less hazard, and a cultivator whose limited occupations would enable him to give to it a reasonable share of his time and attention. The very meaning of education seems to us to be, that the old should teach the young, and the wise direct the weak; that a man who professes to instruct, should get among his pupils; study their characters; gain their affections; and form their inclinations and aversions. In a publick school, the numbers render this impossible; it is impossible that sufficient time should be found for this useful and affectionate interference. Boys, therefore, are left to their own crude conceptions, and ill-formed propensities; and this neglect is

called a spirited and manly education.

In by far the greatest number of cases, we cannot think publick schools favourable to the cultivation of knowledge, and we have equally strong doubts if they be so to the cultivation of morals, though we admit, that, upon this point, the most striking arguments have been produced in their favour.

It is contended by the friends to publick schools, that every person, before he comes to man's estate, must run through a certain career of dissipation; and if that career is, by the means of a private education, deferred to a more advanced period of life, it will only be begun with greater eagerness, and pursued into more blamable excess. The time must, of course, come, when every man must be his own master; when his conduct can be no longer regulated by the watchful superintendance of another, but must be guided by his own discretion. Emancipation must come at last; and we admit, that the object to be aimed at is, that such emancipation should be gradual and not premature. Upon this very invidious point of the discussion, we rather wish to avoid offering any opinion. The manners of great schools vary considerably from time to time; and what may have been true many years ago, is very possibly not true at the present period. In this instance, every parent must be governed by his own observations and means of information. If the license which prevails at publick schools is only a fair increase of liberty, proportionate to advancing age, and calculated to prevent the bad effects of a sudden transition from tutelary thraldom to perfect self government, it is certainly a good, rather than an evil. If, on the contrary, there exists in these places of education a system of premature debauchery, and if they only prevent men from being corrupted by the world, by corrupting them before their entry into the world, they can then only be looked upon as evils of the greatest magnitude, however they may be sanctioned by opinion, or rendered familiar to us by habit.

The vital and essential part of a school, is the master; but, at a publick school, no boy, or, at the best, only a very few, can see enough of him to derive any considerable benefit from his character, manners, and information. It is certainly of eminent use, particularly to a young man of rank, that he should have lived among boys; but it is only so when they are all moderately watched by some superiour understanding. The morality of boys is generally very imperfect; their notions of honour extremely mistaken; and their objects of ambition frequently very absurd. The probability then is, that the kind of discipline they exercise over each other will produce (when left to itself) a great deal of mischief; and yet this is the discipline to which every child at a publick school is not only necessarily exposed, but principally confined. Our objection (we again repeat) is not to the interference of boys in the formation of the character of boys; their character, we are persuaded, will be very imperfectly formed without their assistance; but our objection is, to that almost exclusive agency which they exercise in publick schools.

After having said so much in opposition to the general prejudice in favour of publick schools, we may be expected to state what species of school we think preferable to them; for if publick schools, with all their disadvantages, are the best that can actually be found, or easily attained, the objections to them are certainly made to very little purpose.

We have no hesitation, however, in saying, that that education seems to us to be the best, which mingles a domestick with a school life; and which gives to a youth the advantage

which is to be derived from the learning of a master, and the emulation which results from the society of other boys, together with the affectionate vigilance which he must experience in the house of his parents. But where this species of education, from peculiarity of circumstance or situation, is not attainable, we are disposed to think, a society of twenty or thirty boys, under the guidance of a learned man, and, above all, of a man of good sense, to be a seminary the best adapted for the education of youth. The numbers are sufficient to excite a considerable degree of emulation, to give to a boy some insight into the diversities of the human character, and to subject him to the observation and control of his superiours. It by no means follows, that a judicious man should always interfere with his authority and advice, because he has always the means; he may connive at many things which he cannot approve, and suffer some little failures to proceed to a certain extent, which, if indulged in wider limits, would be attended with irretrievable mischief. He will be aware, that his object is, to fit his pupil for the world; that constant control is a very bad preparation for complete emancipation from all control; that it is not bad policy to expose a young man, under the eye of superiour wisdom, to some of those dangers which will assail him hereafter in greater number, and in greater strength, when he has only his own resources to depend upon. A private education, conducted upon these principles, is not calculated to gratify, quickly, the vanity of a parent who is blest with a child of strong character and preeminent abilities. To be the first scholar of an obscure master, at an obscure place, is no very splendid distinction, nor does it afford that opportunity, of which so many parents are desirous, of forming great connexions for their children. But if the object be, to induce the young to love knowledge and virtue, we are inclined to suspect, that, for the average of human talents and characters, these are the situations in which such tastes will be the most effectually formed.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Ta Tsing Leu Lee; being the Fundamental Laws, and a Selection from the supplementary Statutes of the Penal Code of China; originally printed and published in Pekin, in various successive Editions, under the Sanction and by the Authority of the several Emperours of the Ta Tsing, or present Dynasty. Translated from the Chinese; and accompanied with an Appendix, consisting of authentick Documents and a few occasional Notes, illustrative of the Subject of the Work. By Sir George Thomas Staunton, Bart. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 681. London, 1810.

THE Chinese have not hitherto had very fair play in Europe. The first missionaries, from the natural propensity of all discoverers to magnify the importance of their discovery, gave a most exaggerated account of their merits and attainments; and then came a set of philosophers, who, from their natural love of paradox, and laudable zeal to depreciate that part of their species with which they are best acquainted, eagerly took up and improved upon the legends of the holy fathers, till they had not only exalted those remote Asiaticks above all European competition, but had transformed them into a sort of biped

Houyhnins; the creatures of pure reason and enlightened beneficence. This extravagance, of course, provoked an opposite extravagance; and De Pauw and others, not contented with denying the virtues and sciences of the Chinese, called equally in question their numbers, their antiquity, and their manual dexterity; and represented them as among the most contemptible and debased of the barbarians, to whom all but Europe seemed to have been allotted in perpetuity. More moderate and rational opinions at length succeeded; and, when our embassy entered the country in 1793, the intelligent men who composed it were as little inclined, we believe, to extol the Chinese, from childish admiration, or out of witty malice, as to detract from their real merits, because they appeared under an outlandish aspect, or had been overpraised by some of their predecessors. The effect of this aspect, however, and this overpraise, were still visible, we think, in the different opinions of the candid and intelligent persons to whom we have alluded. The noble lord who was at the head of the mission, appears, on the whole, to have formed a higher estimate of this singular people than any of the persons of his train. His ingenious and enlightened secretary, sir George Staunton, seems to have wavered a good deal as to the point of the scale at which he should place them; and Mr. Barrow, though infinitely more accurate and candid than De Pauw, is evidently actuated by something of the same pique or antipathy to the formal orientals, which has given so singular a colouring to most of the statements and observations of that zealous philosopher.

While the opinions of the best informed persons were thus at variance on the subject, it was particularly to be regretted, that there were scarcely any documents before the publick, from which they could, with safety, form a judgment for themselves. The translations exhibited by the missionaries were mostly from works of fancy; and these were said to be so coloured and adorned in their versions, as to convey no idea whatever either of the taste, style, or character of the people; while the statements made, as to matters of science and government, were far too general to serve as the foundation of any important conclusions. It is rather remarkable, indeed, that, notwithstanding the great commercial intercourse which England has now maintained with China, for more than a century, the work before us should have been the very first ever rendered out of that language directly into our own. It appears to us, however, to be at least as important in itself, as it is remarkable for its rarity. It contains, as the title imports, the authentick text of the whole penal law of China; and as their peculiar system of jurisprudence has attached a certain publick punishment to the violation or neglect of almost every civil obligation, their penal law comprises an incidental view of their whole system of legislation. Now, there certainly is no one document from which we may form a judgment of the character and condition of any nation, with so much safety as from the body of their laws; and when these are presented to us, not in the partial abstracts of their admirers or detractors, but in the original fulness and nakedness of their authentick statutes, the information which they afford may fairly be considered as paramount to all that can be derived from other sources. The representations of travellers, even where their fidelity is liable to no impeachment, will almost always take a tinge from their own imagination or affections; and, where enthusiasm or controversy have any place in the discussion, there is an end to all prospect of accuracy or justice. The laws of a people, how-

ever, are natural specimens of their intellect and character; and may lead the reflecting observer, to whom they are presented, in any corner of the world, to a variety of important conclusions that did not occur to the individual by whom they were collected. In such a work, the legislator inevitably paints both himself and the people for whom he legislates; and, as nothing here depends upon the colouring of style or ornament, nothing short of intentional fabrication in the translator, can prevent us from forming a correct notion of the original. In the case before us, however, we have not only every reason to believe that the translation is perfectly just and accurate, but think we can discover, in the translator, such candour and coolness of judgment, as would entitle him to be trusted in a matter of far greater temptation.

Sir George Staunton, in an introduction of considerable length, but which its clearness, modesty, and intelligence, made us wish longer, has presented us with an interesting sketch of the general character of the Chinese institutions; and endeavoured, though with a visible leaning in their favour, to mediate between those who had exaggerated their pretensions, and those who had been offended at the disappointment of extravagant expectations. He confesses, that the romantick ideas which had been diffused by the writings of some of the missionaries, were far, indeed, from being realized by an actual inspection of the Chinese.

"Their knowledge," he observes, "was perceived to be defective in those points in which we have, in Europe, recently made the greatest progress, and to which we are therefore proportionately partial. Their virtues were found to consist more in ceremonial observances, than in moral duties; more in profession, than in practice; and their vices, when traced and discovered, upon occasions where they were the least expected, seemed to deserve a more than ordinary degree of reprobation. —*Trans. Pref.* p. ix.

In spite of all this, he observes, that this nation will be found to possess certain considerable advantages, both in a moral and political view, which are not to be exactly paralleled in any European society. These he ascribes, in a very brief and philosophical enumeration,

—"to their system of early and universal marriage, except, indeed, as far as that system may be considered to conduce to the misfortune of a redundant population; to the sacred regard that is habitually paid to the ties of kindred; to the sobriety, industry, and even intelligence of the lower classes; to the almost total absence of feudal rights and privileges; to the equable distribution of landed property; to the natural incapacity and indisposition of the government and people to an indulgence in ambitious projects and foreign conquests; and lastly, to a system of penal laws, if not the most just and equitable, at least the most comprehensive, uniform, and suited to the genius of the people for whom it is designed, perhaps of any that ever existed." —*Trans. Preface,* p. xi.

Upon the whole, he thinks it reasonable to conclude, that a philosopher who should survey this people with an enlightened and liberal indulgence, would probably find "something to compensate the evils he had justly reprobated and lamented; and might even have at last determined, that a considerable proportion of the opinions most generally entertained by Chinese and Europeans of each other, was to be imputed either to prejudice, or to misinformation; and that, upon the whole, it was not allowable to arrogate, on either side, any violent degree of moral or physical superiority."— *Trans. Pref.* p. ix.

Though we approve very much of the spirit of these observations, we cannot yet persuade ourselves to acquiesce in the equation with which they conclude. Yet if Sir George Staunton's statements are to be relied on, and every thing about them

entitles them to the highest authority; the intellectual condition of the Chinese must be a subject of more curious investigation than the best of our recent accounts would lead us to believe.

The elements of literature, by which we suppose is meant the art of reading the easiest and most simple characters, are almost universally diffused among the natives; and this accomplishment is fostered and rewarded, by an infinite multitude of publications, upon all subjects but those connected with the government of the country, and particularly in the departments of poetry and the *belles lettres*. These works are multiplied by a clumsy species of printing, which has been practised among them for time immemorial; and every considerable city contains various booksellers' shops, where a great variety of publications may always be purchased.

The extreme difficulty of the written language is acknowledged by sir George Staunton; and, unfortunately, this difficulty increases pretty nearly in the same proportion with the merit of their works of poetry and eloquence. In compositions which have nothing to do with words, all the beauties of versification, rythm, and every thing that is called style in other languages, is of course out of the question. Their poetry does not consist of verses, nor their oratory of periods; but both are distinguished from the pictures of their ordinary thoughts by the use of less obvious and more ingenious metaphors, and by a selection of characters, the elementary parts of which present a series of pleasing ideas, though the signification of the whole may not be different from that of some ordinary character. Compositions of this kind do not, of course, admit of translation; and, as the genius of the language rejects the aid of common particles of connexion, and presents merely a string of detached images, the relations of which the reader is left to find from their intrinsick qualities, it is easy to conceive how infinitely laborious the task must be, of decyphering their more elaborate and ornamental compositions. We learn, accordingly, from sir George Staunton, that one of the missionaries, who was most thoroughly acquainted with the language, and was highly distinguished among the Chinese themselves for proficiency in their literature, declared, that he should never have been able to read or translate a celebrated, imperial poem, which he entitles "*Eloge De Mougden*," without referring, occasionally, to a previous translation of it into the language of the Manchoo Tartars.

The elementary books of the laws, however, the translator assures us, are composed in a much simpler style; and, being intended for the perusal of the whole body of the people, consist, almost entirely, of the easiest and most simple characters. This circumstance, joined to their great importance in illustrating the character and condition of the people, recommended them, in a peculiar manner, as a subject for translation, and as calculated to afford a safe and satisfactory specimen, both of Chinese composition and of Chinese legislation.

As sir George Staunton considers it (upon grounds which we hope he will hereafter elucidate more fully) as one of the facts most incontestably proved in history, that the Chinese were united under a regular government, and in no low state of civilisation, at least as early as the third century before our era, it might have been expected that, among a people so tenacious of old usages, their fundamental, penal code should have been deduced from a very remote antiquity. Their great love of their ancestors, however, gives place, it seems, to their greater love for their reigning emperour; and, on the accession of every new dynasty, it is the custom to make a sort of

redaction, or new edition, of the subsisting statutes, which takes the name of the reigning family, and forms the Leu, or fundamental code, during the subsistence of that race; all the additional statutes being subjoined in a subordinate form, as supplementary clauses of explanation or commentary, called Lee, to this immutable text. Upon the accession of a new dynasty, such parts, both of text and supplement, as are approved of, are incorporated into a new text, which takes the name of that family, and receives successive increments in the form of Lee, during all the period that it possesses the sovereignty. The present dynasty is that of Tsing, which ascended the throne only in the year 1644; and the date of the present fundamental code cannot, therefore, be quite so ancient. This, however, it is obvious, is only true of its present form and arrangement, or rather of its authoritative publication under that form; for, in a nation where the veneration for antiquity and established usage is so strong as to form the chief security of the government, and the chief obstacle to improvement among the people, it is impossible not to conclude, that by far the greater part of the code thus promulgated, would consist of the identical precepts and regulations which had been enforced, from time immemorial, among this unchanging people. The earliest compilation of which sir George Staunton has procured any authentick intelligence, is ascribed to a worthy of the name of Lee-Quee, who is supposed to have lived about 250 years before Christ, and who does not appear to have been the author of any of the laws which he collected. The greater part of the present code, sir George supposes to be at least as old as the time now mentioned; and much of it, he thinks, may be reasonably presumed to be far more ancient. It is peculiarly uncomfortable, however, to be left to conjecture upon a point of this nature; as, even though we were assured that nine-tenths of the whole work was of very great antiquity, it is impossible to be quite certain that this is the case as to any particular regulation or prescription, the antiquity of which might lead to the most interesting conclusions. There are some laws, in particular, that bear so remarkable an affinity to modern European institutions, that it would be very desirable to know with certainty that they had been very anciently enacted among the antipodes.

To have translated the whole Leu Lee, that is, the fundamental text, and all the supplementary clauses, would, it seems, have rendered the work far too voluminous. Sir George Staunton has, therefore, given only the former in the body of the work, marking, at the end of every section, how many *Lee*, or additional clauses, are subjoined to it in the original, and engrossing such of them as appear curious or important, in an appendix, which contains a great number of other valuable elucidations.

Our readers, we suppose, would not thank us for an exact account of the divisions, books, and sections of this Chinese code, with a mere list of their titles, and of the subjects of which they treat. It will probably suit their purpose better, if we endeavour, in the first place, to point out what struck us as most remarkable in the general character of the work, and then specify such of its enactments as appear to us to throw any valuable light on the genius and condition of the people, or on the nature of their peculiar institutions.

And here we will confess, that by far the most remarkable thing in this code, appeared to us to be its great reasonableness, clearness, and consistency; the business-like brevity and directness of the various provisions, and the plainness and moderation of the language in which they are expressed. There is nothing,

here, of the monstrous *verbiage* of most other Asiatick productions; none of the superstitious deliration, the miserable incoherence, the tremendous *non sequiturs* and eternal repetitions of those oracular performances; nothing even of the turgid adulation, the accumulated epithets, and fatiguing self praise of other eastern despotisms; but a calm, concise, and distinct series of enactments, savouring, throughout, of practical judgment and European good sense, and, if not always conformable to our improved notions of expediency in this country, in general approaching to them more nearly than the codes of most other nations. When we pass, indeed, from the ravings of the Zendavesta, or the Puranas, to the tone of sense and of business of this Chinese collection, we seem to be passing from darkness to light; from the drivelings of dotage to the exercises of an improved understanding. And, redundant and absurdly minute as these laws are, in many particulars, we scarcely know any European code that is at once so copious and so consistent, or that is nearly so free from intricacy, bigotry, and fiction. In every thing relating to political freedom or individual independence, it is, indeed, wofully defective; but, for the repression of disorder, and the gentle coercion of a vast population, it appears to us to be, in general, equally mild and efficacious. The state of society for which it was formed appears, incidentally, to be a low and a wretched state of society; but we do not know that wiser means could have been devised for maintaining it in peace and tranquillity.

To justify what we have said of the European reasonableness of the Chinese official style, we shall here lay before our readers a few sentences from a singular state paper, or edict, of the late emperour Kien-Lung, which is translated by sir George Staunton, in his appendix. This is a sort of valedictory address to his people, published by that celebrated monarch a year or two after he had resigned the sceptre to his son, and when the increasing infirmities of extreme old age began to give intimation of his approaching end. The reasonableness, mildness, and simplicity of this extraordinary paper, is rather greater than we should expect from any of our European secretaries of state; and has in it more of a gentle and paternal tone than we should have looked for from a veteran despot.

"When the administration of this empire was committed to our charge, we, indeed, beheld before us a task of serious difficulty; but we were rendered thereby, only more earnest and solicitous in avoiding all deviation from the strict line of conduct we had prescribed to ourselves. All parts of our various and widely extended domains, shared equally our attention; and frequently, during the darkness of the night, as well as at the middle hour of the day, we have attended, unconscious of fatigue, in the councils of our ministers, for the purpose of communicating our decisions on their reports, and of issuing new ordinances for the publick weal, that thus no day might be permitted to pass away, without having been duly filled and employed."

"Thus, during the long and eventful period of our reign, the weighty affairs of government have been the objects of our constant regard; and, deeply impressed with the critical importance of the charge, we never ventured to pronounce the objects of government to have been so completely attained, or the peace of the empire so immutably established, as to admit of our relaxing our efforts, or indulging in repose.

"Ultimately, however, we recalled to our recollection the mental prayer which we had addressed to the Supreme Being on our accession to the imperial dignity, and in which we had made a solemn intimation of our intention to resign, to our son and successour, the sovereignty of the realm, if the Divine Will should grant to our reign a sixty years continuance; forasmuch as we were unwilling to exceed, in any case, the duration of our imperial grandfather's government."

"Accordingly, on the first day of the year *Ping-chin*, we transferred to our son, the present emperour, the seals of the sovereign authority, reserving to ourself

the title of MOST HIGH EMPEROUR, as a distinctive appellation; thus accomplishing, in the end, what, in our solemn invocation to Heaven, we had originally proposed."

"We have already attained the eighty ninth year of our age. Therefore but a few short years are wanting to complete the utmost period of longevity. It then only further behoves us reverently to employ the remaining days of our life, and patiently to await the hour which is to conclude it."

"Shortly after we had received the congratulations of our ministers, in the hall of audience in the palace of *Kan-tsing-kung*, on the first day of the new year, our appetite wholly failed us; we are now also sensible that our faculties of sight and hearing are declining apace.

"The emperour, our son, has, indeed, been piously engaged in procuring medical assistance, and assiduously attentive in seeking the means most likely to conduce to our recovery; but we feel that at our advanced period of life, medicine can prove of very little avail, and, therefore, make this preparation previous to the last mortal paroxysm of disease. After a long succession of years, we are about to close a reign sustained with caution and assiduity, and invariably favoured by the distinguished protection of Heaven, and of our ancestors. We are now about to resign for ever the administration of this empire; but shall leave it in the hands of the emperour, our son, whose eminent abilities and pious dispositions are in every respect, conformable to our wishes, and will, doubtless, ensure to him a felicity like ours in his future undertakings; an idea which furnishes us with the most grateful consolation." p. 482.

The next thing that strikes us as remarkable in this collection, is the excessive and unprofitable accuracy and minuteness of its regulations; the constant desire to regulate every thing whatever; to interfere in every action; and to fix immutably, beforehand, the effect of every shade of distinction which a case may receive from its circumstances. Thus, the foundation of the whole code is laid in fixing a scale of punishments, rising through twenty degrees, from ten blows with the bamboo to 100 blows; to sixty blows, with banishment for one year to the distance of 150 miles; to 100 blows, and perpetual banishment to the distance of 1500 miles; to death, by strangling, by decollation, or by torture; and in case of any offence, the legal punishment is directed to be increased or diminished by a certain number of those degrees, according to the circumstances of aggravation or palliation by which it may be attended. In like manner, the punishment of theft is made to vary, according to the value of the thing stolen, from ten blows with the bamboo, to death by strangling; and all the considerations of stealing under trust, or from the publick, or from relations, are made to aggravate or diminish the punishment by a certain number of those degrees. Besides all this, almost all the actions of a man's life are subjected to the control of the government; and its penal sanctions are incurred for improprieties of the most domestick nature, and even for the most innocent transactions, if entered into without its special license. Thus, a man is severely punished for marrying while his parents are in prison, or within three years after their death, or for neglecting to pay honour to their sepulchres; and also for acting as a commercial agent, or even for killing his own oxen, without a written permission from the magistrate; for dressing himself in an unsuitable manner; for allowing his lands to lie waste, or neglecting to pay interest for borrowed money. Now, this extraordinary minuteness and oppressive interference with the freedom of private conduct, is not to be considered merely as arising from that passion for governing too much, which is apt to infest all persons in possession of absolute power; but appears to us to indicate a certain stage in the progress of society, and to belong to a period of civilisation, beyond which the Chinese have not yet been permitted to advance.

The first efforts of legislation, in all countries, are very short and ge-

neral; and consist, for the most part, in little else than the brief and authoritative enunciation of some of the great and obvious maxims of morality, or some of the established usages to which the society had previously conformed. Such are the decalogue of Moses; the laws of the twelve tables; and the primitive laws of the Persians and other rude nations. When society has advanced a little, however, and governments have become strong, the legislator takes a much more ambitious aim. Delighted with the effect of his own regulations of police, and the convenience of his own fixed and arbitrary rules of proceeding, he endeavours to extend the same rigid order through all the departments of life; he represses irregularities merely in order to realize an ideal notion of perfection, and labours to subject the whole frame of human society to a law of uniformity and subordination, under which it is not calculated to flourish.

In the exultation of their first triumph over the lawless disorders of savage life, the first reformers of the world seem to have thought that it was impossible to have too much law or too much order; and, having fixed, in their own minds, how it could be best and most convenient that men should live together, to have aimed at enforcing the essential and the insignificant parts of their system with the same indiscriminating earnestness. Having uppermost in their thoughts the dangers of a tumultuary and uncontrolled state of society, they set a most exaggerated value on coercive regulations; and, forgetting altogether both the suffering and the debasement that was to result from the destruction of individual freedom, thought of nothing but of enforcing and reducing to practice their own schemes of permanent control and complete superintendance.

It is upon this principle, as it appears to us, that society has, in all quarters of the world, been so frequently moulded by the violence of its early rulers into a form altogether forced and unnatural, and been crushed into artificial regularity, to the obstruction of all its happy and healthy movements. To this source, we conceive, are to be referred the institution of *castes* in India and in ancient Egypt; the inflexible and intolerable discipline of Sparta; a great part of the military array of the feudal-system; the distinctions and ceremonies of the tribes of the South Sea and North America; the burdensome police and subdivisions imputed to Alfred in Old England; and, perhaps, the impassable boundaries which existed, till lately, between the noblesse and the commonalty in continental Europe. In all these institutions we see a love of regularity, and of complete and thoroughgoing control, interfering, at a very early period, with the natural freedom and equality of men; and endeavouring, with a forcible and jealous hand, to repress all those movements of individual indulgence or ambition, from the greater excesses of which, society had at that time, perhaps, more need of protection.

As real civilisation advanced, however, this control was felt to be both grievous and unnecessary; a more liberal system was gradually introduced; and, wherever human intellect expanded, and national prosperity rose high, the bands of this barbarick regularity were burst asunder. Members of a truly well regulated state were left to a freedom which appeared frightful and pernicious to the keepers of a half tamed generation; and men were restored to every degree of independence that did not manifestly endanger the safety of their neighbours. Then, at last, it was discovered, that the irksome discipline of a school could not be advantageously continued towards men of mature growth and understanding; that individual happiness and comfort (which were the ends of all government) were of

more value than the preservation of a vain and fantastick uniformity; and that the hazard of occasional disorder was but a cheap price to be paid for the spirit of enterprise and exertion. Stocks and stones, it was perceived, might be wrought, with advantage, into forms of perfect and immutable symmetry; but men, like plants, could only flourish when they were free; and if the gardening was bad which planted trees in triangles and clipped them into cones, the policy was worse which subjected men, in their private functions, to the control of government, and drilled them into spiritless subjection, by the perpetual visitation of the law.

In the spirit of this policy, however, and in the stage of society by which it is engendered, does the Chinese code appear to have been framed; and to this general and widely operating cause, are we inclined to refer its jealous and vexatious interference with the ordinary duties of individuals. Its minute and anxious attempts at accuracy in distinguishing cases and proportioning punishments, originate in the same blind love of regularity, and will be found to correspond exactly with the institutions of other countries, while under the influence of the same principle. In Hindoostan where this systematick spirit has perhaps been carried the most unrelenting length, and been longest maintained, the distinctions are still more ludicrously minute, and the scale of punishment graduated with more elaborate ingenuity. In China, the legislator thought he went far enough, when he specified the precise penalty for tearing off two *tse* of hair, or for throwing filth and ordure on another. The Hindoo, however, has had the precaution to provide an appropriate rate of punishment for the offence of throwing *the wax of the ears*, or the *parings of the nails* at one's neighbour; and even to vary the pain according as those substances are thrown on the upper or the under part of the body, or on the back part or the fore. In ancient Europe, there was the same fantastick and preposterous minuteness; the table of pains, indeed, was different; and as our ancestors were of too high a spirit to submit to being flogged, consisted, for the most part, in pecuniary fines. In Wales, where specie was less abundant, the law laid on the mulct in grain; and the operation of the same spirit is visible in the anxiety with which the Chinese code directs certain offences to be expiated by 50 blows inflicted on the posteriors with a piece of bamboo, five *tsun* in length, one and a half *tsun* in thickness, and two *kin* in weight, held by the smaller end; and in the no less ingenious and anxious enactment of the Welch legislator, who provides, that for certain delinquencies the culprit shall pay as much grain as, being poured out on the floor, shall stand in a heap sufficiently high in the centre to cover the body of a full grown cat, held by the tip of the tail; with her nose just touching the ground!

Upon the folly of these regulations it is unnecessary to enlarge. They have their origin in that unenlightened presumption, which supposes that it is possible for human ingenuity to anticipate all the shades and variations of which human delinquency is susceptible, and to accommodate punishment in so wise a proportion to offence, in a general and permanent code, as that justice shall always be exactly done by its literal enforcement. This, too, is an errour of early legislation; and an errour that, in the happier regions of the world, is speedily detected by the light of experience and philosophy; proving both that the object is unattainable, and that it is not worth attaining. In almost all cases of variable delinquency, the law need fix only the *maximum* of punishment, leaving it to the

judge to give effect to such circumstances of mitigation as may arise. To think of enumerating all these circumstances by anticipation in the law itself, and settling inflexibly the effect they shall have on the sentence, has always appeared to us to be mere foppery and childishness. In an arbitrary government, the judge is likely to be more merciful, as well as more just, than the legislator: and in a free state, the control of publick opinion has always been found sufficient to ensure his impartiality. It is not a little remarkable, however, that this exact adaptation of pains to offences, which, we have seen, is always attempted in ignorant, and abandoned in enlightened times, is very zealously recommended by no less a person than Mr. Bentham, in his *Principes de Legislation*, edited by M. Dumont; and that he even makes the want of it one of the most serious charges against the present system of jurisprudence in most of the European nations. We have formerly said a good deal upon this subject, in our review of that most ingenious publication; and shall only remark at present, that to determine exactly the point at which the danger of committing something to the discretion of the judge becomes less than that of tying him down by directions altogether inflexible, is one of the most difficult problems in the whole science of legislation, and which can only be resolved, in every particular country, by a thorough consideration of the character of the people, and the habits of their law officers.

The third peculiarity which must strike a European, or at least the native of a free country, in perusing this Asiatick code, is the excessive and atrocious severity with which all offences against the government are avenged; and the keen and vindictive jealousy with which the most remote attack on the person or dignity of the emperour is repressed. Persons convicted of treasonable practices, are to be put to death by slow and protracted torture, and all their male relations in the first degree indiscriminately beheaded; their female relations sold into slavery; and all their connexions residing in their family relentlessly put to death. All persons who at any time presume to walk upon the roads set apart for the imperial journies, shall be severely punished. If they intrude into the line of the imperial retinue, they shall suffer death; and the same if they enter any apartment of the palace set apart for the use of his majesty, or any of his near relations. Workmen employed in the palace shall receive a passport at entering, and deliver it back on their return. They shall be regularly counted as they pass out before sunset; and if any one remains behind, he shall be invariably put to death. Our attainder of blood is merciful and just, compared with these regulations. But the subjects of such a sovereign are amply revenged by the fears in which such laws must originate.

Another very remarkable feature in this code is the indiscriminate frequency of corporeal punishments. The bamboo is the great moral *panacea* of China: and offences of all descriptions are punished, in every rank of society, by a certain quantity of flagellation. The highest officer in the state is whipped like a common pickpocket; and there are at least fifty clauses in this code, by which, for particular offences, a general officer is ordered to receive fifty lashes on his posteriors, and to continue in the command of the army. Those things sound strangely in our ears; and are, no doubt, accompanied, in a certain degree, with that general debasement of character, which, according to our notions, must have existed to an enormous degree before they could be endured. The fact, however, probably is, that the degradation which attaches to a blow in modern Europe, is some-

thing greater than its natural share of degradation; and that we are indebted to the peculiar institution of chivalry, for that generous and refined system of manners, which makes it worse than death for a gentleman either to receive a blow, or to be convicted of a falsehood. In China, they have no such delicacy. A blow is a bad thing in so far as it is painful, and no further; and, in a country where there seems to be absolutely no sense of honour, there is, perhaps, no punishment so equal and manageable. The truth is, that where the government is strong, and the police active and vigilant, it is a matter of no great consequence what be the character of punishment inflicted on individuals, so it be uniform and unvarying. Before we utterly despise the Chinese, however, for flogging their generals, it would be as well that we should cease to flog the brave men, who should share in the honour, as they do in the perils of our generals; and not aggravate the baseness of such a punishment by the inconsistency of confining it to that order of men, to whom it must be most intolerable. In some particular cases, the law of China allows the corporal punishment to be redeemed by a fine, at the rate of about 30*s.* for each blow.

Such are the chief pecularities that strike us on a general view of this code. We shall now proceed to make a brief and hasty abstract of such of its particular regulations as appear to us to be curious and important, either as affecting the general system of law, or as illustrating the character and condition of the people.

There is no explanation given of the mode of originating prosecutions. All persons who come to the knowledge of a crime, are liable to severe punishment if they do not inform; and in all cases of theft and robbery, the soldiery and magistrates of the district are exposed to repeated floggings, if they do not discover and convict the offenders. The accused person is committed to prison, apparently without any relief analagous to our bail; and is directed to be *tortured* to extort a confession, if the case appear suspicious; the torture, however, is not to be used to persons privileged from their rank; nor to persons under 15, or above 70 years of age. It does not appear, whether the accused is allowed to be present at the examination of witnesses; but, after sentence is pronounced, he and his family are regularly brought into court to hear it; and may, if they please, appeal against it; in which case, the matter shall, in all cases, undergo a fresh examination by a higher tribunal. The merit of voluntary confession seems prodigiously overrated; for any one who comes to a magistrate, and freely confesses a crime before he has been charged with it, is entitled to a free pardon, provided it be a first offence.

Persons under fifteen, or above seventy, or maimed, are allowed to redeem themselves from all but capital punishments, by a small fine. Under ten, and above eighty, even when capitally convicted, to be recommended to the clemency of the emperour. Under seven, and above ninety, to be punished for nothing but treason. By a merciful, but somewhat fantastick construction of these laws, it is enacted, that,

"Whoever is ascertained to be aged or infirm at the period of *trial* for any offence, shall be allowed the benefit of such plea, although he may not have attained the full age, or laboured under the alleged infirmity at the time the offence was committed.

"In any case of temporary banishment, the offender, on attaining the age, or becoming infirm as aforesaid, shall, in like manner, become, thereupon, entitled to the privilege of redeeming himself from further punishment. On the other hand, the privilege of youth may be pleaded when the age of the offender, at the time *of committing the offence*, did not exceed seven, ten, or fifteen years, whatever may be

his age at the subsequent period of trial." p. 25.

All capital convicts to be executed at a particular period in the autumn; and not sooner than three days after the emperour has transmitted his ratification of the sentence. In certain rare cases, a person capitally convicted is allowed to redeem his life by payment of a sum, varying from about 4,000*l.* to 400*l.* according to his rank and ability. Women are allowed to wear two petticoats when bambooed, unless it be for adultery; and then they are only to have one. The wives of exiles must follow them to their place of banishment.

The following law, which is exemplified many times in the course of the work, seems to fix a very strange scale of ratio for official responsibility:

"In all cases of officers of government associated in one department or tribunal, and committing offences against the laws as a publick body, by false or erroneous decisions and investigations, the clerk of the department or tribunal shall be punished as the principal offender; the punishment of the several deputies, or executive officers, shall be *less* by one degree; that of the assessors less by another degree; and that of the presiding magistrate less by a third degree." p. 30.

If the clerk be, as his name seems to imply, a proper ministerial officer, who is bound to obey the orders of his superiours, it is not easy to conceive any thing more unjust than such an enactment.

Accessaries shall suffer one degree less than principals. This is plain and rational: but the refining genius of the Chinese legislator has thought it necessary to guard and perplex it by the following casuistical limitations.

"When the relative situation of the parties engaged in the commission of one offence, creates a difference in their liability to punishment, the principals shall suffer as principals in the offence committed by themselves; but the accessaries shall be punished as accessaries in the offence, of which they would themselves have been guilty, had they been in the place of the principal. As for instance; if a man engages a stranger to strike his elder brother, the younger brother shall be punished with ninety blows, and two years and a half banishment, for the offence of striking his elder; but the stranger shall be only punished with twenty blows, as in common cases of an assault. Also, if a younger relation induces a stranger to steal to the amount of ten *leang* or ounces of silver of the family property, he shall only be punished as wasting, or disposing of, without leave, the family property to that extent; whereas the stranger shall be punished as in common cases of theft." p. 33.

Foreigners guilty of crimes within China, must answer for them according to the common law of the empire. There is no proper, hereditary nobility in China, except the descendants of some great Tartar princes, who still possess lands in Tartary. The emperour, however, can bestow nobility, with a remainder to heirs-male, to be resumed when he pleases: and, by law, those who have been exalted for rendering eminent services to the state, transmit their honours to the first *three* generations of their male descendants. In general, however, there is no nobility but that of office; and every magistrate, high or low, must be appointed by the emperour. Slavery is established by law; but a man, killing his slave intentionally, shall answer for it as for the death of a free man.

There is no proper priesthood in China, except the emperour and the magistrates, who perform all publick oblations. The religion of Fo is tolerated; but no new convents can be established without the imperial license; nor can any one become a priest in that faith, without a similar permission. Such priests are debarred from marrying; and are bound to wear a particular habit. It is not quite clear whether the national religion is a species of deism, or whe-

ther they worship different subordinate divinities under the name of the Spirits of Earth and Heaven, &c. Sir George Staunton is inclined to hold them vulgar polytheists; but admits that the missionaries always represent them as pure deists. The truth seems to be, that they have no religion, but a set of established solemnities.

Degrees in literature are certainly granted to all persons pretending to publick offices, after examination by the magistrate and heads of tribunals; but there does not appear to be any establishment analagous to our universities. Sir George Staunton has printed, in the appendix, a curious edict of the present emperour, in answer to an application from some of his Tartar subjects, praying to have the means of obtaining literary degrees afforded them in Tartary, without putting them to the trouble of coming to Pekin for examination. His majesty, after a gracious preamble, is pleased to refuse the petition; and to recommend to the Tartar officers to "instruct and exhort their sons to consider the *art of riding* and *the use of the bow* as the most appropriate objects of their emulation, and which they cannot study and practise with too much assiduity."

In a country so extensive, and so extremely populous as China, it is natural to suppose that the government should be excessively jealous, both of any tumultuary movement among the people, and of any tendency to a usurpation of power on the part of its remote delegates. There is no part of the code, accordingly, more remarkable for severity, than that which treats of offences tending to excite any sort of commotion or assemblage, or of acts which might lead to the aggrandizement of any of its officers. The following affords a good specimen of the rigour which this jealousy has inspired.

"If any officer belonging to any of the departments of government, or any private individual, should *address the emperour in praise of the virtues*, abilities, or successful administration, of any of his majesty's confidential ministers of state, it is to be considered as an evidence of the existence of a treasonable combination, subversive of government, and shall therefore be investigated with the utmost strictness and accuracy. The cause and origin of these interested praises of persons high in rank and office being traced, *the offending party shall suffer death*, by being beheaded, after remaining in prison the usual period. His wives and children shall become slaves, and his property shall be confiscated." p. 62, 63.

An accurate enrolment must be made of the people, and of the lands, in every district, each male child being registered when four years of age. The magistrates can call for the services of all males from 16 to 60, either for military or civil purposes. The common rate of wages seems to be about 7*d*. a day. All the land in the kingdom pays a tax; and it is disputed, with regard to this country as well as India, whether the sovereign is considered as the proprietor, and this tax as his rent, or whether it be a tax merely. It seems to favour the former supposition, that the possessor is liable to severe punishment for not cultivating, over and above being obliged to pay the tax. Certain assessors or valuators are chosen for each district, who become responsible for its quota.

The authority of a father in China is at least as great as it was in ancient Rome. Marriage is not only a mere civil contract, but it is a contract which is always concluded between the parents or elder relations of the parties, and totally independent of their consent. This, however, relates only to the first or chief wife: the others whom the man may choose for himself, seem to be merely concubines, though their children have some legal rights of succession. Almost every man is married as soon as he is of age;

though, by some extraordinary omission, the legislator has neglected to order him to be whipped if he remain single. Persons bearing the same *family name*, though no way related, are, by a whimsical law, strictly prohibited from intermarrying; although there are wonderfully few family names in that vast empire, and though relations beyond the fourth degree may marry without any censure. If the wife commit adultery, the man not only may, but must absolutely divorce her. If both parties are desirous of separation, the divorce may proceed; but, if the wife is not willing, the man shall not put her away, unless he can substantiate one of the following justifying causes against her:

"(1) barrenness; (2) lasciviousness; (3) disregard of her husband's parents; (4) talkativeness; (5) thievish propensities; (6) envious and suspicious temper: and, lastly, (7) inveterate infirmity. Yet, if any of the three reasons against a divorce should exist, namely, (1) the wife's having mourned three years for her husband's parents; (2) the family's having become rich after having been poor previous to, and at the time of, marriage; and (3) the wife's having no parents living to receive her back again; in these cases, none of the seven aforementioned causes will justify a divorce; and the husband who puts away his wife upon such grounds, shall suffer punishment two degrees less than that last stated, and be obliged to receive her again." p. 120.

The laws for the accurate keeping and auditing of the publick accounts, are very strict and laudable; as are those for preventing the embezzlement of the publick revenue. The following might be serviceable in countries to the west of China.

"If any seperintending officer of government, having charge of a part of the produce of the revenue whether in grain or the precious metals, borrows for his own use, or lends the same to others, although the acknowledgement and engagement in writing of the borrower should have been duly obtained, such superintendant shall be punished for every offence in proportion to the amount and value, according to the law concerning the embezzlement of the property of government.

"If any other person borrows for his own use, or lends the produce of the revenues as aforesaid, he shall be punished in proportion to the amount and value, according to the law for punishing *thefts* committed upon the property of the state." p. 132.

There is nothing strikes the reader of this code with more surprise, than the astonishing resemblance which the *revenue laws* it contains bear, in all respects, to the most perfect and recent system which has been established on that subject in Europe. We find not only the old gabelle, or tax and monopoly of salt, but a regular excise upon tea, alum, and almost every sort of merchandise, with a system of *permits*, excise-officers, inspectors, licenses to traders, and penalties upon *smuggling*, almost exactly as we have them at this day among ourselves. The Chinese laws, however, are, upon the whole, considerably more mild than the English. The smuggler forfeits only one half of the unlicensed goods, three tenths going to the informer; and the personal pains are moderate. The carriage and horses, however, or boat in which the goods are transported, are forfeited as with us. There is a duty on the sale of cattle; and no purchase of that kind can be accomplished without a stamped license from government. The coasting trade is also subjected to certain customs; and vessels having false manifests of their cargo are forfeited Lawful interest is fixed at the enormous rate of 3 per cent. per month, or 36 per cent. per annum. This appears to us altogether unaccountable. In a country so long fully peopled and so industrious as China, the accumulation of capital must be prodigious; and as there is scarcely any foreign commerce, the profits of trade must have been

brought nearly to their lowest rate by the competition of such multitudes in similar situations. One is greatly at a loss, therefore, to conceive what speculations can be entered into in that country, from the profits of which money can be repaid with 36 per cent. of interest. The truth, perhaps, is, that though this be the *maximum* fixed by the old law, the current rate is greatly inferiour; or, perhaps, borrowing at interest is praised only by profligates and adventurers, from whom the chance of repayment is but small. At Canton, and in dealings with strangers, where the risk must be regarded as considerable, the actual rate of interest is from 12 to 18 per cent. only. Persons not paying the interest of their debts regularly, shall receive thirty lashes monthly, so long as they continue in arrear. It does not appear that the person of a debtor can be attached by his creditor. Mortgages have been long known in China, and many regulations made with regard to them; the interest in such cases varies from 10 to 15 per cent.

Waifed goods must be taken to the magistrate within five days; but, if not claimed within thirty, they are then given to the finder. Combinations to raise the prices of commodities are punished with forty blows; the use of false weights and measures with seventy; all lawful measures to be stamped after comparison with the government standard.

Pretty severe penalties are awarded against magicians, and the irregular worship of sectaries; but the law seems rather to have in view the tumults or conspiracies to which such practices may give encouragement, than the offence to religion. Families burning incense to the North Star *during the night*, are to be punished; and of magicians, it is said, that

"If they, having in their possession concealed images of their worship, burn incense in honour of them, and they assemble their followers *by night*, in order to instruct them in their doctrines, and, by pretended powers and notices, endeavour to inveigle and mislead the multitude, the principal in the commission of such offences shall be strangled, after remaining in prison the usual period, and the accessaries shall severally receive 100 blows, and be perpetually banished to the distance of 3000 *lee*.

"If at any time the people, whether soldiers or citizens, dress and ornament their idols, and after accompanying them tumultuously with drums and gongs, perform oblations and other sacred rites to their honour, the leader or instigator of such meetings shall be punished with 100 blows." p. 175.

Sir George Staunton observes, in a note, that this latter clause must be regarded as obsolete, since the alleged offence is daily committed in open day throughout the whole extent of the empire. There is nothing said, expressly, on the subject of Christianity, in the laws upon sectarian worship, or elsewhere in the code; though sir George has printed, in the appendix, two edicts on the subject, issued in 1805, expressing great disapprobation of their doctrines.

If the emperour's physician compound any medicine in a manner "not sanctioned by established usage," he shall receive 100 blows. If there be any dirt in his imperial majesty's food, the cook shall receive eighty blows; and if any dish be sent up, without being previously *tasted*, he shall receive fifty. Finally, if any *unusual* ingredient be put into the food, the cook shall receive 100 blows, and be compelled to *swallow* the article!

The censors and provincial magistrates shall represent freely to the emperour whatever they think may conduce to the publick advantage. All publick officers of the first rank shall attend the emperour in a certain order. If any person about court impede or prevent their attendance, he shall suffer death. The magistrates of cities shall attend all supe-

riour officers passing through, to their gates; but shall be severely punished if they proceed beyond them. Every individual who does not dismount and make way when he meets an officer of government on the road, shall receive fifty blows. No individual to pass through a barrier, without a license or passport, under pain of eighty blows. If he proceed so far as to have any communication with aliens, he shall suffer death. In Pekin, no person whatever to go abroad after nine o'clock in the evening, or before five in the morning, under pain of fifty blows. The same regulation in all the other cities of the empire, with one degree of less severity.

The establishment of a government post has long been known as one of the ancient institutions of China. There are various minute regulations with regard to it in this volume. The rate of travelling with publick despatches is not much less than a hundred miles per day.

Robbery in the night is punished with death; in the day, with a hundred blows, and perpetual banishment. Any attempt to rescue the offender after he is seized, is capital. The pains of stealing rise in proportion to the value taken—from sixty blows of the bamboo, to death; though sir George Staunton says, that this extreme punishment never is inflicted for this offence. Swindling, or obtaining money on false pretences, punished exactly as theft to the same value; extorting by threats, one degree more severely. Stealing from near relations incurs punishment five degrees less severe than that of common theft. Sir George Staunton attempts to explain this very extraordinary law, by observing, that all the members of a family are considered as having a sort of joint interest in their property; so that the domestick thief takes only what is partly his own. Kidnapping, or stealing human creatures, punished with a hundred blows and banishment; if the person be wounded or injured, with death. Any person entering a house, either by force or by stealth, in the night, may be lawfully killed. There are very severe and extremely anxious penalties against disturbing graves, or exposing dead bodies to any kind of indecent treatment.

Murder is punished with death. Even an intention to commit parricide has the same pain; and, if the parent be actually killed, torture is added. Administering poison is capital, even though it does not kill. Killing in an affray is also capital; if by accident, and quite without intention, the party may redeem his life by a small fine. Physicians who kill by absurd medicines, if without any malicious purpose, may also redeem themselves, but must for ever quit the profession. Husbands may kill persons caught in adultery.

There is a long gradation of punishments in cases of assault, both the pains and the injury being nicely distinguished. Mitigations are also allowed on account of provocation, as may be seen from the following characteristick enactment.

" In the case of a combat between two persons; and in the case of several persons engaging in an affray, and promiscuously striking and fighting each other, they shall be punished respectively, according to the blows duly ascertained, and proved, by the examination of the effects, to have been received by their antagonists; except that the punishment of the person or persons who only return the blows received, and have the right and justice of the dispute on his or their side, shall be reduced two degrees in consideration of such favourable circumstances; but this reduction shall not take place in the instance of striking an elder brother or sister, or an uncle; or when inflicting, in any case, a mortal blow.

" As for instance; let *Kia* and *Yee* be supposed to quarrel and fight, and that *Kia* deprives *Yee* of an eye, and *Yee* deprives *Kia* of a tooth; now the injury sustained by *Yee* is the heaviest, and subjects *Kia* to the punishment of 100 blows and three years banishment, whilst the lesser

injury sustained by Kia subjects Yee to a punishment of 100 blows only: nevertheless, if it appears that Kia only returned the attack, and had the right on his side, his punishment shall be reduced two degrees, and accordingly amount to eighty blows and two years banishment. On the contrary, if Yee only returned the attack, and had the right in the dispute, his punishment shall be reduced two degrees, and amount to 80 blows only; the punishment to which the antagonist is subjected, remaining in either case the same as before." p. 326, 327.

The punishment for striking an individual of the imperial blood is less severe than for striking an officer of the government. Persons inflicting wounds are liable for their consequences, for twenty, thirty, or fifty days, according to the nature of the injury. If the sufferer die after the legal period, the assailant is not responsible. A slave striking a free man, suffers only one degree more severely than for an assault among equals; and *vice versa;* though a master may strike his slave with impunity, if it be done for correction, and do not cut. Striking parents is death in all cases. Wife striking husband is punished three degrees more severely than for a common assault; if she maim him, with death; if he die, with death by torture. If a father kill his child by excessive chastisement, a hundred blows. There is no warrant in the letter of the law for infanticide. If one kill another to revenge the slaughter of a parent, the punishment is only a hundred blows.

The author of all anonymous accusations against others, shall suffer death, although the charge should prove true. False and malicious accusations shall be punished with a pain two degrees more severe than the accused would have undergone, if the charge had been true. This, again, is exemplified by the anxiety of the legislator, through a great variety of imaginary cases. We shall give merely the general rule of equation.

"When any person accuses another of two or more offences, whereof the lesser only proves true; and when, in the case of a single offence having been charged by one person against another, the statement thereof is found to exceed the truth; upon either supposition, if the punishment of the falsely alleged, or falsely aggravated offence, had been actually inflicted in consequence of such false accusation; the difference (estimated according to the established mode of computation hereafter exemplified) between the falsely alleged and the actually committed offence, or between the falsely alleged greater, and the truly alleged lesser offence, shall be inflicted on the false accuser; but if punishment, conformably to the nature of the falsely alleged, or falsely aggravated offence, shall not have actually been inflicted, having been prevented by a timely discovery of the falsehood of the accusation, the false accuser shall be permitted to redeem, according to an established scale, the whole of the punishment which would have been due to him in the former case, provided it does not exceed 100 blows; but if it should exceed 100 blows, the 100 blows shall be inflicted, and he shall be only permitted to redeem the excess. p. 366, 367.

There is a very long section on bribery, with a prodigious scale of punishments, as usual, according as the bribe is large or small, or taken for an innocent or a criminal object. The pains range from 60 blows with the bamboo to death; that extreme punishment being inflicted for taking more than 80 ounces of silver [under 30*l.*] for an unlawful object, and 120 [or 60*l.*] for a lawful one. Agreeing to take a bribe has the same punishment as actually taking it; offering or giving it a much lighter one; and if asked or extorted by an officer of government, no punishment at all.

Forging an imperial edict is death; or counterfeiting the copper coin, the only proper currency of the empire. There does not appear to be any precise regulation about the forgery of private writings.

Rape is punished with death; adultery among private persons, with 100 blows; but much more severely among persons high in office; forni-

cation, with 70 blows; other offences of a more detestable nature only with the same punishment.

A person accidentally setting fire to his house, shall receive 40 blows; and if the fire spread to the gate of an imperial palace, shall be put to death. Wilfully setting fire to one's own house, 100 blows; to any other house, publick or private, death. Very severe penalties for neglecting the reparation of roads, bridges, and canals, and for damaging or encroaching on them.

Such are a few of the leading provisions of this oriental code: and defective as it must no doubt appear, in comparison with our own more liberal and indulgent constitutions, we conceive, that even this hasty sketch of its contents will be thought sufficient to justify all that we have said of its excellence, in relation to other Asiatick systems. How far it is impartially enforced, or conscientiously obeyed, we have not, indeed, the means of knowing; and so slight is the connexion between good laws and national morality, that prohibitions often serve only to indicate the prevalence of crimes, and the denunciation of severe punishments to prove their impunity. Of one crime, indeed, and that the most heavily reprobated, perhaps, of any in this code, we know the Chinese to be almost universally guilty; and that is, the crime of corruption. At Canton, it is believed, our traders have never yet met with any officer of government inaccessible to a bribe; and where this system is universal, it is evident that the very foundations of justice and good government must be destroyed in every department of the state. Of the extent to which falsification may be carried, and of the impunity of which it may be assured by bribery, a notable instance is recorded in the detail published by sir George Staunton, in the appendix, of the circumstances attending the trial and acquittal of an English seaman, for killing a Chinese in an affray. The native merchant who had become answerable for the good conduct of the crew, finding it impossible to get the officers to deliver up the man, contrived, by bribes, to the amount, as was reported, of no less than 50,000*l.* not only to get a whole host of witnesses to swear to a detailed story directly contrary to the truth, but to prevail on the tribunals and chief magistrates, among whom the real state of the fact was notorious, to certify and report it to the supreme government at Pekin, and to pronounce a solemn sentence in conformity to that statement.

Such, however, will always be the fate of A NATION WITHOUT HONOUR; and this is the grand and peculiar reproach of the singular people we have been contemplating. That noble and capricious principle, which it is as difficult to define, as to refer in all cases to a sure foundation in reason or in morality, is, after all, the true safeguard of national and individual happiness and integrity, as well as of their dignity and greatness. It is found, too, in almost all conditions of society, and in every stage of its progress; among the savages of America, and the bandits of Arabia, as well as among the gentlemen of London or Paris; among Turks, heathens, and Christians; among merchants and peasants; republicans and courtiers; men and children. It is found every where refining and exalting morality; aiding religion, or supplying its place; inspiring and humanizing bravery; fortifying integrity; overawing or tempering oppression; softening the humiliation of poverty, and taming the arrogance of success. A nation is strong and happy exactly in proportion to the spirit of honour which prevails in it; and no nation, ancient or modern, savage or civilized, seems to have been altogether destitute of it, but the Chinese. To what they are indebted for this degrading peculiarity, we shall

not pretend to determine. The despotism of the government; the trading habits of the people; the long peace they have enjoyed; and their want of intercourse with other nations, may all have had their share. The fact, however, we take to be undoubted; and it both explains and justifies the chief deformities in the code we have now been considering. If such a code could be imposed by force upon an honourable and generous people, it would be the most base and cruel of all atrocities to impose it. But it is good enough for a race to whose habits it was originally adapted, and who have quietly submitted to it for two thousand years. When governments begin to think it a duty to exalt and improve the condition of their subjects, the Chinese government will have more to do than any other; but while the object is merely to keep their subjects in order, and to repress private outrages and injuries to individuals, they may boast of having as effectual provisions for that purpose, as any other people.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Old Ballads, Historical, &c. By Thomas Evans. Revised, &c. by his son, R. H. Evans. 4 vols. cr. 8vo. pp. 1504. London. 1810.

Essays on Song Writing, &c. By John Aikin. A new edition, with Additions and Corrections, and a Supplement By R. H. Evans. cr. 8vo. pp. 380. London. 1810.

Vocal Poetry, or a Select Collection of English Songs. To which is prefixed, an Essay on Song Writing. By John Aikin, M. D. post 8vo. pp. 364. London. 1810.

WE class these publications together, as being a species which characteristick simplicity and the powerful union of musick render generally acceptable, as well to high-born dames in bower and hall, as to "the free maids that weave their thread with bones."

The reviver of minstrel poetry in Scotland, was the venerable bishop of Dromore, who, in 1765, published his elegant collection of heroick ballads, songs, and pieces of early poets, under the title of Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. The plan of the work was adjusted in concert with Mr. Shenstone, but we own we cannot regret that the execution of it devolved upon Dr. Percy alone. It was divided into three volumes, each forming a distinct series of ancient poetry, selected with classical elegance, and interspersed with modern imitations and specimens of lyrick composition. The various subdivisions of the work were prefaced by critical and curious dissertations upon subjects connected with or tending to elucidate the ancient ballads which they preceded. The arrangement of the specimens was so managed as to exhibit the gradation of language, the progress of popular opinions, the manners and customs of former ages, and the obscure passages of our earlier classical poets. The plan of this publication was eminently calculated to remove the principal obstacle which the taste of the period offered to its success. To bring Philosophy from heaven to dwell among men, it was necessary to devest her of some of her more awful attributes, to array her doctrines in familiar language, and render them evident by popular illustration. But Dr. Percy had a different course to pursue when conducting Legendary Lore from stalls, and kitchens, and cottage chimneys, or at best, from the dust, moths, and mould of the Pepysian or Pearsonian collections, to be an inmate of the drawing

thom and the study. The attempt was entirely new, and the difficulties attending it arose from the fastidious taste of an age which was accustomed to receive nothing under the denomination of poetry, unrecommended by flowing numbers and elaborate expression. To soften these difficulties Dr. Percy availed himself, to a considerable extent, of his own poetical talent, to alter, amend, and decorate the rude, popular rhymes which, if given to the publick with scrupulous fidelity, would probably have been rejected with contempt and disgust. It was not then so much the question whether an ancient poem was authentick, according to the letter, as whether it was, or could be rendered, worth reading; and it might be said of Dr. Percy's labours as an editor, *nihil quod tetigit non ornavit*. It may be asked by the severer antiquary of the present day, why an editor, thinking it necessary to introduce such alterations, in order to bring forth a new, beautiful, and interesting sense from a meagre or corrupted original, did not, in good faith to his readers, acquaint them with the liberties he had taken, and make them judges whether, in so doing, he transgressed his limits. We answer, that unquestionably such would be the express duty of a modern editor; but such were not the rules of the service when Dr. Percy first opened the campaign. His avowal of alterations, additions, and conjectural emendations, at the bottom of each page, would have only led his readers to infer that his originals were good for nothing; not to mention that a great many of those additions derived their principal merit from being supposed ancient. In short, a certain conformity with the general taste was necessary to introduce a relish for the subject; accuracy, and minute investigation of the original state of the ballads, was likely to follow, and did follow so soon as the publick ear had been won by the more elegant and polished edition of Dr. Percy. It had been well if the industrious Ritson, and other minute and accurate labourers in the mine of antiquity, had contented themselves with exhibiting specimens of the ore in its original state, without abusing the artist who had made the vein worth digging, by showing to what its produce might be refined.

The Reliques of Ancient English Poetry seem, shortly after their publication, to have exceeded even the expectation of the editor in giving a strong and determined impulse to publick taste and curiosity, the effects of which have only abated within these very few years. Mr. Thomas Evans, bookseller, was the first who endeavoured to avail himself of the taste which they had excited, by publishing the collection of which his son has now given us a second edition.

This publication, although intended as a supplement to the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, cannot be considered as continued upon the same plan. There are no dissertations prefixed, and the preliminary matter which prefaces the ballads, is but meagre. The ballads themselves are chiefly such as the more cautious taste of Dr. Percy had left unpublished, either because their rude structure was incapable of decoration, or because they were so well known as to render decoration unadvisable. The principal source from which they were taken, is a small publication in three vols. 12mo. entitled: "A Collection of old Ballads, corrected from the best and most ancient Copies extant, with Introductions, historical, critical, or humorous: illustrated with copper-plates." It is now, we believe, extremely rare, and sells at a price very disproportionate to its size. The volumes appeared separately, and from the edition now before us,

the first seems to have been reprinted in 1723, the second in the same year, the third in 1725. The editor was an enthusiast in the cause of old poetry, and selected his matter without much regard to decency, as will appear from the following singular preface to one or two indelicate pieces of humour. "One of the greatest complaints made by the ladies against the first volume of our collection, and, indeed, the only one which has reached my ears, is the want of merry songs. I believe I may give a pretty good guess at what they call mirth in such pieces as these, and shall endeavour to satisfy them, though I have very little room to spare." From this fountain, the late Mr. Evans, seems to have drawn such supplies as it afforded. Most of his historical ballads are taken from it, and many of the Tales of Robin Hood, although he probably used some of the Garlands respecting the hero of Sherwood, in correcting and completing that series. In the present edition these are materially improved by comparison with, and reference to, the black-letter copies.

But, although Mr. Evans did not imitate Dr. Percy in the more learned and critical department of his labour, and although he stands acquitted of having taken the same license with originals of acknowledged antiquity; yet he not only followed his plan in admitting the compositions of modern authors in imitation of the ancient ballad, but the third and fourth volumes of his works contain also some pieces presented as ancient, which, from the orthography, language, sentiments, and numbers, are evidently spurious. These ballads, which we have always considered as the most valuable part of Mr. Evans's collection, as far as poetry is concerned, are Bishop Thurston and the King of Scots, Battle of Cuton Moor, Murder of Prince Arthur, Prince Edward and Adam Gordon, Cumnor Hall, Arabella Stuart, Anna Bullen, The Lady and the Palmer, The Fair Maniack, The Bridal Bed, The Lordling Peasant, the Red-Cross Knight, The Wandering Maid, The Triumph of Death, Julia, The Fruits of Jealousy, The Death of Allen. These seventeen ballads, which we believe have never been published except in this work, have a sort of family resemblance which indicates a common parent. The antique colouring in all of them originally consisted in the adoption of a species of orthography embarrassed with an unusual number of letters, and regular *exchaungynge* the *i* for the *y* in the participle, which is, for farther dignity, graced, uniformly, with a final *e*. These injudicious marks of imitation, which can no more render a modern ballad like an ancient, than a decoction of walnuts can convert the features of a European into those of an Asiatick, are rejected by the present editor, Mr. R. H. Evans, who thus leads us to infer that he does not consider the poems we have enumerated, as authentick remnants of antiquity. We wish he had favoured us with some light upon their history. They appear to us to be the work of an author endowed with no small portion of poetical genius. Many marks of haste appear in the composition, which the writer probably considered as of little importance, since he never intended to be responsible for his offspring. But there are touches of great beauty of description, and an expression of sentiment peculiarly soft, simple, and affecting, in almost every one of these neglected legends. The knowledge of history, too, which they display, argues that the author mingled the pursuits of the antiquary with those of the poet, and was enabled, by the information so collected, to realize and verify the conceptions of his imagination when employed upon the actual manners and customs of the feudal

ages. To vindicate our eulogium we beg leave to quote a few stanzas from the tale entitled the Bridal Bed.

" It was a maid of low degree
Sat on her true-love's grave,
And with her tears most piteously
The green turf she did lave;
She strew'd the flow'rs, she pluck'd the weed,
And show'rs of tears she shed:
'Sweet turf,' she cried, 'by fate decreed
To be my bridal bed!

'I've set thee, flow'r, for that the flow'r
Of manhood lieth there;
And water'd thee with plenteous show'r
Of many a briny tear.'
And still she cried, 'Oh stay, my love,
My true-love stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

'Sweet turf, thy green more green appears,
Tears make thy verdure grow,
Then still I'll water thee with tears,
That thus profusely flow.
Oh stay for me, departed youth,
My true-love, stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

'This is the flow'ry wreath he wove,
To deck his bride, dear youth!
And this, the ring with which my love
To me did plight his troth;
And this dear ring I was to keep,
And with it to be wed;
But here, alas! I sigh and weep
To deck my bridal bed.'

A blithsome knight came riding by,
And, as the bright moon shone,
He saw her on the green turf lie,
And heard her piteous moan;
For loud she cried, 'O stay, my love,
My true-love, stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

'Be calm, fair maid,' the knight replied,
'Thou art too young to die;
But go with me, and be my bride,
And leave the old to sigh.'
But still she cried, 'Oh stay, my love,
My true-love, stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.'

'Oh leave,' he cried, 'this grief so cold,
And leave this dread despair,
And thou shalt flaunt in robes of gold,
A lady rich and fair:
Thou shalt have halls and castles fair,
And when, sweet maid, we wed,
O thou shalt have much costly gear,
To deck thy bridal bed.'

'Oh hold thy peace, thou cruel knight,
Nor urge me to despair;
With thee my troth I will not plight,
For all thy proffers fair:
But I will die with my own true-love;
My true-love stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

'Thy halls and castles I despise;
This turf is all I crave;
For all my hopes, and all my joys,
Lie buried in this grave:
I want not gold, nor costly gear,
Now my true-love is dead;
But with fading flow'r and scalding tear
I deck my bridal bed."

'Oh! be my bride, thou weeping fair,
O! be my bride, I pray;
And I will build a tomb most rare,
Where thy true-love shall *lay*;'
But still with tears she cried, 'My love,
My true-love, stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee.

'My love needs not a tomb so rare,
In a green grave we'll lie;
Our carved works, these flow'rets fair;
Our canopy, the sky.
Now go, sir knight, now go thy ways;
Full soon I shall be dead;
And then return, in some few days,
And deck my bridal bed.

'And strew the flow'r, and pluck the thorn,
And cleanse the turf, I pray;
So may some hand thy turf adorn,
When thou in grave shalt *lay*.
But stay, oh thou whom dear I love,
My true-love, stay for me;
Stay till I've deck'd my bridal bed,
And I will follow thee."

This dirge is certainly not ancient; but it is no treason to say it is better than if it were. We cannot suppress a suspicion that these legendary pieces flowed from the pen of a poet to whom neither his own nor this generation has been altogether just. We mean William Julius Mickle,

the translator of the Lusiad. His Sir Martyn, written in imitation of Spenser's manner, with much of the copious and luxuriant description of his original, shows his attachment to the study of the ancient poetry of Britain; and his two beautiful ballads, entitled Hengist and Mey, and the Sorceress, have the same harmony of versification, the same simple and affecting turn of expression, with the imitations of the heroick legend which we are now considering. If Mr. Mickle should have been a friend of the elder Mr. Evans, as we believe, we consider that circumstance, joined to internal evidence, as sufficient to ascertain his property in the ballads in question.

We have also to complain, that in publishing some other imitations of the ancient ballads, the authors' names have been withheld, where, perhaps, they were more easily attainable than in the case just stated. Thus the ingenious Mr. Henry Mackenzie (author of the Man of Feeling) is well known to have written the beautiful Scottish ballad entitled Kenneth; and Michael Bruce that of Sir John the Ross. The ballad of the Laidley Worm of Spindleston Heughs, is also known to have been, in a very great measure, the production of the rev. Mr. Lambe, late vicar of Norham, and editor of the Battle of Flodden-field. It is founded upon a prevailing tradition in Bamboroughshire, and the author has interwoven a few stanzas of the original song concerning it, which begins,

"Bambro' castle's built full high,
It's built of marble stone,
And lang lang may the lady wait
For her father's coming home," &c.

In revising his father's publications, Mr. R. Evans has, with great judgment, discarded a number of sing-song imitations of the ancient ballad by Jerningham, Robinson, and other flimsy pretenders, who, seduced by the apparent ease of the task, ventured to lay their hand upon the minstrel lyre. For a different reason, he has omitted the contributions which his father levied upon Goldsmith, Gray, and other eminent moderns, whose works are in every one's hand. By this exclusion he has made room for a selection of genuine ancient poetry, compiled, by his own industry, from the hoarded treasures of black-letter ballads.

It is no disgrace to Mr. Evans, that these veterans, whom he has introduced to recruit his diminished ranks, are, generally speaking, more respectable for their antiquity, than for any thing else. Percy, Ellis, and other editors of taste and genius, had long ago anticipated Mr. Evans's labours, and left him but the refuse of the market. Some of the ballads, indeed, exhibit such wretched doggrel, as serves, more than the dissertations of ten thousand Ritsons, to degrade the character of our ancient song-inditers.

The "Warning to Youth," for example, "showing the lewd life of a merchant's sonne of London, and the misery that at the last he sustained by his notoriousnesse," might, notwithstanding the valuable moral attached to it, have been left, without injury to the publick, to "dust and mere oblivion." Had we known Mr. Evans's curiosity in such matters, we could have supplied him with as much stale poetry of a similar description as would have made his four volumes twenty.

But although Mr. Evans's love of antiquity has occasionally seduced him into publishing what is no otherwise valuable than as it is old, a prejudice by which all antiquarian editors are influenced in a greater or lesser degree, we have to applaud the diligence with which he has traced and recovered some beautiful, and some curious pieces of poetry which possess intrinsick merit and interest. Among the former we dis-

tinguish the address to a disappointed, or rather a forsaken lover, which has, we think, a turn of passion that is new, upon a very threadbare subject.

"I'm so farre from pittying thee,
That wear'st a branch of willow tree,
That I do envie thee and all
That once were high and got a fall:
O willow, willow, willow tree,
I would thou didst belong to mee.

"Thy wearing willow doth imply,
That thou art happier farre than I,
For once thou wert where thou wouldst be,
Though now thou wear'st the willow tree;
O willow, willow, sweete willow,
Let me once lie upon her pillow.

"I doe defie both boughe and roote,
And all the fiends of hell to boote
One houre of paradised joye,
Makes purgatorie seeme a toye:
O willow, willow, doe thy worst,
Thou canst not make me more accurst.

"I have spent all my golden time,
In writing many a loving rime,
I have consumed all my youth
In vowing of my faith and trueth:
O willow, willow, willow tree,
Yet can I not beleeved bee.

"And now alas it is too late,
Gray hayres, the messenger of fate,
Bid me to set my heart at rest,
For beautie loveth young men best:
O willow, willow, I must die,
Thy servant's happier farre than I."

The "Symptoms of Love," p. 246, is another very pretty song, and there are many scattered through the volume which have considerable elegance of expression, or a quaintness rendered venerable by antiquity, and which, like the grotesque carving on a gothick nich, has a pleasing effect, though irreconcilable with the strict rules of taste.

These praises apply chiefly to the songs and minor pieces of lyrical poetry. The only ancient ballad, actually connected with history and manners, which Mr. Evans's labours have presented to us for the first time, is the Murder of the Wests, by the sons of the lord Darcy: its chief merit is its curiosity.

Among the poems which are deservedly inserted, we cannot help remarking that entitled "The Felon Sow and the Freeres of Richmond," as belonging to a class of compositions which has been but slightly discussed by our antiquaries; we mean the burlesque romance of the middle ages with which, doubtless, the minstrel and tale-teller relieved the uniformity of their heroick ditties. In these ludicrous poems, which are a kind of parody upon the metrical romances, churchmen and peasants are introduced imitating the knightly pastimes of chivalry; and their awkward mishaps and absurd blunders, must have been matter of excellent mirth to the doughty knights and gallant barons who listened to the tale. Thus, in the case before us, the felon sow was the undisturbed tenant of the woods of Rookby, and the romantick banks of the Greta. Her size and ferocity are described with great emphasis. The lord of Rookby, a man of humour, gave her to the friars of Richmond, provided they could catch her. Friar Middleton sets off with two wight men at musters, to possess himself of the prize. They compel the sow to take refuge in a lime-kiln, where they hamper her with cords from above. But the felon sow breaks forth upon them, routs the escort, reduces the friar to conjuration out of his breviary, and at length to betake himself to a tree. Friar Middleton and his companions return in evil plight to the convent; and the warden, to redeem the disgrace, hires two bold men at arms to follow forth the adventure of the sow: they enter into solemn indentures to "bide and fight" to the death, and the warden on his part becomes bound to say masses for their souls if they miscarry. The men at arms, more successful than friar Middleton, vanquish and kill the felon sow; and the convent sing

"Te Deum" merrily, "that they had won the beast of price."

"If you will any more of this,
In the Friery at Richmond written it is,
In parchment good and fine,
How Freer Middleton so hende,
At Greta Bridge conjured a fiend,
In likenesse of a swine."

This tale, which possesses some portion of Cervantick humour, resembles the tournament of Tottenham [See Percy's Reliques, vol. ii.] in which the peasants of a village are introduced imitating all the solemnities of a tournament, and battering each other's heads with flails, as knights did with long swords and maces. Another remarkable example of this class of comick romances, is entitled the "Hunting of the Hare." A yeoman having found a hare sitting in the common field of a village, announces his discovery to the inhabitants. The peasants, resolving to course her, bring to the spot their great yard dogs and mastiffs, "with short shanks and never a tail." The confusion and disarray which follow the congregating of this ill-assorted pack is described with great humour: the ban-dogs, more addicted to war than sport, fall foul of each other; their masters are gradually involved in the quarrel, and poor puss steals away, leaving her enemies engaged in a grand scene of worrying and wrangling. This poem, has never, we believe, been printed. We could add largely to these examples, and show that low romance formed a distinct style of composition during the middle ages; but we have already exceeded our bounds, and must dismiss Mr. Evans's publication, which, always curious, has been greatly improved by his personal taste and labour.

The next articles in our title, which are allied in subject to the Collection of Ballads, are two editions of the same work; Dr. Aikin's well known collection of songs, with the preliminary essay. Mr. Evans, it seems, from his preface, considered Dr. Aikin to have given up any intention of reprinting his collection.

"The many years which have elapsed since the publication of the last edition, seemed to leave no hope that Dr. Aikin could be prevailed on to gratify the publick by a revision and enlargement of his work. He had declined the task in the prime and vigour of life, and he might now think it unbecoming his years, to engage in a republication of these *nugæ canore*. *Turpe senilis amor*, the doctor might exclaim, and though he might be pleased to see his volume ranged by the side of those of Percy, Ellis, and some other similar publications, yet he has abandoned the friendly office of revision to other hands."

Mr. Evans has, however, reckoned without his host in this matter, and we are sorry that he did not take some more certain means of ascertaining the doctor's intentions, considering his own labours; for we are not to suppose, that one who is an editor, as well as a bookseller, would have so far neglected the *comitas* due to a brother author, as to publish against him a rival edition of his own work. Dr. Aikin prefaces his edition with the following account of his motives:

"As inquiries were still from time to time made after it among the booksellers, the editor was asked the question, whether he had any intention of reprinting it; accompanied with the intimation, that, as the copy-right was expired, should he decline the business, others would be ready to undertake it. Conscious that the Essays were the juvenile attempts of one whose taste was by no means matured, and whose critical knowledge was circumscribed within narrow limits, the editor was unwilling that his book should again be given to the publick with all its imperfections on its head. He was obliged, therefore, to declare, that if it were reprinted at all, it should be with many material alterations, corresponding to his own change of taste and opinion in various points during so long an interval.

"Under these almost compulsory circumstances, although he perhaps should not now

have chosen for the first time to appear as the collector of productions, the general strain of which is more suitable to an earlier period of life, yet he thought he might, without impropriety, avail himself of the opportunity of making a new and much more extensive selection of compositions which will not cease to be favourites with the lovers of elegant poetry, whatever be the vicissitudes of general taste."

In the singular predicament of reviewing two rival editions of the same work, and without pretending to give a decision against Mr. Evans, although we think he has treated Dr. Aikin with somewhat less attention than his age, situation, and talents perhaps demanded, we cannot regret that we are possessed of both editions of the book, and trust that (as the old song runs) "the world's wide and there's room for us all." We are particularly glad to have an opportunity of comparing Dr. Aikin's original ideas upon the subject of song writing, with those which he has since adopted. His four essays upon songs in general, upon ballads and pastoral songs, upon passionate and descriptive songs, upon ingenious and witty songs, are now blended into one general essay; but we love the classical turn of these little discourses so well, that we are glad they are preserved in their original state. Such directions and rules of composition, whether in their separate and detailed, or in their new moulded shape, were never more necessary than at the present day. The marriage between Harmony and "Immortal Verse," has, like fashionable wedlock, frequently made some very ill-matched pairs; and we suspect that Poetry must soon sue for a separate maintenance The ladies, who ought, in common charity, to feel for her situation, are those who aggravate her hardships; for it is rare to hear a fair songstress utter the words of the song which she quavers forth. But where taste and feeling for poetry happen to be united with a sweet and flexible voice, it is scarcely possible to mention a higher power of imparting and heightening social pleasure. We have heard Dr. Aikin's simple ballad: "It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow," set by Dr. Clarke, sung with such beautiful simplicity as to draw tears even from the eyes of reviewers. But the consideration of modern song opens to the critick a stronger ground of complaint, from the degeneracy of the compositions which have been popular under that name. Surely it is time to make some stand against the deluge of nonsense and indecency which has of late supplanted, in the higher circles, the songs of our best poets. We say nothing of the "Nancies of the hills and vales." Peace to all such! let the milliner and apprentice have their ballad, and have it such as they can understand. Let the seaman have his "tight main-decker," and the countess her tinseled canzonet. But when we hear words which convey to every man, and we fear to most of the women in society, a sense beyond what effrontery itself would venture to avow; when we hear such flowing from the lips, or addressed to the ears, of unsuspecting innocence, we can barely suppress our execration. This elegant collection presents, to those who admire musick, a means of escaping from the too general pollution, and of indulging a pleasure which we are taught to regard as equally advantageous to the heart, taste, and understanding. Both editions are considerably enlarged by various songs extracted from the best modern poets, and in either shape the work maintains its right to rank as one of the most classical collections of songs in any language.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF PRINCE EUGENE, OF SAVOY, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Continued from vol. 4. p. 336.]

1708.—AS I was sure that Marlborough could make no arrangements but what were excellent, I went the day after the battle of Oudenarde to see my mother, at Brussels. What tears of affection did she shed on beholding me again with some addition of glory! I told her, however, that Marlborough's portion seemed greater than mine, as at Hochstett. The joy of revenge had some share in that, occasioned by our victory. She was glad to see the king humbled, who had left her, for another woman, in his youth, and exiled her in his old age. It is remarkable that in hers, she married the duke d'Ursel, without assuming his name. Nobody knew this; it could not have been a match of conscience or convenience, but probably of *ennui* and idleness.

The fifteen days which I thus passed with her, were the most agreeable of my life. I parted from her with the more pain, as it was probable that we should not see each other again. On the last day of my visit the troops from the Moselle arrived. We were then as strong as the French. I sent eight battalions to reenforce Marlborough's corps, which covered Flanders. I left the rest to cover Brussels, and rejoined him at the camp of Elchin. He, Ouverkirke, and myself, agreed upon sending a strong detachment to lay waste Artois and Picardy, and thus compel Vendome to leave his camp. Vendome, who guessed our intention, remained immovable. I proposed the siege of Lisle; the deputies of the states-general thought fit to be of a different opinion. Marlborough was with me, and they were obliged to hold their tongues. The siege was committed to me, while Marlborough was to cover it against the army of the duke of Burgundy. The latter with 60,000 men, encamped near Pont des Pierres; and I with 40,000, after investing the city, took up my head quarters at the abbey of Loos, on the 13th of August. The brave and skilful Boufflers, with a garrison of sixteen battalions, and four regiments of dragoons, cut out plenty of work for me. The job, so far from being easy, was a dangerous one; for Mons was not in our possession. My first attack on fort Cateleau was repulsed; the works undertaken the same day to drain a large pond which was in my way, also failed. I ordered epaulements to be made, for the fire of the place annoyed us to such a degree, that a cannon-ball carried off the head of the valet of the prince of Orange, at the moment when he was putting on his master's shirt. It may easily be supposed that he was obliged to take another, and to remove his quarters. I opened the trenches, and on the 23d the besieged made

a sortie, when lieutenant-general Betendorff, who commanded there, was taken prisoner. Boufflers treated him exceedingly well. The festival of St. Louis, which he celebrated with three general discharges of all his artillery, cost us some men. In the night between the 26th and 27th, the besieged made a terrible sortie; I gained the post of the mill of St. Andrew; Boufflers retook it; and I there lost 600 men.

Marlborough sent me word that Berwick having reenforced the duke of Burgundy, the army, now 120,000 strong, was marching to the relief of Lisle. The deputies of the states-general, always interfering in every thing, and always dying of fear, asked me for a reenforcement for him. I went to his camp to offer him one. He said: "Let us go together, and reconnoitre the ground between the Deule and the Marck." After we had examined it, he said: "I have no occasion for one, I shall only move my camp nearer to your's." Vendome proposed not to lose a day, but instantly attack the army of observation, and the besieging force. "I cannot," said the duke of Burgundy; "I have sent a courier to my grandfather to inquire his pleasure." Conferences were held at Versailles, and the king sent his booby Chabillard to his grandson's camp. He went up with him into the steeple of the village of Sedin, to view our two armies, and he decided against giving us battle.

I cannot conceive how Vendome could forbear running mad; another, with less zeal, would have sent every thing to the devil; and he, a better grandson of a king of France than the other, took the trouble, the day before, to go so close to Marlborough's position to reconnoitre, that he was grazed by a cannon-ball. I had returned to Marlborough's camp to be his volunteer, if he had been attacked.

But (while I think of it) a Chamillard, that is, in one word, a young prince of no character, and an old king who had lost his, were quite sufficient to fill Vendome's heart with rage. He was obliged by them to retreat, as if he had been beaten. I continued the siege, sure of not being interrupted, and took the redoubt of the gate of Flanders, and some others; but after three hours fighting for one of the most essential, I was driven back, and pursued to my trenches. I scarcely stirred from them, having the king of Poland and all my young princes at my side; for it was necessary to set an example, and to give orders. I ordered two assaults to facilitate the taking of the covered way; always repulsed, but a horrible carnage. Five thousand English, sent me by Marlborough to repair my losses, performed wonders, but were thrown into disorder. We heard the cry of *Vive le Roi et Boufflers!* I said a few words in English to those brave fellows who rallied round me; I led them back into the fire; but a ball below the left eye knocked me down senseless. Every body thought me dead, and so did I too. They found a dung-cart, in which I was conveyed to my quarters. First my life, and then my sight, was despaired of. I recovered both. The ball had struck me obliquely. Here was another unsuccessful attack; out of 5,000 men, not 1,500 returned, and 1,200 workmen were there killed.

Being prevented for some time, by my wound from interfering in any thing, I left the command of the siege to Marlborough, who delivered his to Ouverkerke. He effected a lodgment in a *tenaillon* on the left; but a mine baffled the assault and the assailants. Marlborough countermined some of them, and took all possible pains to spare me trouble on my return. He was obliged to eat in publick, in order to cheer my army, and returned to his own.

The chevalier de Luxembourg deceived me by introducing ammu-

mition, of which the besieged were in great want; and a captain, named Dubois, deceived me by swimming with a note from Boufflers to the duke of Burgundy, informing him, that though the trenches had been opened forty days, I was not yet completely master of any of the works. "Nevertheless, Monseigneur," added he, "I cannot hold out beyond the 15th or 20th of October."

I was in want of powder. A single letter from Marlborough to his friend, queen Anne, occasioned a quantity to be sent me, with fourteen battalions, by the fleet of vice-admiral Byng, who landed them at Ostend. Every body is acquainted with the stupidity of Lamotte, who not only suffered this convoy to reach me, but got a sound drubbing for his whole corps that was intended to prevent it. Being completely recovered from my wound, I was night and day at the works, which Boufflers, also present every where, was incessantly interrupting or annoying.

I bethought me of a stratagem to give frequent alarms for several nights, at a half moon, with a view to attack it afterwards in open day, being persuaded that the wearied soldiers would take that time for repose. This scheme succeeded. I ordered an assault upon a salient angle; and that succeeded. I directed the covered way to be attacked, and again succeeded. I thence made a breach in the curtain, and enlarged another in a bastion; and when I was at length working at the descent of the ditch, the marshal, who had every day invented some new artifice, sometimes tin boxes, at others earthen pots filled with grenades, and done all that valour and science could suggest, offered to capitulate on the 22d of September. Without mentioning any conditions, I promised to sign such as he should propose to me. "This, M. le Marechal," so I wrote to him, "is to show you my perfect regard for your person, and I am sure that a brave man like you will not abuse it. I congratulate you on your excellent defence."

My council of war, which I summoned out of politeness, objected to the article that the citadel should not be attacked on the side next the town. I yielded, having my plan in my head, and wrote to Boufflers: "Certain reasons, M. le Marechal, prevent me from signing this article, but I give you my word of honour to observe it. I hope in six weeks to give you fresh proofs of my admiration." Boufflers retired into the citadel, and I entered the city with Marlborough, the king of Poland, the landgrave of Hesse, &c. In the morning we went to church, and at night to the play, and all the business of the capitulation being finished on the 29th of October, I the same day ordered the tranches to be opened before the citadel.

Before I proceed to this siege, I ought to relate a circumstance that happened to me during that of the city. A clerk of the post-office wrote to the secretary of general Dopf, desiring him to deliver to me two letters, one from the Hague, and the other I know not whence. I opened the letter, and found nothing but a greasy paper. Persuaded, as I still am, that it was a mistake, or something of no consequence, which I might, perhaps, have been able to read had I taken the trouble to hold the paper to the fire, I threw it away. Somebody picked it up, and it was said that a dog, about whose neck it was tied, died poisoned in the space of twenty-four hours. What makes me think this untrue, is, that at Versailles they were too generous, and at Vienna too religious, for such a trick.

The ninth day the besieged made a vigorous sortie. The prince of Brunswick, who repulsed it, received a wound from a musket-ball in the head. The eleventh, a still more vigorous sortie of the cheva-

lier de Luxembourg, who drove my troops from the branches of the trenches, and made us fall back to St. Catherine's. An excellent officer of my staff had his head shot off by a cannon-ball by my side. The enemy lost a great number of men before he returned to the citadel. I caused every thing to be repaired.

I was now suddenly obliged to abandon the siege, leaving the direction of it to prince Alexander of Würtemberg. The elector of Bavaria was engaged in that of Brussels. Marlborough and I made him raise it after a pretty battle, and some excellent, well combined manœuvres, of which he had all the honour, for I could not pass the Scheldt where I wanted. The elector of Bavaria was somewhat ashamed. The French princes would have been so too, had not their joy on returning to Versailles prevented them.

I went back to the siege; but what a change! The marshal had taken advantage of my absence to drive the besiegers from the first covered way, of which I had left them in possession. After regaining it, as well as the other posts that had been abandoned, I wrote as follows to the brave Boufflers: "The French army has retired, M. le Marechal, toward Tournay, the elector of Bavaria to Namur, and the princes to their courts. Spare yourself and your brave garrison. I will again sign whatever you please." His answer was: "There is yet no occasion to be in a hurry. Permit me to defend myself as long as I can. I have still enough left to do to render myself more worthy of the esteem of the man whom I respect above all others." I gave orders for the assault of the second covered way. The king of France apparently anticipated this, for he wrote to the marshal to surrender. Notwithstanding his repugnance to such a step, he was on the point of obeying, when, in a note which the duke of Burgundy had subjoined to the king's letter, he read "I know from a certain quarter, that they want to make you a prisoner of war." I know not where he picked up this information; but that prince, respectable as he was in peace, could neither say nor do any but foolish things in war. This note, however, produced some impression for a moment. Generals, soldiers, and all, swore rather to perish in the breach. Boufflers wept for joy, as I have been told; and when on the point of embracing this alternative, he recollected my note, which got the better of the duke of Burgundy's; and after the trenches had been opened four months before the city and citadel, he sent me on the 8th of December, all the articles that he wished me to sign, which I did without any restriction. I went very soon with the prince of Orange to pay him a visit, and in truth to do homage to his merit. I cordially embraced him, and accepted an invitation to supper; "on condition," said I, "that it be that of a famished citadel, to see what you may eat without an express order from the king." Roasted horse-flesh was set before us; the epicures in my suite were far from relishing the joke, but were quickly consoled by the arrival of provisions from the city, on which we made an excellent repast.

The following day I gave him as good a dinner as I could, at my abbey, where he paid me a visit. We were very merry and communicative. We talked of war, politicks, and Louis XIV. On the latter subject I was highly amused with the flatteries of the states-general, who thinking themselves very cunning, were in hopes by these means to dispose him to peace, of which they were ardently desirous. I durst not be alone a moment with the marshal, lest idle stories should be circulated respecting us; and one or the other might appear suspicious to our courts, where people are always sure to have good friends, who are

never asleep. After manifesting my consideration for the illustrious vanquished, whenever we were together at the play, and when we went abroad into the streets, where I observed that he was universally adored, I caused him and his brave garrison to be conducted to Douay, with a large escort and all possible honours.

After retaking Ghent and Bruges, Marlborough and I put our troops in winter-quarters, and went for a month to Brussels; but my mother was no longer there.

1709.—January 9th, we set out for the Hague. It was nothing but a series of honours and festivities; presents for Marlborough, and fire-works for me. But I prevented a magnificent exhibition, by requesting the states-general to give the money it was to have cost to their brave soldiers, whom I had caused to be crippled; and the 20th of January I set off for Vienna, to report and ask for further orders.

I was directed to make peace, if the enemy would comply with all my demands. I returned on the 8th of April to the Hague, where I found the plenipotentiaries of the king of France. Famine, a winter more severe than had ever been known, want of men and money, made him wish for peace; but the vanquished forget that they are such, as soon as they enter upon negotiation. They mistake obstinacy for firmness, and at last get more soundly beaten than before.

One hundred thousand men were again under Marlborough's command and mine in the Low Countries; and the same number under that of Villars. "I am going," said he to the king on taking leave, "to drive your enemies so far, that they shall not again see the banks of the Scheldt; and by a battle on my arrival, to regain all that has been taken from your majesty."

Without wishing to avoid one, for he was morally and physically brave, he took an extremely advantageous position. This was one of his great talents. He wanted very little to be a perfect warriour. With reenforcements, which poured in to us on all sides, we were stronger than he, but there was no possibility of attacking him where he was. To oblige him to quit his position, we resolved to besiege Tournay. The trenches were opened on the 7th of July, the white flag was hoisted on the 28th, and on the 21st of August, after the most terrible subterraneous war that I ever witnessed (for in twenty-six days, the besieged sprung thirty-eight mines) the citadel surrendered. Villars never stirred. "Let us go and take Mons," said I to Marlborough; "perhaps this devil of a fellow will tire of being so prudent." Madame de Maintenon did not give him credit for so much prudence as he possessed, though she was very fond of him: for she permitted Louis XIV. to send marshal Boufflers to assist him. Certain enemies of Villars, at Versailles, hoped to give him disgust; but I have already proved, that brave men agree together, and love and esteem each other. The two marshals would gladly have saved Mons without risking a battle; we stood upon ceremony to know which party should oblige the other to give it. As soon as our troops from Tournay had arrived: "Let us lose no time," said I; "and in spite of 120,000 men, woods, hedges, villages, holes, triple intrenchments, a hundred pieces of cannon and *abattis*, let us put an end to the war in one day."

The deputies of Holland, and some faint-hearted generals, objected, remonstrated, and tired me. It was of no use to tell them that the excellent veteran French soldiers were killed in the six or seven battles which Marlborough and I had gained; and though I well knew that young ones are formed but too expeditiously, an advantage in which they are superiour to all other nations, we determined upon the battle of Malplaquet. The 11th of Sep-

tember a thick fog concealed our dispositions from the marshals; we dispelled it at eight in the morning; by a general discharge of all our artillery. This military musick was succeeded by that of hautboys, drums, fifes, and trumpets, with which I treated both armies. We then saw Villars proceeding through all the ranks. As the French can never hear enough of their king: "My friends," said he to them, as I have been told, "the king commands me to fight: are you not very glad of it!" He was answered with shouts of, *Vive le Roi et M. de Villars!* I attacked the wood of Sars without shouting. I rallied the English guards, who, at the beginning, were scattered; some from too much courage, and others from a contrary reason: my German battalions supported them. We had, nevertheless, been overwhelmed, had not the duke of Argyle, who boldly climbed the parapet of the intrenchment, made me master of the wood. All this procured me a ball behind the ear; and on account of the quantity of blood which I lost, all those about me advised me to have the wound dressed. "If I am beaten," I replied, "it will not be worth while; and if the French are, I shall have plenty of time for that." What could I have done better than to seek death, after all the responsibility which I had again taken upon myself on this occasion? I beg pardon for this digression and personality; but one cannot help being a man. To endeavour to repair faults committed, is, I acknowledge, more noble; but to survive one's glory is dreadful. My business on the right going on well, I wished to decide that of the duke on the left, which proceeded but slowly. To no purpose the prince of Orange had planted a standard on the third intrenchment; almost the whole Dutch corps was extended on the ground, killed or wounded. For six hours Marlborough was engaged with the centre and the left, without any decisive advantage. My cavalry, which I sent to his succour, was overthrown on the way by the king's household troops, who were in their turn routed by a battery which took them in flank. At length Marlborough had gained ground without me; so that it was easy for me to turn the centre of the enemy's army which had been left unsupported in consequence of the defeat of the wings. Boufflers rendered the same service to Villars as I did to Marlborough, and when he beheld him fall from his horse, dangerously wounded below the knee, and the victory snatched from them, he thought of nothing but how to make the best retreat in the best possible order. I think it is not too much to estimate the loss of both armies at 40,000 men; those who were not killed, had died of fatigue. I gave some rest to the remains of my troops, buried all I could, and then marched to Mons.

There were but 5,000 men in that place. I opened the trenches on the 25th of September, and on the 22d of October, being on the point of assaulting the horn-work of Bertamont, Grimaldi capitulated. Our troops went into winter quarters; and I, being obliged to post about without intermission, proceeded with Marlborough to the Hague, to coax the states-general, who were ready to abandon our cause. I advised them to say at the conferences of Gertruidenberg, that they would not hear of peace unless it were general. I was sure of queen Anne, because I was sure of Marlborough; he seconded me admirably. I went to report to the emperour. I submitted to him a sketch of the state of Europe, of which I could see that his cabinet had not the least idea. I stated the inclination which I observed in several powers to forsake us. At a distance from danger, people are courageous. I was told that I should make a glorious campaign. I replied, that I had lost more men than

could be given me; but yet I would try what I could do.

1711.—Joseph I. was attacked with the small-pox. There were no good physicians at Vienna. They sent to Lintz for one. The pustules came out in such abundance, that I thought him out of danger. On setting out for the Low Countries, I wanted to take leave of him. He sent me word that I had but too much exposed my life for him already, and that he wanted it elsewhere than for the small-pox. I insisted no farther, and set off on the 16th of April. Three days afterwards I was informed of his death, occasioned by the ignorance of the faculty of Upper and Lower Austria, who disputed all night about the means of relieving an inflammation of the bowels, with which the emperour was afflicted. I sincerely regretted this prince, aged thirty-three; the first since Charles V. who possessed genius, and was not superstitious; and I determined to serve him even after his death. I hurried to almost all the electors to dispose them to ensure the imperial crown to his brother, and then went to solicit the Dutch to continue their credit in money and friendship to Charles II. king of Spain, who became the emperour Charles VI.

The protestants did not fail to publish that the court of Rome, which had suffered some humiliations from Joseph I. had bribed his physicians; but no credit should be given to defamatory libels, and to the authors of private anecdotes, as they are called. It has long been the fashion to assert that great personages die of poison.

Tallard, more dangerous in peace than in war, whom I would not have left prisoner in England could I have suspected that he would there acquire any influence, enabled the tories to triumph, and crush the whigs. His assiduous attention to Mrs. Marsham, the queen's new favourite, instead of the dutchess of Marlborough, his insinuating manners, and his presents of Burgundy and Champagne to right honourable members of Parliament, who were *amateurs* of those wines, changed the aspect of European affairs.

Marlborough was playing his last game in the Low Countries. He found means to finish his military career there with glory; he forced the French lines behind the Senzée, and took the city of Bouchain.

On the disgrace of the dutchess, a thousand faults were discovered in him. His pride was denominated insolence, and his rather too great economy was branded with the name of peculation and extortion. His friends, as may be supposed, behaved like friends; and that is saying sufficient. He was recalled. To me this was a thunderbolt. The French assembled on the Rhine. I sent Vehlen with a strong detachment from the Low Countries, and leaving the Hague on the 19th of July, I collected as expeditiously as possible, all the troops I could, at Frankfurt, and took so good a position in a camp near Mühlberg, as to cause to be held, and to cover the election to the imperial crown, which would have been lost had I received a check. The French durst not disturb it. This was for me a campaign of prudence rather than of glory.

Queen Anne threw off all restraint. She had given an unfavourable reception to the Dutch ambassadour, and had forbidden Gallas, the imperial minister, her court; assigning as a reason certain expressions which he had employed respecting her. Charles VI. ordered me to make amends for the awkwardness of Gallas, if he had been guilty of any, and to regain the court of St. James's.

Had I acted, as my good cousin, Victor Amedæus, would have done in my place, I should have cried out against Marlborough still more loudly than his enemies, and have refused to see him. But from policy itself, persons of narrow minds ought

to counterfeit feeling. Their designs are too easily seen through. They are despised and miss their object. Gratitude, esteem, the partnership in so many military operations, and pity for a person in disgrace, caused me to throw myself with emotion into Marlborough's arms. Besides, on such occasions, the heart proves victorious. The people, who followed me every where from the moment I set foot in London, perceived it, and liked me the better for this: while the opposition, and the honest part of the court esteemed me the more. In one way or other, all was over for Austria. I coaxed the people in power a good deal. I made presents; for buying is very common in England. I offered to procure the recall of Gallas. I delivered a memorial on this subject, and requested the queen to take other bases at the congress of Utrecht, where her plenipotentiaries already were, that the emperour might be enabled to send his thither. I received so vague a reply, that had the court of Vienna believed me, they would not have reckoned at all upon the feeble succour of the duke of Ormond, who set out to command the English, as successour to the duke of Marlborough, and I should not have lost the battle of Denain. This happened in the following manner. Notwithstanding my distinguished reception from the queen, who, at my departure, presented me with her portrait, I went and told the states-general that we had now nobody on whom we could rely but themselves; and passing through Utrecht to make my observations, I found the tone of the French so altered, so elevated, that I was more certain than ever of the truth of what I had announced. On my arrival at the abbey of Anchin, where I assembled my army, amounting to upwards of 100,000 men, Ormond came and made me the fairest promises, and had the goodness to consent to my passing the Scheldt below Bouchain. But after feigning to agree to the siege of Quesnoi, he first strove to dissuade me from that step, and then, without reserve, refused to concur in it. I said to him: "Well sir, I will do without your eighteen thousand men." "I will lead them," said he, "to take possession of Dunkirk, which the French are to deliver to me." "I congratulate the two nations," replied I, "on this operation, which will confer as much honour on the one as on the other. Adieu, sir." He ordered all the troops in the pay of England to follow him. Very few obeyed. I had foreseen the stroke, and had made sure of the prince of Anhalt, and the prince of Hesse Cassel.

July the 30th I took Quesnoi. I gave the direction of the siege of Landrecy to the prince of Anhalt, and entered into the lines which I had directed to be formed between Marchiennes and Denain. The Dutch had collected large stores of ammunition and provisions at Marchiennes. In vain I represented to them that they would be better at Quesnoi, only three leagues from Landrecy, and only ten from us; the economy of these gentlemen opposed the change. This made me say peevishly, and as I have been told, with an oath, one day when Alexander's conquests were the subject of conversation: "He had no Dutch deputies with his army." I ordered twenty of their battalions, and ten squadrons under the command of the earl of Albemarle, to enter the lines, and approached Quesnoi with the main body of my army, to watch the motions of Villars. During all these shuffling tricks, of which I foresaw that I should be the dupe, and which Louis XIV. knew nothing of, I made him tremble upon his throne. At a very small distance from Versailles, one of my partisans carried off Berenghen, under the idea that it was the dauphin; others pillaged Champagne and Lorraine. Grewenstein, with two thousand

horse, levied contributions all over the country, spreading dismay, and declaring that I was at his heels with my army. It was then that he is reported to have said: "If Landrecy is taken, I will put myself at the head of my nobility, and perish rather than see my kingdom lost." Would he have done so? I cannot tell. He wanted once to leave the trench, but was dissuaded. Henry IV. was formerly advised the contrary. He made the sign of the cross, and remained where he was.

Villars thinking himself not strong enough to attack me, as I had hoped he would, attempted the deliverance of Denain in another way. I have mentioned my vexation respecting the magazines at Marchiennes, upon which depended the continuation of the siege. Two leagues of ground were too much for the Dutch corps. Had it not been for the defection of the English, they might have been defended. The following circumstance demonstrated the talents of Villars, and a kind of fault with which I had to reproach myself. To conceal a movement made on his left toward the Scheldt, with the greatest possible secrecy and celerity, he, with his right, drew my attention to Landrecy, as if he designed to attack the lines of countervallation. All at once he drew back his right towards his left, which during the night had easily formed bridges, as the Scheldt is not wide at this place. These two wings united, advanced unknown to the earl of Albemarle, who attempted with his cavalry, but in vain, to fight what had passed. He relied upon me, but I reckoned upon him. On the first firing of his artillery, I marched to his succour, with a strong detachment of dragoons, at full trot, intending to make them dismount, if necessary, and followed by my infantry, which came up at a quick pace. The cowardice of the Dutch rendered my efforts unavailing. Had they but maintained themselves half an hour in the post of Denain, I had been in time. So I had calculated, supposing matters at the worst, had I even been deceived by the manœuvre of Villars. I found only eight hundred men, and three or four generals drowned in the Scheldt; and all those who had been surprised in the intrenchments, killed without making any defence. Albemarle, and all the princes and generals in the Dutch service, were taken prisoners, while endeavouring to rally their troops. The conduct of the former was represented in very black colours to the states-general. I wrote to Heinsius, the pensionary: "It would be my province, sir, to throw the faults or the disasters of that day on the earl of Albemarle, if I had a single reproach to make him. He behaved like a man of honour; but I defy the ablest general to extricate himself, when his troops, after a vile discharge, ignominiously run away. Your obstinacy in leaving your magazines at Marchiennes, is the cause of all this. Assure their high mightinesses of the truth of what I write you, of my dissatisfaction and profound mortification."

I was obliged to raise the siege of Landrecy, and to approach Mons, for the purpose of subsisting my army; so that I could not prevent Villars from retaking Douay, Quesnoi, and Bouchain.

I often examine myself with the utmost possible strictness. It appears to me, that if I had placed twenty battalions more in the lines, which would have been necessary to defend them, Villars, who was stronger than I, would then have beaten me. Out of the lines, posted as I was, I provided for every contingency. Could I expect that an hour, at the utmost, more or less, would be decisive of my glory, of the war, and of the salvation of France? The artillery of the lines, which were thickly planted with it, ought alone to have given me time to have come

up. Instead of being well served, it was abandoned in as cowardly a manner as the intrenchments. The two faults which I committed, were—not disregarding the remonstrances of the deputies respecting Marchiennes, and confiding a post of such importance to their troops, the flower of which had perished at Malplaquet.

It may easily be supposed, that I was the subject of criticism at Vienna, London, and the Hague, and of songs at Paris. Here is one which I thought pretty, because it gives my history in very few words:

Eugene, opening the campaign,
Swore with air most furious,
He'd march straightway to Champagne,
To swig our wines so curious.
The Dutchman for this journey gay
His cheese to Marchienne sent away;
But Villars, fir'd with glory, cried:
"Faith, where you are you'd better bide;
Scheldt's muddy water is, I think,
Quite good enough for you to drink."

ON THE CHARACTER OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

[Continued from Vol. 4. page 408]

THE plays in which we should contemplate the character of Falstaff, are the two Parts of Henry IV. We see him again, indeed, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and with great satisfaction; but he is in fetters. He might say of himself, as after the exploit at Gadshill: "Am not I fallen away? do not I bate? do not I dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown!" His meanderings are reduced to a straight course, and we scarcely recognise the beauty of the stream. Our memorable queen, when she requested to see Falstaff in love, appears to me (to use a vulgar but pertinent expression) to have "mistaken her man." Eccentricity of affection was expected; and, as might have been foreseen, we are presented only with his avarice.

But to return; the two Parts of Henry IV. are, beyond a doubt, the most diversified, in point of character and language, of any of the historical plays of our great dramatist. Who does not marshal in his mind the spirits of "that same mad fellow of the north, Percy;" "of him of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, Owen Glendower;" and "his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and the sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas?" Who cannot paint to himself "that goodly, portly man, sir John;" the chief justice (sir William Gascoigne); and that whoreson mad compound of majesty, prince Henry, who, as he himself observes, had "sounded the very base-string of humility?" Or, who cannot conjure up the manes of the knight's myrmidons, swaggering Pistol,* Poins, Peto, and honest Bardolph,† "whose zeal burned in

* Pistol is a very remarkable character. He seems to be a ranting spouter of sentences and hard words, unconnected and unintelligible; and was introduced by Shakspeare for the purpose of ridiculing the bombast absurdities of his cotemporary dramatick writers. If this was really the object of the character, it must have had a wonderful effect at its first performance, when the plays of Cophetua, Battle of Alcazer, Tamburlain's Conquests, &c. from all which Pistol makes quotations, were before the publick. It strikes me, likewise, as a very ingenious method of silencing the whole train of envious scribblers which his genius would otherwise have brought upon his own back.

† The character of Bardolph is one of those bold dashes of the pencil, which our great painter from nature so frequently exhibits. His great attachment to Falstaff is admirably described. When he is told of the knight's death, he exclaims: "Would

his nose;" and who, as his master remarks, "but for the light in his face, would be the son of utter darkness:" and to close the catalogue, mine hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, good mistress Quickly; Francis with his everlasting cry of "Anon, anon, sir!" the "genius of famine," master Robert Shallow; and Justice Silence, whom, as sir John told him, "it well befitted to be of the peace;" with the ever-memorable list of Gloucestershire recruits. Amongst all these interesting personages, however, he who most attracts our notice, and best repays our attention, is sir John Falstaff.

——— ανηρ νϊς, μεγας τε,
Αρτιω μεν ηγαγε ϊσκω πηγεσιμαλλω.'
Il. iii. 197.

Nor do those persons do him justice, who regard him as a character whose sole constituents are vice and low buffoonery. This was not the intention of Shakspeare. Those who are possessed of a natural vein of humour, no less than those who constantly affect it, will sometimes detect themselves in a strain of "quips and cranks," whose object is "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh." Falstaff's wit is often, it must be confessed, of an illegitimate kind; yet the general character of his pleasantry, and the good sense so frequently sparkling from under his singular quaintness, prove that the poet intended him to have the credit of considerable abilities, however unusual or misemployed. To cancel the imputation of perpetual buffoonery, an idea originating in the misconception of those who personate him on the stage, or would paint him like Bunbury, we must recollect that, although he possessed none of those recommendations which are implied in the term "gentleman," as the word was received in its better days, yet he had many which were not consistent with mere ribaldry and buffoonery. If we have an eye merely to his imperfections, which are no criterion of rank in society, our opinion of him will be mean and inadequate. He is represented as a "captain of foot," intimate with men of the first title and authority, and, as may be inferred from the scenes into which he is introduced, as likewise from his behaviour to the lord chief justice, could value himself as highly as any of his friends. In the character of companion to the prince, however unworthy he must, in the eyes of the world have been thought deserving of some attention, I will not say respect; for it is in vain that we look for any virtues in him, calculated to inspire us with any thing like reverence. Those who might despise them both for their vices, must remember that Hal was heir to the crown, and that Falstaff was made companion to the future hero of Agincourt. The polite attentions of master Shallow to his old acquaintance, sir John, which may be accounted for without any uncommon sagacity, were returned in a manner consistent with the avarice of the latter, that would now be denominated by the rude name of "swindling." Yet the shadow of worthy affection existed in sir John, as we see throughout his conduct. He ascribes his fondness for Poins to a singular cause: "I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal has not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else."* But the affection of the prince for sir John Fal-

I were with him wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!" The same insight into his character is given by another singular expression. When the prince tells Falstaff of his favour with his father, Falstaff recommends the robbery of the exchequer: "Rob me the exchequer, Hal, and do it with unwashed hands too!" Bardolph, pleased with the proposal, instantly seconds it with, "Do, my lord!"

* This and a number of other characteristick and unobjectionable passages, are injudiciously omitted in the play as represented on our theatres. I fancy these omissions

staff is more easily explained, and though manifest in the whole intercourse between them, is more feelingly described by the poet in the prince's lamentation for his loss, when he views him extended for dead in the field of battle: "What! old acquaintance, could not all this flesh keep in a little life? Poor Jack! Farewell! I could have better spared a better man! Oh! I should have a heavy miss of thee, if I were much in love with vanity."

Indeed, we must think more humbly of the prince's judgment and good sense than we are justified in doing from his known character, if we suppose that he did not observe some amiable features in the man with whom the poet makes him spend the greater part of his time, and for whom he procured a "charge of foot." Similarity, in some degree, of dispositions, might be thought a sufficient cause; but where there was not a single praiseworthy object of mutual affection, the poet would not so have erred against human nature as to have represented a friendship. The inconsistency of the prince's future conduct to him, while it reflects somewhat of ingratitude on his poetical memory, was certainly necessary, and tended to the retrieving of his character in the publick mind.

But to solve all difficulties on this head, it will be requisite only to select a single trait in this motley personage, which will ever awaken a partiality for him in every audience. The poet, to counterbalance his thirst of gold, and his more serious vices, has given him an insinuating air of frankness and simplicity of manners. It may be observed that in the first scene of his appearance, you see a man from whom every subsequent part of his history might be expected. The nature displayed in this is too much for the nerves of the audience. They are delighted to see what they seem to themselves to have known in common life, and to find their acquaintance precisely what they imagined him to be. Falstaff's character is seen at once; he conceals no darker features than those exhibited on his first introduction; and however reprehensible in his vices, he seems willing to trust them to the mercy of his frail audience. This is natural, but it is no extenuation of crime. The prepossession in favour of such men arises from the love of truth and sincerity implanted in us by nature (not to mention the secret tribute paid to our vanity and self-love on such occasions) and every one, at some period or other of his life, must have felt it extorted from him. Such a man is Falstaff. Superlatively vitious and reprobate, he never appears without exposing some darling excess or evil propensity. Yet, in spite of all this, his habits savour so much of every-day profligacy, and his promises of reform and repentance are so frequent, that we cannot help feeling, against our better judgment, something like partiality.

As in the beautiful paintings of objects in themselves ugly or contemptible, such as are observable in the works of Murillo, Schalkens, Hemskerck, and the greater part of the Flemish school, the attention is forcibly drawn from the consideration of the minute parts and their deformity, and rests with pleasure on the natural colours, or striking proportions, of the whole; so, in a full view of the character of Falstaff, his vices seem completely in the back-ground. There is a charm, which withholds the spectator from the contemplation of them. Still, however, they are of no inconsiderable magnitude; and it may well be objected, that moral propriety, which can never be too much attended to

were made by Colley Gibber: if so, they do him as much credit for poetical feeling as his own tragedies.

in dramatick composition, has been infringed, seriously, by giving inward turpitude to so alluring a disguise. Besides his avarice, cruelty, and voluptuousness, he has the glaring faults of a liar, a drunkard, and a robber.* But, in palliation of all this, you must hear his message to Mrs. Ford: "Bid her think what man is; let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit." His remarkable cowardice is an essential part of his character, and obliges us to remove our attention to the poet. It is a trite and indisputable truth, that fortitude is the offspring of none but virtuous principles. This feature of his character, therefore, while it is closely natural, the poet observed would likewise prove an endless source of ridicule and amusement to the audience. How ludicrous is it to see this egregious liar, who insists that "manhood, good manhood, will be forgotten upon the earth, when he dies," standing at a respectful distance, while his fellows are plundering the poor pilgrims, and exclaiming "Strike! Down with them! Cut the villains' throats!" with all the energy of a bloodthirsty hero. Or who can refuse a smile, when he hears him request the prince, in the camp at Shrewsbury, in this ignoble form of words: "Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship?" Even his detestable cruelty, is rendered laughable, where he observes of his poor scare-crows, with whom he was ashamed to walk through Coventry, "I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive, and they are for the town's-end to beg during life."

Thus all his faults and imperfections are so well depicted, and so effectually made the objects of derision, that we can scarcely refrain from loving the company of the man who affords us so much diversion at his own expense. For we find he has always so much grace left as to be continually pleading and proclaiming his purposes of reform. In one place he says: "I must give over this life, and I will give it over;" and adds, "I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom." So he tells Bardolph he will repent, and that quickly, while he is in some "liking," &c. and, in his letter to the prince, he gives him this advice: "Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell." This is, indeed, holding the mirror up to Nature. Those who have most reason to reform their habits, talk violently of their resolutions, and are ever last to execute them. The same opportunities of indulgence recur, and always find the same complying weakness. This is specifically exemplified where sir John makes a long parade of his penitence; and, after he has finished, is asked by the prince: "Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Jack?" and the hoary sinner answers: "Where thou wilt lad, I'll make one; an I don't, call me villain, and baffle me."

He has, however, in a manner, no unnecessary or superfluous vices. They are all the natural excrescences of his character. We may be inclined to connive at his "drinking old sack," "unbuttoning after sup-

* It is to be remembered that robbers, at that time of day, were very differently received in society from what they are at present. It could not be otherwise, when the example began around the king's person, by courtiers who pleaded in justification the scantiness of their allowance from their royal master. This made it a "vocation," as sir John calls it, of less publick disgrace. Matthew Paris mentions two merchants of Brabant, in the time of Henry III. who complained of an open robbery in the middle of the day, and after much trouble the perpetrators were discovered to be men of rank at court. Yet even then "resolution was fobbed by the rusty curb of old father Antick, the law," for no less than thirty of them were hanged.

per," and "sleeping upon benches at noon," because he tells us "he has more flesh, and therefore more frailty;" and we may allow him to ask: "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" but no indulgence must blind us to his real faults, and he must be reprobated for too often "leaving the fear of God upon the left hand;" in his dishonesty to Dame Quickly, and Master Shallow; for his enormous lies and obscenities; and the vices consequent upon his avarice. Hence, the exhibition of such a character to a young person, should be attended always with an admonition to distinguish between the fascinations of poetry, and the depravity which it may seem to extenuate, by the beauty of the resemblance to nature.*

But, it is astonishing how much the attention is drawn aside from these dark parts of his character, by his wit and incessant humour. I before hinted to you, that there are persons who value his wit no more than the jests and scurrilities of a buffoon; who look upon him as no better than the clowns in Twelfth Night, and, As You like it; and who conceive that the same degree of talents would be requisite to personate them all. To these Falstaff might answer in his own words: "Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me; the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to produce any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me. I am not only witty myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Contrary to the fashion of Shakspeare's age, Falstaff's wit is, for the most part, pure and sterling; and often supported through a whole soliloquy. Few men can read half a dozen lines of any of them, without acknowledging it. If the definition of wit is just, that it discovers real congruities not before apparent (and to me it appears a very just one) the effusions of Falstaff are, in most instances, entitled to that name. It would be useless to demonstrate what is self-evident in every scene of his appearance. Much of his wit, so called, however, is of another description, and arises from his assigning wrong causes, which, from their seeming probability and relation, produce the same effects as the *bulls* attributed to the Irish.

The effects of wit upon the hearers, are generally favourable. In addition to its known influence upon the muscles, which are never so moved without a degree of pleasure, it opens a new source of gratification, by flattering our vanity. We feel almost as though we ourselves were the authors of it, when we give ourselves the credit of understanding and experiencing its full force. It is, perhaps, from this cause likewise, that we look with favour on the more objectionable parts and profligacies of this "gray iniquity," sir John. The man who would win upon our affections, or rather our partiality, cannot do better than to address himself to our self-love. This kept alive the prince's affection for Falstaff; and continues to excite in us the same favourable sentiments.

Having said thus "much in behalf of that Falstaff," I cannot help adverting to the prospect of a New Theatre. Whatever may be the intended plan of such an establishment, I am sure the lovers of rational amusement (for if it ceases to be rational, it had better cease altogether) look forward to a long wished for reformation in theatrical representation. I am far from think-

* Plutarch gives the same advice at greater length: De Audiendis Poetis. Sec. 11, 12, 13, 14. Speaking of subjects of this kind, he adds: *ᾧ οὐκ, μᾶλλον δὲ τοῦ ἰθίζεσθαι, διδασκόμενον ὅτι, τοῦ σφόδρα καὶ σπουδῆ μιμεῖσθαι μὴ γιγνομένου μίμησις ἀλλὰ τῆς τέχνης, εἰ μιμήματα προσπίπτοντος τὸ ὑπεκκαυμα.*

ing it fastidious pedantry, to condemn, with very few exceptions, the whole mass of modern dramatick poetry.

It has mistaken the plan, the means, and the end, of such compositions. The plots, intrigues, and characters, of these plays, are either bad imitations of originals, unnecessarily neglected, grotesque transcrips from low life, or they are so unnatural and unmeaning, as to disgust even the criticks of the gallery. As to the means, I believe no one ever thought of fixing in his memory a single line or sentiment of these plays, for the instruction contained in them; and with regard to their wit, none but raw apprentices would ever consider them worth repetition. But, to the publick are these authors amenable for their deviation from the great end of dramatick writing. I am not inclined to cant, when I declare my abhorrence of the oaths, obscenities, immoralities; nay, of the solemn addresses and prayers to the Deity, which are without number so perniciously introduced.—This may be called stage-effect. The only effect I know of from such representations and expressions, is the gradual depravity of the ignorant and inexperienced part of the audience; and the familiarizing all with words and actions at which they ought to shudder. Let us, therefore, hope, that the theatre now in contemplation to be erected, will give the lie to those who think propriety and popular amusement incompatible. The first step towards this will be the formation of an "Index Expergatorius," containing the names of plays not to be represented on any terms, and the names of those which shall be prohibited, "donec corrigantur." It is absurd to imagine that we want new plays: we have already a great sufficiency, whose merits have been approved. Let these, and these only, find admission on our new stage; and when the evening's amusement is announced, every man will know whether he may safely indulge his children, or introduce a female, where, as the stage is now constituted, common prudence forbids their appearance. Much more might be advanced upon the regulation of such a theatre, which, if I had influence to effect, it should be almost exclusively a Shakspeare theatre.

A. B. E.

FROM THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE NEWLY DISCOVERED ART OF PRINTING WITH STONE.

IT will probably be in the recollection of many of our readers, at least we will endeavour to bring the circumstance to their knowledge, that, in our review of that splendid and truly ingenious work, "*The Antiquities of Westminster*, by *John Thomas Smith*," a method of drawing and engraving on STONE, invented and practised by Mr. Aloys Senefelder, is mentioned, and two specimens of the different methods of increasing copies alluded to. We there, although we allowed the discovery to have been extremely curious, from a minute inspection and deep contemplation of the engravings, stated, that there was a coarseness in the art, or rather in the material upon which it was practised, which only adapted it to the production of large works; at the same time we admitted, that it included properties capable of great improvement. This improvement has, we understand, been in progress, and learn that experiments have been made, and are now making, that afford the prospect of very considerable advantage to the arts in general, and to those

dependent upon the multiplication, and consequent wide dispersion, of copies in particular. We, therefore, in order to facilitate the improvement to which we have alluded, feel great pleasure in inserting the following account of the elementary principles of the art of printing with stone, in order to introduce, or superinduce, disquisition, which, in the efforts of ingenuity, has been deemed the portal that leads to perfection.

The art of printing from stone, originally discovered in Germany, about nine years ago, and which has since been successfully practised in Italy and France, appears till lately to have been but little used, or even known, in this country, though meriting, from its simplicity, its expedition, and its economy, to rank high among modern discoveries, and offering some real and important advantage to the arts. Its inventor was, as already stated, Aloys Senefelder, a native of Prague, in Bohemia, who first obtained, in 1801, an exclusive privilege for the exercise of it from the then elector of Bavaria: and, in 1803, a like privilege from the emperour of Germany. Senefelder, in consequence, established stone printing houses at Munich and at Vienna: and, under his directions, similar establishments have been formed in France and Italy. It is at Munich, however, that the art has been brought to the greatest perfection.

There are three different methods of printing with stone, namely, the method in relief (most generally used) and particularly adapted for musick; the hollow method, preferable for engravings; and the flat method, which is neither hollow nor in relief, but which is very useful for the imitation of chalk and other drawings. To print or engrave according to this process, a slab of inverrated marble, or any other calcareous stone, is used, provided the stone can be easily cut, and takes a good polish. These stones may thus be compared to the copper plates, or wooden blocks, for which they are, indeed, substituted. They ought to be from two inches to two inches and a half thick, and of a size proportioned to that of the work which it is meant to engrave upon them. When the stone is dried and well polished, the next operation is, to draw the design, notes, or letters, that are intended to be printed upon it with a pencil, and afterwards retrace the pencil marks with an ink made of the solution of gum lac, in pot-ash, coloured with lamp-black, produced from burning wax. In about two hours, the letters, or musical notes, impregnated with the ink, will be dry, when there is passed over them nitrick acid [*aqua fortis*] more or less diluted, according to the relief or hollow which it is desired to form upon the stone. The acid attacking all parts of the stone, but those which have been impregnated with the resinous ink only, the notes or drawing remain untouched. The slab of marble is then washed with clean water, and a printer's ball is charged with an ink analagous to that used in other kinds of printing, and being pressed by the hand only, the letters or notes take the ink from the ball, so that they are found to be properly coloured. After this, a sheet of paper being put in a frame, the latter is lowered, and an impression is obtained by a brass cylinder being passed over the paper; or a copper plate press may be used. At each proof it is necessary to wash the plate with water. When the intended number of copies are printed, and there is no further use for the work, the stone is polished again; and thus the same slab will, according to its thickness, serve for thirty or forty different works.

The hollow method does not differ greatly from the method in relief, except that the nitrick acid is made to act stronger upon the stone,

so that the letters are more relieved, and the stone itself much hollower: stronger and heavier rollers are likewise requisite.

The flat method requires less nitrick acid than either of the other two; and great care must be taken, that the stone prepared for this purpose is quite flat.

The kinds of work that are engraved on stone are the following: imitations of wood cuts, imitations of the dot manner, drawings, musical works, all kinds of writing, geographical maps, and engravings in mezzotinto.

The advantages resulting from the manner of printing or engraving, described above, are, that it has a peculiar character, which cannot be imitated by the other methods of printing, and that it can easily imitate any of the former. But its greatest advantage is, the quickness with which it may be performed. A design which an artist could not finish upon copper in the space of five or six days, may be engraved upon stone in one or two. While the copper plate printer draws off six or seven hundred impressions, the printer from stone, can take off, in the same space of time, two thousand impressions. An engraved copper plate will seldom yield 1000 impressions; but the stone slab will yield several thousand, and the last will be every whit as good as the first. It has been tried in the stone-printing office at Vienna to take off thirty-thousand impressions of the same design; and even then the last impression was nearly as handsome as the first.* They have even carried this number of copies to a greater extent in printing bank notes.† The most industrious and most skilful engraver of musick can hardly engrave four pages of musick on pewter in a day, while the engraver on stone may engrave twice as many in the same time. Every kind of work which artists engrave upon copper or pewter, and which the printer executes with movable types, may also be performed by using stone. Our limits will not permit us to enter into all the details of the cost of this method of printing; but experience has shown, that it may be performed with a saving of one third of the expense, in comparison of the printing upon copper or pewter.‡

PRESENTIMENT OF DANGER AND DEATH.

AT the siege of the Havanna, in 1762, the Namur and Valiant took it day and day about to fight a sap battery; and the relief of the people was effected every midnight, to save from the observation of the Spanish garrison one party's approach and the other's retreat. We

* If this art could be in some degree refined, and its productions adapted to periodical publications, for instance, its explanatory advantages must be incalculable.

† The facility of printing these in this country, we are of opinion, need not be increased.

‡ Contemplating the rise of engraving, and particularly adverting to the wood-cuts of Albert Durer (who was the first that practised the art in that manner) which we erst have frequently considered with attention, as we have those of M. Antonio, we cannot help congratulating this age upon the very great improvement that has been made in the art of engraving upon wood. The two celebrated artists whom we have mentioned, though correct, perhaps too correct, in their outlines and their muscular delineations, are, in their general designs, stiff, harsh, and tasteless; which leads us to observe, that the wood cuts that embellish the works of modern times, the Life of Leo X. for instance, exhibit such traits of improvement, indeed of excellence, that we are induced to hope stone engraving, which, as we have said, seems to promise still greater advantages, will be as sedulously pursued.

had marched forty in number, a lieutenant leading, and myself [a midshipman] bringing up the rear, to relieve the Valiant's, when Moor, one of our men made frequent calls to stop; these at last became quite frivolous, and my distance had got so long from the lieutenant, that the party was halted to close the line. In the interim, Moor fairly owned he had no stomach for the battery that night, knowing he should be killed. Our officer, a hard-headed Scotchman, steady and regular as old time, began sharp upon me: my excuse was the man's tardiness, and I reported his words. "Killed, indeed, and cheat the sheriff of his thirteener and a baubee! No, no, Paddy: trust to fate and the family honour of the O'Moors for all that. Come, sir, bring him along: point your sword in his stern-post." Moor, of course, made no reply, but under a visible corporeal effort and a roused indignation, stepped into the line: our whole party moved on. Now this Moor was seldom out of a quarrel on board ship, and having some knowledge of the fistycuffs-art, he reigned pretty much as cock of the walk on the lower gun-deck. When we had relieved the battery, and the Valiant had gone silently off, all the guns were manned. There remained on the parapet only one heavy piece of ordnance, and our very first discharge dismounted it. Elated with that success, up jumped all hands upon the platform, and gave three cheers, when a little devil of a gun took us in a line, and knocked down five men. Sure enough amongst these, Moor, being the foremost upon his legs, was the first person killed. From whence had Moor this fore-knowledge? He quoted no dream. In 1778, to come nearer the recollection of survivors, at the taking of Pondicherry, captain John Fletcher, captain Demorgan, and lieutenant Bosanquet, each distinctly foretold his own death on the morning of their fates.

L'Oriflame, a well appointed 40 gun French ship, had been taken by our Isis of 50. Captain Wheeler, immediately prior to close action, sent for Mr. Deans, surgeon of the Isis, and intrusted him in certain particular injunctions about family concerns. The doctor attempted to parry funeral ideas, but was bluntly told: "I know full well this day's work: Cunningham will soon be your commander. All the great circumstances of my life have been shown in dreams: my last hour is now come." He was killed early in the fight; and lieutenant Cunningham managed so well in the devolved command, that admiral Saunders made him a post captain into L'Oriflame in Gibraltar bay. This fore-knowledge of things at hand is a subject many profess themselves positive about: their strong argument is experience, and all who have not been so favoured, may reasonably enough doubt, stopping short of contradiction. Certain instances then afloat in the navy, I may take the liberty to produce, anticipating, however, an adventure of some such kind, never in my power to comprehend.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR—Permit me to relate an anecdote of one of the brute species, which, perhaps, would never have appeared before the publick, had not the relation of one partly similar, in the present work, revived the circumstance in my memory.

Some years ago, having occasion to reside for some time at a farm-house in the country, I was much alarmed, one morning, by the unusual bellowing of a cow under the window of the apartment wherein I was sitting. Looking out I perceived

her to be one belonging to a herd, which I previously understood were enclosed in a field near a mile distant. Alarmed at her appearance I went out in order to take her back; but as soon as I left the house, she ran before me apparently in the greatest concern, frequently looking back to see if I was following. In this manner she continued across several fields till she brought me to the brink of a deep and dangerous morass; where, to my great surprise, I beheld one of her associates nearly enveloped in the swamp underneath. The distressed animal, after much difficulty, was extricated from its perilous situation to the no small satisfaction of the other, which seemed to caress and lick it, as if it had been one of her own offspring.

Every observer of the animal creation must be aware, what a regular degree of subordination exists among herds of cattle that have been long accustomed to ruminate together. The instinct of the cow, in this respect, is by no means the least predominant. When a farmer, makes his first selection, he, of course, has a great variety of the same species, and (if we may presume to judge from analogy) endued with a diversity of dispositions; hence, for some time it is entertaining to behold the many disputed points that arise among the candidates for precedence, before the business can be amicably adjusted; for it is very observable, they always walk in lineal procession, preceded by a chieftain, or leader, which is unanimously acknowledged by the whole herd. The rest follow in order, according to their contested decisions, each being most tenacious of her allotted station; which did not escape that accurate delineator of nature, Bloomfield, who, in his "Farmer's Boy," makes the following beautiful allusion:

"The right of conquest all the law they know:
Subordinate, they one by one succeed;
And one among them always takes the lead:
Is ever foremost, wheresoe'er they stray,
Allowed precedence undisputed sway;
With jealous pride her station is maintained,
For many a broil that post of honour gained."

But a tacit responsibility seems to devolve on their leader, for the care and welfare of the whole, which has been fully exemplified in the preceing anecdote: the concerned cow being the premier of the herd.

To account for this wonderful degree of instinct, in this part of the animal species, is beyond my penetration; I leave the subject for matured philosophy to investigate.

Your's, &c.

J. HOLCROFT.

ON THE UTILITY OF COAL GAS LIGHT.

THE following details, relative to the coal gas light, one of the greatest improvements of which modern times can boast, are taken from an interesting Memoir read before the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, by Mr. Richard Gillespie, by whose publick spirit, and at whose works, this great experiment of permanently lighting an extensive manufactory by gas, was first undertaken in Scotland. The apparatus, made by Balton and Watt, was fitted up at Anderston the latter end of the summer of 1809, and Mr. Gillespie's works were illuminated in this manner at the beginning of November. Since that time some great improvements have been made and the whole now constitutes a very pleasing exhibition. Two iron retorts, of a semicylindrical form; each capable of containing about one cwt. of coal, yield at every charge 750 cubick feet of

gas, which, after being washed, so as to deprive it of any disagreeable smell, is conducted into a large cubical plate-iron gasometer, of a capacity equal to 1120 cubick feet. The gas evolved by the regular process of carbonization, during the day, is here stored up for use. From this magazine, which floats in a water cistern, a main pipe issues, which afterwards branches into innumerable ramifications, some of them extending several hundred feet under ground; thence to emerge diffusing over a multitude of apartments a kind of artificial day: so vivid is the illumination. The flame, however, though exceedingly bright, is very soft and steady, and free from that dazzling glare which has been so greatly complained of in the otherwise beautiful light of the Argand lamps. No trouble attends this mode of illumination; the occasional attendance of one man in the gas-house, to charge the retorts, and mend the fire, being all that is necessary. On turning a stop-cock, any particular flame may be kindled immediately, and no trimming or snuffing is required; neither are any sparks thrown off, as from a burning wick: 1 1-3 cubick feet of gas yield the same quantity of light as a moulded candle of six in the pound, which is found, on the average, to last 2 1-2 hours. The contents of the gasometer are, therefore, equal to 900 such candles. To fill it requires three cwt. of coals, value at 6*d.* each cwt. 1*s* 6*d.* coal for heating the retorts during the composition, 1*s*. Hence, for 2*s*. 6*d.* a quantity of light is procurable from coal gas, which obtained from candles would cost about 10*l.* But from the above charge for coal, we must deduct the whole expense of what goes into the retort, for this acquires additional value by being charred; and is eagerly bought up by the iron-founders. A large quantity of tar is also obtained in the condensing pit, as well as ammoniacal liquor, from both of which considerable returns may be reasonably expected.

MISCELLANY.

INK POWDER.

A report has been made to the French National Institute, on a memoir by M. Tarry, relative to the composition of writing ink. The author has succeeded in making an INK which cannot be destroyed by the acids or alkalies, and which has only the slight inconvenience of allowing its colouring matter to be deposited rather too easily. "The discovery of M. Tarry," says the reporter, "promises a great benefit to society; viz. the introduction of an ink, which, not being susceptible of being obliterated by the chymical agents at present known, will put an end to the falsification of writings, which is but too common."

PRESERVATIVE PLASTER PARIS.

A committee has been busily employed in examining a process of the late M. Bachelier, for the composition of a PRESERVATIVE PLASTER OF PARIS. Houses built of stone, are quickly covered with an earthy coating, of a dirty gray colour; and this first change is the cause of the deterioration which they soon afterwards undergo. A small kind of spider fixes his web in the hollows on the surface of the stone. These webs accumulate, and, with the dust which they collect, form the earthy crust just mentioned, in which lichens sometimes take root, and which naturally retain a constant humidity at the surface of

the stones; the frosts then produce considerable injury, and give occasion for those raspings, which are, in themselves, a real deterioration.—A plaster, therefore, became a desideratum, which should fill up the inequalities of the stone, without making the angles look clumsy, or deadening the carvings, and which should resist rain and other effects of weather. The late M. Bachelier had made some interesting experiments on this subject; and the above committee, aided by his son, have succeeded in producing a plaster which has resisted the tests to which they exposed it, and which gives fair grounds to expect that our buildings will, in future, be protected from the causes of decay above enumerated.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR—A correspondent requests some of your readers will inform him of the best method of preparing the composition which is now used for VARNISHING COLOURED DRAWINGS AND PRINTS, so as to make them resemble paintings in oil.

I do not pretend to assert that the following is the best method of preparing a composition for that purpose; but I have used it, and found it answer. Take of Canada balsam one ounce; spirit of turpentine two ounces; mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water; and, when dry, apply the varnish with a camel's-hair brush.

W. W.

Subterraneous Passage discovered.

The subterraneous passage, by which the Roman emperours went privately from the palace of the Cesars, on Mount Celius at Rome, to the Flavain amphitheatre, has lately been discovered, besides a number of architectural fragments, capitals, cornices, and vases, the remains of its splendid decorations. Some fine torsos have also been found, and a head of Mercury, which appears to have belonged to the statue in the garden of the pope, and now in the Chiaramonti museum. Several pipes and gutters for carrying off water were also discovered, and twenty rooms of very small dimensions, lighted only from the top.—These are presumed to have been the *fornices*, frequently alluded to by Martial, Seneca, and Juvenal.

JOHN D. CASSINI.

He had such a turn for Latin poetry, that some of his compositions were printed when he was only eleven years old. In 1652, he determined the apogee and eccentricity a planet from its true and mean place, a problem which Kebler had pronounced impossible. In 1653, he corrected and settled a meridian line on the great church of Bologna, on which occasion a medal was struck. In 1666, he printed at Rome, a theory of Jupiter's satellites. Cassini was the first professor of the royal observatory in France. He made numerous observations, and in 1684, he discovered the four satellites of Saturn; 1695, he went to Italy to examine the meridian line he had settled in 1653; and in 1700, he continued that through France which Picard had begun.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR Isaac had a great abhorrence of infidelity, and never failed to reprove those who made free with Revelation in his presence, of which the following is an instance. Dr. Halley was sceptically inclined, and sometimes took the liberty of sporting with the Scriptures. On such an occasion sir Isaac said to him: "Dr. Halley, I am always glad to hear you when you speak about astronomy, or other parts of mathematicks, because that is a subject which you have studied, and well understand; but you should not tattle

of Chrirtianity, for you have not studied it; I have, and know you know nothing of the matter-"

INDIAN COQUETRY.

The Chawanon Indians, inhabiting the lake Mareotti, and who are considered the most warlike and civilized of the American Indians, have a manner of courtship which we believe to be peculiar to themselves. When such of their young women as have pretensions to beauty, attain their twelfth year, which is the usual period of their marriage, they either keep themselvs quite secluded at home, or when they go out muffle themselves up in such a manner, that nothing is seen but their eyes. On these indications of beauty, they are eagerly sought in marriage, and those suitors who have acquired the greatest reputation as warriours or hunters, obtain the consent of the family. After this, the lover repairs to the cabin, where the beauty is lying enveloped on her couch. He gently approaches and uncovers her face, so that his person may be seen, and if this be to her mind, she invites him to lie down by her side; if not, she again conceals her face, and the lover retires. A husband has the privilege of marrying all his wife's sisters as they arrive at age, so that after, often before, his first wife is thirty, he has married and abandoned at least a dozen.

AN EXPERT MARKSMAN.

A late traveller, giving an account of the rostrated chœtodon fish, at Batavia, informs us that "it was first introduced to our notice by M. Hommel, governour of the hospital in that city. It frequents the sides of rivers in India in search of food. When it sees its prey, viz. a fly, on the plants which border the stream, it approaches in a very slow and cautious manner, till within four, five, or six feet of the object, and then rests a moment, perfectly still, with its eyes directed towards the fly. When the fatal aim is taken, the fish shoots a single drop of water from its mouth with such dexterity, that it never fails to strike the fly into the water, where it soon becomes its prey The fish never exposes its mouth above the water."

Dr. Moore, father of the late heroick sir J. Moore, used to relate the following anecdote with great humour. A French student of medicine lodged in the same house, in London, with a man in a fever. This man was continually teased by the nurse to drink, although he nauseated the insipid liquors she offered him. At last, when she was more importunate than usual, he said to her: "For God's sake, bring me a salt herring, and I will drink as much as you please." The woman indulged him: he devoured the herring, drank plentifully, underwent a copious perspiration, and recovered: whereupon the French student inserted this aphorism in his journal;

"A salt herring cures an Englishman in a fever."

On the student's return to France, he prescribed the same remedy to his first patient in a fever. The patient died: on which the student inserted in his journal the following *caveat:*

"N. B. Though a salt herring *cures* an Englishman, it *kills* a Frenchman."

Two men happening to jostle each other in the streets, says one, "I never permit a blackguard to take the wall."—"I do," said the other, and instantly made way.

A shabby beau (who now and then borrows a suit of his tailor, when he cannot afford to buy) appearing a few weeks ago in a suit of black, was asked by a person he met if he was in mourning for a friend? "Oh, no," says he, "I wear it because it is *Lent.*"

During the time of general Belleisle's confinement in Windsor Castle, as a party of soldiers were marching there, to be set as guards over him, a gentleman had the curiosity to ask on what business they were going; when one of the officers, fond of punning, replied: "We are going to Windsor, to keep a *General Fast.*

The following lines from Shenstone, are often scribbled on inn windows:

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found,
The warmest welcome at an inn.

The following parody is written beneath the above lines, at an inn in the West:

Whoe'er has travelled much about,
Must very often sigh to think,
That every inn will turn you out,
Unless he's plenty of the chink.

King Charles II. of England, spending a cheerful evening with a few friends, one of the company, seeing his majesty in good humour, thought it a good time to ask him a favour, and was so absurd as to do so. After he had mentioned his suit, the king instantly and very acutely replied: "Sir, you must ask your king for that."

POETRY.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HUGH MEYLER.

Written on Good Friday, 1809.

[*By Joseph Blockett.*]

"Muse of sorrow, heavenly guest,
Come, possess my aching breast!
Quick my trembling hand inspire
To touch with skill the hallowed lyre;
The hallowed lyre, whose strains impart
Comfort to the bleeding heart.

Alas! see where, in manhood's bloom,
A victim to the dreary tomb,
The parent's hope profoundly sleeps;
And see; oh see! what parent weeps:
Weeps o'er the plant he reared with pride;
Which scarcely blossomed e'er it died.

"Come then, soother sweet of grief,
Muse of sorrow, bring relief.
From thy solitary cell
Kindred notes of passion swell;
Notes, like Gilead's balmy power,
To assuage the anguished hour.

"But what sounds are those I hear,
Hovering on my listening ear?
Sure some heavenly minstrel brings
Solace from celestial strings:
Yes, I see, in yonder cloud
An angel strikes his harp aloud,
And with strains of soothing peace
Bids the muse of sorrow cease.

"Now, methinks I hear it say,
Haste, my brother! haste away
From a world of various wo,
From the shades of death below.
Hasten, soaring spirit, blest,
Hasten to thy brother's breast.

"Hark! the kindred shade replies,
As through yielding air it flies,
'Yes, my brother, yes, I come
Exulting o'er the rayless tomb:
Summoned to an equal seat,
Cherub may a cherub greet.

"'Yet, what means this hollow moan?
Ah! it is my parent's groan
Hovering round me in my flight
To the azure fields of light.

"'Cease then, cease, fond parents dear!
Check, ah! check the tender tear.
Soon our transports ye will share,
And, in realms of purer air,
Meet the rich award of heaven,
Which to suffering worth is given.'"

Domestick Farewell to Summer.

Sweet Summer hours, farewell!
And every sylvan shade;
The upland wood, the sheltered dell,
And deep romantick glade;
Already Autumn, pacing nigh,
Displays his golden pageantry.

No more the lengthened day
To heedless ramble woos;
Nor twilights (growing softly gray)
Eve's crimson beams suffuse.
Night draws her hasty curtain round,
And shades the half-forbidding ground.

With fond regretting eye,
The fading charms I view:
Earth's variegated livery,
And heaven's refulgent blue;
But not for these, however dear,
I drop the softly poignant tear.

The genii of the Spring,
That people every brake,
Haunting low glen, and grassy ring,
My fancy cannot wake;
The spirit of the past pervades
Your wild, your consecrated shades.

'Tis this on every bark,
Some phantom bliss inscribes;
This animates the covert dark,
With pleasure's airy tribes:
Loves wild, domestick, playful, sweet,
That know nor chill, nor feverish heat.

With you, sweet scenes are fled,
Affection's happiest hours:
The garland that adorns her head,
Is wreathed of feeble flowers;
And Winter's blast, or Summer's ray,
May sweep, or scorch their bloom away.

Dear moments, ere ye fly,
Nor trace nor vestige leave,
Once more in vision meet my eye,
Let me one glimpse retrieve;
'Ere woods are green another year,
How altered may your forms appear!

Then that same checkered shade,
That mossy green recess;
That primrose bank, that forest glade,
In nature's newest dress:
May flaunt and bloom—but still in vain;
Their joy, alas! is memory's pain.

Beneath the hillock green,
One loved companion laid;
Would change with magick touch the scene,
To dark and horrid shade!
Joyless, forlorn, repulsive, drear,
Would every lonely walk appear.

The gently sighing gale,
No musick could convey;
Hushed, every songster of the vale,
Still, every dancing spray:
To sorrow's ear, to sorrow's eye,
Formless and mute does beauty lie!

The spirit of the past,
O'er each deserted scene,
Hovering, amid the dreary blast,
Would seek the hillock green;
And melancholy moanings fling,
Upon the shuddering ear of Spring.

Then joy's ecstatick train,
The merry elfin throng:
And childhood dancing o'er the plain,
Or forest shades along;
Would grief, the sorceress, dispel
From wood, and brake, and haunted dell.

Or armed with ruthless spear,
And penetrating lance,
The rallying squadrons would appear,
Embattled to advance;
With subtle dart of finest pain,
Would every pang recall again.

As each receding year
On life's horizon fades:
Thus faint and tremulous with fear,
I scan the coming shades.
O! untried moments! on your wing,
What latent terrours do ye bring?

Where points your *foremost* dart?
Who fated to destroy?
Tell me, what gayly throbbing heart,
Now warm with life and joy,
'Ere summer gild another sky,
Beneath the valley's clod shall lie?

Yet why explore the maze,
For mortals ne'er designed?
Heaven spreads a cloud upon its ways,
In pity to mankind:
And ignorance and hope bestows,
To cheat the future of its woes.

Cease, inconsiderate eye,
Thine impotent employ;
And, as successive moments fly,
Their passing smiles enjoy;
To day, with all its bliss is mine,
To morrow, pitying heaven, be thine.

CAROLINE.

From Mr. Dallas's Novel of Percival.

Three matchless properties combine
To make the female form divine;
Idalian properties, above,
Distinguished in the queen of love.
But though of high celestial fame,
Among the Gods they have no name,
Unvocal speak to sense divine,
As here to us in CAROLINE.

Observe the raptured eye, that tells
What charm in due proportion dwells.

Proportion, which the art can give
To make the very marble live;
Traces the neck, the shoulder, waist,
The foot, the ancle, justly placed:
Men call it SYMMETRY divine,
But Gods shall name it CAROLINE.

How spirit animates each feature
Of a lively, blooming creature!
O'er all the face its spells arise,
But chiefly eloquent the eyes;
Thence fly the secrets of the heart
Thence lovers wordless vows impart:
While thus EXPRESSION we define,
The Gods shall call it CAROLINE.

Come forth, Euphrosyne! I see
The charm that crowns the matchless three:
'Tis on that nether lip, and now
It darts across that farther brow;
Now to thy bosom sweeps the loves,
And now beneath thy steps it moves:
'Tis GRACE, as worded by the Nine;
Call it, ye Gods, your CAROLINE.

But should the immortals now descend,
And for strict grammar rules contend,
Calling Dan Priscian to affirm
That each idea claims a term;
Do thou, Mœonides, arise!
Improve the language of the skies;
Then, when the Gods the three combine,
They'll call the union CAROLINE.

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☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

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SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1811.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Remains of Henry Kirke White, of Nottingham, and late of St. John's College, Cambridge; with an Account of his Life. By Robert Southey. 4th Edition, corrected. 2 vols. 12mo. 14s. Boards. 1808.

IN the Temple of Fame, as in the Elysium of Virgil, a peculiar region ought to be consecrated to the victims of a premature destiny. Perhaps, indeed, our commiseration for the *infantum animæ* who are snatched from the world *in limine primo*, and are deprived of an existence of which they can scarcely be said to have been ever conscious,

"Quos DULCIS VITÆ EXORTES, & ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies, & funere mersit acerbo,"

however congenial to the feelings of our nature, is in itself unreasonable: while it is impossible to conceive any thing more melancholy than the early dissolution of him who has lived just long enough to feel within him the highest intellectual endowments, and a full conviction that a prolonged life could alone be wanting to his attainment of a permanent and honourable reputation. The interesting subject of the volumes before us has bequeathed to us the most unquestionable proofs, not only of rare powers of mind, but of a disposition so gentle, amiable, benevolent, and pious, that our regret for the loss of these talents and qualities is enhanced by the persuasion that they would have been zealously employed in promoting the happiness, the virtue, and all the best interests of his fellow-creatures.

He was born in 1785, at Nottingham. His father, by trade a butcher, designed to bring him up to his own business, but was dissuaded from this intention by his mother, who quickly discovered, and carefully cultivated, the talents of her remarkable offspring. From his earliest years, he was a most persevering and ambitious student; and, though not so perfectly regular in his school exercises as to gain the favour of all his instructers, his desultory leisure was devoted to the acquisition of richer and more diversified stores of learning and science, than many reach by constant attention during a life devoted to study. At the age of seventeen, he was placed, as a clerk, in the office of Messrs. Coldham and Enfield, attornies at Nottingham, and town-clerks to the corporation; the latter, we believe, the son of the late ingenious and amia-

ble Dr. Enfield. The indulgence of these humane and judicious masters still allowed him many opportunities for pursuing his former studies, for increasing his stock of general information, and for improving his mind by elegant literature. He had access also to a good library: but he was unremittingly assiduous in his attention to the duties assigned to him, and (according to a letter from Mr. Enfield) particularly ready in acquiring the knowledge of them, as well as very useful in carrying them into execution. During several years he had been, and still continued to be, a favoured correspondent of some periodical publications, which hold out a laudable encouragement to the exertion of youthful minds, by offering books, medals, and other prizes, to the writers of the best essays on particular theses. The success of these smaller productions tempted him, in conformity to the advice of his friends, to prepare a volume of poems for the press, before he had completed his eighteenth year; in hopes "that this publication might, either by its sale, or the notice which it might excite, enable him to prosecute his studies at college, and fit himself for the church:" for though he was still attached to the legal profession, and had even indulged the hope of one day rising to the degree of a barrister, an unfortunate and growing deafness destroyed all these views of advancement; "and his opinions, which at one time inclined to deism, had now taken a strong devotional bias."

This advice to publish, though undoubtedly conceived in the spirit of kindness, does not appear to us to display judgment equal to its good intention. Few are the circumstances under which we can deem it beneficial for a boy of seventeen to exhibit himself as a poet to the publick eye. At that age of sensibility, the powers of imagination should rather be repressed than encouraged, in one who is destined for a grave and laborious profession. The regular prosecution of severe studies should by all means be promoted; and though an ingenious youth can perhaps never be persuaded entirely to refrain from verse making, it is surely going far enough to connive at this as the occasional diversion of his leisure, without recommending it as a proper occupation for his serious hours. The literary character ought in no degree to be staked on the crude compositions of an unformed mind, however promising. On the one hand, the vanity of successful authorship may naturally beget a dislike for legitimate labour, and a too easy acquiescence in the degree of proficiency and celebrity which has been already attained: while, on the other, the mortification of publishing a work that failed to obtain praise might produce a still more fatal effect, by plunging the half-expanded faculties in listless and irrational despair.

Where powerful and uncontrollable genius directs the youthful mind to poetry, it will naturally seize on all those animating objects which stir the spirits and fascinate the ardent imagination, at that happy period: but, when the muse is courted rather from a general love of poetry and *belles lettres*, than from the inspiration of high poetical talent, a certain round of ideas is extremely apt to fill up the whole compass of the unvaried song. Churchyard scenes and cypress groves at the dreadful noon of night, silence, darkness, solitude, contemplation, and egotism, with overpowering melancholy, and fast approaching death—such is the funereal train that walks in sad procession round the sleepless pillow of the sentimental bard. Without insisting on the perfect exhaustion which this kind of poetry has undergone, particularly in our own language, let us consider, for a moment, what probable benefit can be expected from its supplying familiar employment to a boy first starting into active life. If such feel-

ings are not habitual to his mind, but are merely assumed to give effect to his sonnets, can there be a more unpleasing *verbiage?*—if they are genuine, can we conceive a more deplorable calamity? On the latter consideration, much of melancholy illustration might be thrown from the memoir now before us: but we decline to do more than suggest a hint to those, who, from the most benevolent motives, extend their patronage to youthful, self-instructed, and necessitous men of talents.

As soon as the little volume of poems was ready for publication, the writer's friends, anxious to procure for it the protection of some exalted female character, successively thought of the late dutchess of Devonshire, the countess of Derby, and the margravine of Anspach. It was ultimately dedicated, by her grace's permission, to the lady first mentioned; to whom the book, when published, was sent, but from whom no answer was ever returned. Letters were also despatched to periodical criticks, stating the age, the disadvantages, the prospects, and the hopes of the author, and requesting an indulgent notice. Our opinion of the poems was given in our number for February, 1804; to which, or to this biographical memoir, where it is reprinted at p. 17, we refer our readers. We commended the talents and application of the young literary advocate, his exertions, and his laudable endeavours to excel; and, thinking that the case privately laid before us would plead strongly in the author's favour with a liberal publick, we suggested the propriety of a subscription with a similar statement, and expressed our wish that he might obtain some respectable patron: while we did not disguise our doubts, from the specimen then before us, whether the poems were calculated to win their way by their own intrinsick merit. To us, although we certainly cannot now boast so much impartiality on this subject as we might truly claim at the time of writing the review, it really appears that the expectations of this young man must have been somewhat unreasonably excited by the injudicious encomiums of his friends, since he was severely mortified and disappointed by our remarks. He addressed to us at the time an affecting remonstrance; to which, in our following number, we replied with evident anxiety to heal his wounded feelings, but without deviating from our opinion. With sincere regret, and, we must add, with astonishment, we find that our effort to calm his mind was unsuccessful; and that a critique, which we continue to regard as extremely mild, but by which he thought that his talents were much undervalued, still gave him pain, and was actually considered by him as "an instrument in the hands of Satan to drive him to distraction!" This feeling, no doubt, we share in common with all his readers, though it is heightened in our minds by the circumstance of having been the instruments, yet the innocent and well-intentioned instruments, of inflicting pain on a mind thus profoundly and thus lamentably sensible: but we desire Mr. Southey, who has condescended to direct against us some coarse and common-place language, to be most positively assured, that we maintain our former judgment, and that our regret is wholly unmixed with a single feeling of self-accusation, or any consciousness of injustice.

This unfortunate youth persuaded himself that his strong displeasure against us was not awakened by our literary strictures, but that our recommendation to him to make his case publick "affected his respectability," and that it represented him as a "*beggar.*" Yet the *avowed object* of his work was, by obtaining notoriety and credit for its author, to ensure such a circulation and such a sale as should enable him to raise a sufficient sum of money for a par-

ticular purpose! Moreover, in order to obtain such credit and notoriety, applications for patronage and protection were made to ladies of rank, who were perfect strangers to the author: and reviewers, who were equally unknown to him, were requested to speak with indulgence of a work which it was their duty impartially to examine. All these applications, too, are sanctioned and fortified by a *statement of his case.* It is preposterous, then, to contend, that our advice to make that case at once publick would have trenched on Mr. White's respectability, or ought to have affected his feelings. As soon would a fair and accurate reasoner adopt Mr. Southey's doctrine [p 18] that however *bad* these poems might have been, "a good man would not have said so."

The present volumes have inspired us with unfeigned, though not excessive nor indiscriminate admiration for the talents, and with esteem for the amiable virtues of Mr. White; and we could not silently submit to the imputation of having, in his instance, indulged in that propensity to wanton, illiberal, and insulting censure, which may, perhaps, have been sometimes justly ascribed to criticks by profession, but to which we trust that we could produce satisfactory evidence of our own determined hostility, not only from the uniform tenour of the Monthly Review for above sixty years, but from almost every single number of it. To the principles by which it is our pride to regulate our conduct in this particular, we are confident that neither our observations on the author's poems, nor our answer to his complaint, will appear to any unprejudiced mind to form an exception. On the contrary, we must repeat, on closing this subject, our *astonishment* at the complexion of the article in question having been so darkly represented to Mr. White's "mind's eye," and at our remarks having been termed by him "*extreme acrimony.*" Really, at this distance of time, and with much increased sympathy and respect for the deceased author, on reconsidering what we then wrote, and the tenour attributed to it by Mr. White, and his biographer, we must declare that we understand not our native language if the terms which we used are, in any degree, susceptible of the character which is applied to them. The verse which we quoted was an incontrovertible evidence of the justice of our criticism; and we suspect that Mr. White himself was hence led to perceive the defects of his composition, and to attempt the correction of them afterwards, since he says in a letter to Mr. Southey: "I have materials for another volume, but *they do not now at all satisfy me.*"

As to Mr. Southey, we have only farther to inform him, that his fancied discernment has wholly misled him, in the supposition that the article on *Clifton Grove*, and the reply to the author's letter, were written by different persons; and to whisper in his ear that his own boast of indifference to criticism, because he has been reviewed "above seventy times," is not very felicitous. If he has, "seventy times," received commendation, his indifference is ingratitude; and if he has, "seventy times," suffered inefficacious castigation, he can only be likened to the idle school boy, who, having been almost daily punished for his negligence, at length becomes insensible to either pain or shame, and systematically prefers a flogging to amendment.

Soon after the hopes of our young poet had been thus inflamed, they encountered serious disappointment, in the failure of an attempt to place him at the university; and from this cause, as well as from his own prejudicial habits of study, his health became very seriously affected, and he was visited by the apprehension of a consumptive disorder. A letter of introduction, however, to the

rev. Mr. Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge, induced him to visit that gentleman, who received him with kindness, formed a just opinion of his attainments, procured him a sizarship at St. John's College, and promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with an annuity of 30*l.* To this provision, his brother Neville generously agreed to add 20*l.* and his mother was expected to be able to allow fifteen or twenty more, for his maintenance at college. In the mean time, he became a candidate for the bounty of the Elland Society, which, after a long and strict examination, pronounced him to be qualified to receive that bounty, and admitted him on their list of young men to be educated for the ministry. On obtaining this success, he disinterestedly communicated it to Mr. Simeon, and declined the intended beneficence of his unknown friends, as no longer necessary: but that gentleman, with feelings that did him equal honour, obliged him to give up the assistance of the society.

He spent a year of preparation for his academical studies, in the same course of unwearied industry, under the tuition of the rev. Mr. Grainger, of Winteringham, in Lincolnshire; and in October, 1805, he commenced his residence at college. We shall pursue his affecting and instructive history in the words of his biographer:

"During his first term, one of the university scholarships became vacant, and Henry, young as he was in college, and almost self-taught, was advised, by those who were best able to estimate his chance of success, to offer himself as a competitor for it. He passed the whole term in preparing himself for this, reading for college subjects in bed, in his walks, or, as he says, where, when, and how he could, never having a moment to spare, and often going to his tutor without having read at all. His strength sunk under this, and though he had declared himself a candidate, he was compelled to decline; but this was not the only misfortune. The general college examination came on; he was utterly unprepared to meet it, and believed that a failure here would have ruined his prospects for ever. He had only about a fortnight to read what other men had been the whole term reading. Once more he exerted himself beyond what his shattered health could bear; the disorder returned, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him, with all possible earnestness, to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him to enable him to support it, and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honours as this, and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honours have proved fatal. He said to his most intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame, crowning a distinguished under-graduate, after the senate house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death's head under a mask of beauty.

"When this was over he went to London. London was a new scene of excitement, and what his mind required was tranquillity and rest. Before he left college, he had become anxious concerning his expenses, fearing that they exceeded his means. Mr. Catton perceived this, and twice called him to his rooms, to assure him of every necessary support, and every encouragement, and to give him every hope. This kindness relieved his spirits of a heavy weight, and on his return, he relaxed a little from his studies, but it was only a little. I found among his papers the day thus planned out:—'Rise at half past five. Devotions, and walk till seven. Chapel and breakfast till eight. Study and lectures till one. Four and a half clear reading. Walk, &c. and dinner, and Woollaston, and chapel to six. Six to nine, reading—three hours. Nine to ten, devotions. Bed at ten."

"Among his latest writings are these resolutions:—'I will never be in bed after six.'

I will not drink tea out above once a week, excepting on Sundays, unless there appear some good reasons for so doing.

I will never pass a day without reading some portion of the Scriptures.

I will labour diligently in my mathematical studies, because I half suspect myself of a dislike to them.

I will walk two hours a day, upon the average of every week.

Sit mihi gratia addita ad hæc facienda."

Every additional sentence will convey to our readers a more correct idea of the powers of Mr. White's mind; his honourable principles; his amiable disposition; and his affectionate heart, than any statement of ours can present:

"The exercise which Henry took was no relaxation. He still continued the habit of studying while he walked; and in this manner, while he was at Cambridge, committed to memory a whole tragedy of Euripides. Twice he distinguished himself in the following year, being again pronounced first at the great college examination, and also one of the three best bene writers, between whom the examiners could not decide. The college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematicks during the long vacation; and Mr. Catton, by procuring for him exhibitions to the amount of 66*l.* per. ann. enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This intention he had expressed in a letter, written twelve months before his death. 'With regard to my college expenses,' he says, 'I have the pleasure to inform you, that I shall be obliged, in strict rectitude, to wave the offers of many of my friends. I shall not even need the sum of Mr. Simeon mentioned after the first year; and it is not impossible that I may be able to live without any assistance at all. I confess I feel pleasure at the thought of this, not through any vain pride of independence, but because I shall then give a more unbiassed testimony to the truth, than if I were *supposed* to be bound to it by any ties of obligation or gratitude. I shall always feel as much indebted for intended, as for actually afforded assistance; and though I should never think a sense of thankfulness an oppressive burthen, yet I shall be happy to evince it, when *in the eyes of the world* the obligation to it has been discharged.' Never, perhaps, had any young man, in so short a time, excited such expectations. Every university honour was thought to be within his reach; he was set down as a medallist, and expected to take a senior wrangler's degree; but these expectations were poison to him; they goaded him to fresh exertions when his strength was spent. His situation became truly miserable. To his brother, and to his mother, he wrote always that he had relaxed in his studies, and that he was better, always holding out to them his hopes, and his good fortune: but to the most intimate of his friends, Mr. Maddock, his letters told a different tale. To him he complained of dreadful palpitations; of nights of sleeplessness and horrour; and of spirits depressed to the very depth of wretchedness, so that he went from one acquaintance to another, imploring society, even as a starving beggar entreats for food. During the course of this summer, it was expected that the mastership of the free-school at Nottingham would shortly become vacant. A relation of his family was at that time mayor of the town. He suggested to them what an advantageous situation it would be for Henry, and offered to secure for him the necessary interest. But though the salary and emoluments are estimated at from 4 to 600*l.* per annum, Henry declined the offer; because, had he accepted it, it would have frustrated his intentions with respect to the ministry. This was certainly no common act of forbearance in one so situated as to fortune; especially as the hope which he had most at heart, was that of being enabled to assist his family, and in some degree requite the care and anxiety of his father and mother, by making them comfortable in their declining years.

"The indulgence shown him by his colleague, in providing him a tutor during the long vacation, was peculiarly unfortunate. His only chance of life was from relaxation, and home was the only place where he would have relaxed to any purpose. Before this time he had seemed to be gaining strength; it failed as the year advanced: he went once more to London to recruit himself; the worst place to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college, he was so completely ill, that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out, and it was the opinion of his medical attendants, that if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected. His brother Neville was just at this time to have visited him. On his first seizure, Henry found himself too ill to receive him, and wrote to say so; he added, with that anxious tenderness towards the feelings of a most affectionate family which always appeared in his letters, that he thought himself recovering; but his disorder increased so rapidly, that this letter was never sent; it was found in his pocket after his decease. One of his friends wrote to acquaint Neville with his danger. He hastened down; but Henry was delirious when he arrived. He knew him only for a few moments; the next day sunk into a state of stupor; and on Sunday,

October 19th, 1806, it pleased God to remove him to a better world, and a higher state of existence."

No apology is necessary for these long transcripts, which few persons will read without painful emotions, or without a sincere wish to do honour to so uncommon a character. What follows will complete his picture, as a self-taught scholar:

"The papers which he left (exclusive of his correspondence) filled a box of considerable size. Mr. Coleridge was present when I opened them, and was, as well as myself, equally affected and astonished at the proofs of industry which they displayed. Some of them had been written before his hand was formed, probably before he was thirteen. There were papers upon law, upon electricity, upon chymistry, upon the Latin and Greek languages, from their rudiments to the higher branches of critical study, upon history, chronology, divinity, the fathers, &c. Nothing seemed to have escaped him. His poems were numerous. Among the earliest, was a sonnet addressed to myself, long before the little intercourse which had subsisted between us had taken place. Little did he think, when it was written, on what occasion it would fall into my hands. He had begun three tragedies when very young; one was upon Boadicea; another upon Inez de Castro; the third was a fictitious subject. He had planned also a history of Nottingham. There was a letter upon the famous Nottingham election, which seemed to have been intended either for the newspapers, or for a separate pamphlet. It was written to confute the absurd stories of the Tree of Liberty, and the Goddess of Reason; with the most minute knowledge of the circumstances, and a not improper feeling of indignation against so infamous a calumny; and this came with more weight from him, as his party inclinations seem to have leaned towards the side which he was opposing. This was his only finished composition in prose. Much of his time, latterly, had been devoted to the study of Greek prosody. He had begun several poems in Greek, and a translation of the Samson Agonistes. I have inspected all the existing manuscripts of Chatterton, and they excited less wonder than these."

The comparison of White with Chatterton, however, which closes this passage, strikes us as a remarkable instance of editorial partiality. The industry of the former might possibly be more astonishing than the same quality in the latter: but in ardent conception, in original imagery, in happy expression, and in that which is more important than all the rest, the power of long sustaining the most arduous flights of poetry, the superiority of the unfortunate bard of Bristow, is marked and conspicuous. The praise bestowed by Mr. Southey, on the subject of his memoir, for "uniform *good sense*, a faculty" as he observes, "perhaps less common than genius," and which is said to have been "most remarkable in him," appears to us much more appropriate. This is the ruling principle in all his epistolary observations; and many of his later poems, in particular, display a degree of taste, purity, and correctness, which is highly creditable to his understanding. Some of his compositions, too, exhibit an equable and agreeable fluency, with a peculiar sweetness of manner, and occasional elegance of style: but we do not find the proofs of his being fired with high poetick genius; nor can we easily believe that his untimely death has deprived the literature of England of a phenomenon so wonderful as a second Chatterton succeeding the first in the short compass of thirty years. In White, indeed, we may have lost a good scholar, possibly a distinguished mathematician, certainly (we think) a persuasive and observing moralist, and, in every sense of the word, an excellent divine: but as neither the humanity and acuteness of Clarke, nor the energy and sagacity of Johnson, nor even the vast comprehension of Bacon himself, can justly be placed on a level, or nearly on a level, with the divine mind of Shakspeare, so the poetick powers of Kirk White cannot compete with those of Chatterton.

If Mr. Southey had pointed out such among the poems of White as

prove him, in the judgment of Mr. S. to be gifted with the very rare endowments which he discerns in him, we should have selected those for the purpose of enabling our readers to form their own opinion: but we are left to our unassisted choice, and shall begin with some verses written at a very early age:

"On being confined to School one pleasant Morning in Spring.

Written at the age of thirteen.

"The morning sun's enchanting rays
Now call forth every songster's praise;
Now the lark with upward flight,
Gayly ushers in the light;
While wildly warbling from each tree,
The birds sing songs to liberty.

"But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant's iron rule,
And far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours;
There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
Where no bright ray of genius shines,
And close to ruggid learning cling,
While laughs around the jocund spring.

"How gladly would my soul forego
All that arithmaticians know,
Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
Or all that industry can reach,
To taste each morn of all the *joys*
That with the laughing sun *arise;*
And unconstrained to rove along
The bushy brakes and glens among;
And woo the muse's gentle power,
In unfrequented rural bower!
But ah! such heaven-approaching *joys*
Will never greet my longing *eyes;*
Still will they cheat in vision fine,
Yet never but in fancy shine.

"Oh, that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee,
Hop and sing at liberty,
And till death should stop my lays,
Far from men would spend my days."

Surely, here is no evidence of extraordinary poetick genius.

From another early production, the "Fragment of an eccentrick drama," we extract some of the most singular and original couplets that appear to have been ever composed by the writer. It might be deemed ominous of his fate, since it opens with "a dance of the Consumptives," who sing a doleful chorus, and vanish; after which "the Goddess of Consumption descends in a sky-blue robe, attended by mournful musick." The Goddess of Melancholy then points out the beautiful and forsaken Angelina as their joint victim, and CONSUMPTION marks her for her own in these energetick lines:

"In the dismal night air drest,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek, and bleach her skin,
And feed on the vital fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes—
When they sparkle most she dies!
Mother, do not trust her breath—
Comfort she will breathe in death!
Father, do not strive to save her—
She is mine, and I must have her!
The coffin must be her bridal bed;
The winding sheet must wrap her head;
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie.
The worm it will riot
On heavenly diet,
When death has deflowered her eye."

A considerable number of similar specimens would have induced us long to hesitate, before we pronounced our opinion on the poetry of this young author: but in fact the above passage is nearly unique. From his ode to Mr. Fuseli, on seeing engravings from that artist's designs, we transcribe the exordium, as an example of the productions of his maturer years:

"Mighty Magician! who on Torneo's brow,
When sullen tempests wrap the throne of night,
Art wont to sit and catch the gleam of light
That shoots athwart the gloom opaque below;
And listen to the distant death-shriek long
From lonely mariner foundering in the deep,
Which rises slowly up the rocky steep,

While the weird sisters weave the horrid song:
Or when along the liquid sky
Serenely chaunt the orbs on high,
Dost love to sit in musing trance
And mark the northern meteor's dance
(While far below the fitful oar
Flings its faint pauses on the steepy shore)
And list the musick of the breeze,
That sweeps by fits the bending seas
And often bears with sudden swell
The shipwreck'd sailor's funeral knell;
By the spirits sung who keep
Their night watch on the treacherous deep,
And guide the wakeful helms-man's eye
To Helice in northern sky;
And there upon the rock inclined
With mighty visions fill'st the mind,
Such as bound in magick spell
Him who grasped the gates of hell,
And bursting Pluto's dark domain
Held to the day the terrours of his reign.
'Genius of Horrour and romantick awe,
Whose eye explores the secrets of the deep,
Whose power can bid the rebel fluids creep,
Can force the inmost soul to own its law;
Who shall now, sublimest spirit,
Who shall now thy wand inherit,
From him thy darling child who best
Thy shuddering images exprest?
Sullen of soul and stern and proud,
His gloomy spirit spurned the croud,
And now he lays his aching head
In the dark mansion of the silent dead."

We cannot refrain from inserting one more extract, from an address to Contemplation, which very happily imitates the style of Milton's *Allegro*.

"I will meet thee on the hill,
Where, with printless footsteps still
The morning in her buskin gray,
Springs upon her eastern way;
While the frolick zephyrs stir,
Playing with the gossamer,
And, on ruder pinions born,
Shake the dew drops from the thorn.
There as o'er the fields we pass,
Brushing with hasty feet the grass,
We will startle from her nest,
The lively lark with speckled breast,
And hear the floating clouds among
Her gale-transported matin song,
Or on the upland stile embowered,
With fragrant hawthorn snowy flowered,
Will sauntering sit, and listen still,
To the herdsman's oaten quill;
Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noon-tide heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in the embowered translucent stream,
The cattle shun the sultry beam,
And o'er us, on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lips with berries died,
And feet through ragged shoes descried."

Our account of these volumes ought not to be closed without our stating, that, from the variety of their contents, the perusal of them is extremely interesting and agreeable; and we observe, with sincere pleasure, that their popularity is evinced by their having already passed through several editions. The character of melancholy, so strongly impressed on the features of the author's face, in the portrait which is prefixed to his works, will be contemplated with corresponding emotions by such readers as are able to appreciate his merits, and can feel for his untimely fate.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Description du Pachalik, &c. *i. e.* A Description of the Pachalik of Bagdad, followed by a historical Notice of the Wahabees, and by some other Pieces relative to the History and Literature of the East. By M. * * *. 8vo. pp. 260. Paris, 1809. Price 9*s* sewed.

THE pieces which compose this small, oriental collection are four in number. After the description of the Pachalik of Bagdad, and an account of the origin and progress of the Wahabees, we are presented with translations of detached pieces of Persian poetry, and with a series of observations on the Yezidees, a sect in some degree Mohammedan, and established several centuries ago in Mesopotamia by a sheik of the name of Yezid. The account of the Pachalik, and the history of the Wahabees, are the parts of the book which are most deserving of attention, being written with considerable knowledge of the subject, though in a loose and ill digested manner. The author's name is not mentioned, but he is described as having long resided in those countries, and as having composed these tracts for the purpose of their being read to a literary society of which he is a member.

Amid all the writer's professions for the advancement of literature, however, it is amusing to observe that commercial arrangements are the real object of his labours. He is much enraged with our envoy, sir Harford Jones, who, he pretends, has rendered himself not less odious to the government of Bagdad than to the Europeans settled there. After having enlarged on the commercial advantages of the situation of Bagdad, he adds, with some *naïveté*, "I will just remark that it would be proper to establish in that city a French factory, or at least to obtain a firman from the porte, to allot to his imperial majesty's consul a house suitable to his rank; in the same way in which it was granted to the English resident, on the application of the English ambassadour at Constantinople."

We extract the passages in the account of the Pachalik, which appear to us to contain the most useful information.

"The climate of Bagdad, though very healthy, is subject to excessive heat in summer; during which the inhabitants find it necessary to pass a considerable part of the day in their cellars, and to sleep at night on their roofs. Travellers have often spoken of the Sam-yeli, a burning southwest wind, which brings with it a sulphureous smell, and prevails at Bagdad, as well as throughout Mesopotamia, from the beginning of July to the middle of August. It is not, however, quite so fatal as it has been reported to be by those travellers who assert that it suffocates all who are exposed to it on elevated ground; since its effects may be avoided by falling prostrate, or by wrapping up the face very tightly with a cloak. It is preceded by squalls, and by a hot whirlwind obscuring the horizon. Its pestilential nature probably arises from passing over the sulphurious and bituminous grounds near the Euphrates and the Tigris.

"The inhabitants of Bagdad, so far from being abject slaves, are active, enterprising, and jealous of control. The better ranks are civil, well informed, and obliging to strangers. Luxury is confined to the pacha and the great families. The dress is similar to that which prevails in the rest of Turkey. Many Persians reside here, who carry on the traffick of the place and are protected by the government, and who are in general intelligent and respectable people.—Unfortunately, neither libraries nor publick schools are to be found here: but we meet with a few seminaries inhabited by dervices, and two or three mausoleums, magnificently decorated, in which their sheiks and prophets are interred, and a kind of asylum is afforded to beggars. A number of small chapels also are erected, to which the people resort to perform their ablutions, at the accustomed hours of prayer. The publick markets are well stocked; provisions and fruit being brought

thither from all quarters, and sold at moderate prices.

"The pachas of Bagdad have been considered at all times as the most powerful in the Ottoman dominions, and are supposed to possess a right to the title of caliph from inhabiting the capital in which the ancient Arabian pontiffs resided. Placed at the extremity of Turkey, they exercise an authority which is almost independent of the porte; and great delicacy is observed towards them on the part of the Ottoman court, that they may not be tempted to revolt. They assume to themselves, whenever they please, the right of declining to send their forces to cooperate with those of the grand seignor; and no objection is made to the reasons which they allege, provided that they be accompanied by a sum of money. During more than a century, all the pachas of Bagdad have been originally Georgian slaves, raised by intrigue and accident from that humble station to the hazardous post of vizir. The forces of the government of Bagdad may be increased in a time of urgency to 30,000 men, infantry and cavalry; and this number would be still greater if several Arab tribes had not withdrawn themselves to join the Wahabees, while others have set up the standard of independence. The Curds, of whom a great proportion have revolted, are the best horsemen; their arms consist of a pistol, a lance, a sabre, and sometimes a carabine. The Arabs have only a lance: but, being robust and intrepid, they make a dexterous use of it. The Bagdad infantry are armed with a musket and sabre, and a small part of them are disciplined on the European plan. The revenue is between seven and eight millions of piastres, and would be more, were it not for the decline of the trade of Bussorah. The population of Bussorah is now reduced to 50,000, a diminution which is caused by the desolation that has been spread around by the Wahabees, and by the insalubrity which has arisen from the neglect of the neighbourhood of the city.

"The banks of both the Euphrates and the Tigris are infested with robbers, who are accustomed to swim aboard of the boats on the water, and to carry off whatever they can seize. Travellers have often been surprised at the length of the distances which the Arabs will pass, floating on the water. They accomplish these *voyages* by means of a goat skin, of which they sow very compactly the different openings, with the exception of the skin of one of the legs, which they use as a pipe to blow up the rest of the skin, and afterwards twist and hold it very tight. After this preparation, they strip themselves naked, form a package of their clothes, and, tying it on their shoulders, lay themselves flat on the goat skin; on which they float very much at their ease, paddling with their hands and feet, and smoking their pipe all the time. Not only men, but women and girls, adopt this method of crossing the river, and make the air re-echo with their songs while they are passing.

"After the junction of the Tigris and the Euphrates at the beautifully situated town of Korna, their waters roll on for several miles without mixing. Those of the Euphrates are clear, in consequence of its tranquil current; while those of the Tigris are turbid from its rapidity. Not far from Hilla, or Hela, in a northerly direction, and towards the Euphrates, are to be seen the relicks of the once mighty Babylon. They are interesting only from the recollections which they excite, and have not beauty in themselves like the remains of Palmyra, Balbec, or Persepolis, among which we meet at every step with traces of magnificent architecture. The remains of Babylon consist in a shapeless mass of ruins, and are more calculated to inspire melancholy than admiration. Like all cities that have been built of brick, it has no striking monument left standing. The Arabs make a trade of digging the ground for the purpose of finding medals of bronze, silver, and sometimes of gold; as well as vases, metal images, and utensils: even the bricks they carry off by water for the purpose of sale. These bricks are all of a square form, five inches thick, and bearing on one of their sides a hieroglyphick inscription, the characters of which are still very plain. The ruins of Nineveh are on the Tigris, opposite to the city of Mosul, about three hundred miles above Bagdad: Mosul appears to have been built out of these ruins. The remains of the ancient Nisibis consist, in like manner, of mere ruins, and are worth visiting chiefly for the beauty of the situation."

The account of the origin and progress of the Wahabees is given in the same crude and ill-arranged method as that of Bagdad. In consequence of the Wahabees having been known in Europe only of late years, the publick in general are not aware that the origin of this sect took place so far back as the middle of the last century. Their tenets

differ from the Mohammedan, not in respect of their idea of the Supreme Being or of the sacred volume, the Koran, which they believe to have been written in heaven by the hand of angels: but in regard to the power and character of Mohammed, whom they consider to have been a mere human being, the messenger indeed of God on earth, but not worthy to have his name joined with that of the Deity in the adorations of men. The Wahabees are therefore not so much the propagators of a new faith, as the reformers of the Mohammedan religion. Like others of this sect they are circumcised; and they observe similar forms of prayer, the same ablutions, the same abstinences, the same yearly fast (that of Ramadan) and the same solemnities. Their mosques, however, are devoid of ornament; and the name of Mohammed is not mentioned in their religious exercises. They reject in the same manner the divine mission of Jesus Christ. They imitate the early Mohammedans most effectually in the vigour with which they spread their doctrine by force of arms; and they have been accustomed to present it to the neighbouring tribes at the point of the sword, calling on them in decisive language to "believe or die." When they encounter resistance, their practice has been to sacrifice the males and spare the females, but to confiscate and take possession of the whole property. In case of voluntary submission, a Wahabee governour is put over the subjugated tribe, and a tenth of the property exacted, as well as a tenth of the male population levied for the military service. By these means, the Wahabee leaders have found themselves in possession of large treasures, and at the head of formidable armies. Animated by religious enthusiasm, these fanaticks rush forwards to danger with incredible courage, and attack their enemies in the firm belief that, by dying in the field, they will receive the crown of martyrdom. Were they possessed of the advantages of discipline, and commanded by able leaders, they might become the conquerors of Asia.

In the preface to this book, a hope is expressed that the publick will extend encouragement to the author, and induce him to undertake more laborious researches. With such encouragement, however, we can scarcely venture to flatter him, till he has learned to condense his matter into a smaller compass, and has accustomed himself to a clearer arrangement. The account of the Yezidees is short, and is not the production of the same author, but of a missionary named *Garzoni*, from whom the writer of the preceding tracts might have taken some hints on the score of composition.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Battles of Talavera. A Poem. 8vo. pp. 40. Dublin, London, Edinburgh. 1810.

THERE is no point in which our age differs more from those which preceded it, than in the apparent apathy of our poets and rhymers to the events which are passing over them. From the days of Marlborough to those of Wolfe and Hawke, the tower and park guns were not more certain proclaimers of a victory, than the pens of contemporary bards. St. James's had then its odes, and Grub-street poured forth its ballads upon every fresh theme of national exultation. Some of these productions, being fortunately wedded to popular tunes, have warped themselves so closely with our character, that, to love liberty and roast

beef, is not more natural to an Englishman, than to beat time to "Steady boys, Steady," and, "Rule Britannia." Our modern authors are of a different cast; some of them roam back to distant and dark ages; others wander to remote countries, instead of seeking a theme in the exploits of a Nelson, an Abercromby, or a Wellesley; others amuse themselves with luscious sonnets to Bessies and Jessies; and all seem so little to regard the crisis in which we are placed, that we cannot help thinking they would keep fiddling their allegros and adagios, even if London were on fire, or Buonaparte landed at Dover.

We are old-fashioned men, and are perhaps inclined to see, in the loss and decay of ancient customs, more than can reasonably be traced from them: to regard, in short, that as a mark of apathy and indifference to national safety and glory, which may only arise from a change in the manner of expressing popular feeling. Be that as it may, we think that the sullen silence observed by our present race of poets, upon all themes of immediate national concern, argues little confidence in their own powers, small trust in the liberal indulgence of the publick to extemporaneous compositions, and above all, a want of that warm interest in such themes as might well render them indifferent to both considerations. Lord Wellington, more fortunate than any contemporary English general, whether we regard the success or the scale of his achievements, has been also unusually distinguished by poetical commemoration; and as his exploits form an exception to the train of evil fortune which has *generally* attended our foreign expeditions, the hearts of those capable of celebrating them, seem to have been peculiarly awakened and warmed at the recital. Probably, many of our readers have seen the superb Indian war-song, which celebrated his conquest over the Mahrattas: beginning

"Shout Britain for the battle of Assay,
For that was a day
When we stood in our array,
Like the lion turned to bay,
And the battle-word was conquer or die!

We are now happy to find, that another bard has advanced with a contribution to adorn the most recent and most glorious wreath won by the same gallant general. The promptitude as well as the patriotism of the tribute might claim indulgence as well as praise: but it is with pleasure we observe, that although this volunteer has rushed forward without waiting to arm himself in that panoply which is often, after all, found too slight to repel the assaults of modern criticism, neither his adventurous courage nor the goodness of his cause, is his sole or his principal merit.

The battle of Talavera is written in that irregular, Pindarick measure first applied to serious composition by Mr. Walter Scott, and it is doing no injustice to the ingenious author to say, that in many passages, we were, from the similarity of the stanza and of the subject, involuntarily reminded of the battle of Flodden, in the sixth book of Marmion. The feeling, however, went no farther than the perception of that kindred resemblance between those of the same family which is usually most striking at first sight, and becomes less remarkable, and at length invisible, as we increase in intimacy with those in whom it exists. In one respect, the choice of the measure is more judicious on the part of the nameless bard, than on that of Mr. Scott. The latter had a long narrative to compose, and was necessarily forced upon passages in which the looseness and irregularity of his versification has an extravagant and slovenly appearance. It is where the tone of passion is low, that the reader demands a new interest from regularity of versification, and beauty

of selected diction. On the other hand, in passages of vivid, and especially of tumultuary and hurried description, the force of the poet's thought, and the intenseness of the feeling excited, ought to support his language. He may be then permitted to strip himself as to a combat, and to evince, that "brave neglect" of the forms of versification which express an imagination too much exalted, and a mind too much occupied by the subject itself, to regard punctiliously the arrangement of rhymes or the measurement of stanzas. In this point of view, few themes present themselves which can better authorize a daring flight than that which has been selected by the author of Talavera.

The poem opens with the following stanza, of which the first nine lines are an exquisite picture of repose, and the last somewhat more feebly and prosaically expressed.

"'Twas dark; from every mountain head
The sunny smile of heaven had fled,
And evening, over hill and dale
Dropt, with the dew, her shadowy veil;
In fabled Tajo's darkening tide
Was quenched the golden ray;
Silent, the silent stream beside,
Three gallant people's hope and pride,
Three gallant armies lay.
Welcome to them the clouds of night,
That close a fierce and hurried fight—
And wearied all, and none elate,
With equal hope and doubt, they wait
A fiercer, bloodier day.
France, every nation's foe, is there,
And Albion's sons her red cross bear,
With Spain's young Liberty to share,
The fortune of the fray."

The attack of the French is then described with all the peculiar circumstances of uncertainty and horrour that aggravate the terrours of midnight conflict. The doubtful and suppressed sounds which announce to the defenders the approach of the assailants; the rush of the former to meet and anticipate the charge; the reflection on those who fall without witnesses to their valour; and all the "wonders of that gloomy fight," are successfully and artfully introduced to impress the dreadful scene upon the mind of the reader. The following lines have peculiar and picturesque merit.

"Darkling they fight, and only know
If chance has sped the fatal blow,
Or, by the trodden corse below,
Or by the dying groan:
Furious they strike without a mark,
Save now and then the sulphurous spark
Illumes some visage grim and dark,
That with the flash is gone!"

In the succeeding stanzas, we have the repose after the action, and the preparation for the general battle of the next day. The anxiety of the British general is described, and a singular coincidence pointed out in the sixth stanza. We shall transcribe it, and "let the stricken deer go weep."

"Oh heart of honour, soul of fire,
Even at that moment fierce and dire,
Thy agony of fame!
When Britain's fortune dubious hung,
And France tremendous swept along,
In tides of blood and flame.
E'en while thy genius and thy arm
Retrieved the day and turned the storm,
E'en at that moment, factious spite,
And envious fraud essayed to blight
The honours of thy name."

The share which is assigned to lord Wellington in the conduct of the fight, is precisely that which is really the lot of a commander in chief. Generals were painted in armour long after

"———the fashion of the fight
Had laid gilt steel and twisted mail aside
For modern foppery,"———

And from some similar concatenation of ideas, modern poets, for many a day after the "eagle-glance" and commanding genius of a hero had been the attributes which decided the field, continued to describe him mowing down whole ranks with his sword, as if personal strength were as essential to his success as in the days of the Trojan war. This

foolish fashion, which, like every false and unnatural circumstance, tends obviously to destroy the probability of the scene, has been discarded by good taste ever since the publication of Addison's Campaign. The approach of the Gallick army is beautifully described.

" And is it now a goodly sight,
Or dreadful to behold,
The pomp of that approaching fight,
Waving ensigns, pennons light,
And gleaming blades and bayonets bright,
And eagles winged with gold;
And warriour bands of many a hue,
Scarlet and white, and green and blue,
Like rainbows o'er the morning dew,
Their various lines unfold:
While cymbal clang and trumpet strain,
The knell of battle tolled:
And trampling squadrons beat the plain,
'Till the clouds echoed back again,
As if the thunder rolled."

Our bounds will not permit us to quote the opening of the battle, though it contains some passages of great merit. Realizing his narrative with an art, which has been thought almost irreconcilable with poetry, the author next undertakes to give us a distinct idea of those manœuvres and movements upon which the success of the day depended; and by clothing them with the striking circumstances which hide the otherwise technical and somewhat familiar detail of the gazette, he has succeeded at once in preserving the form and leading circumstances, and " all the current of the heady fight;" and, generally speaking, in presenting them to the fancy in a manner as poetical as they are clear to the understanding. In treading, however, upon a line so very narrow, he has sometimes glided into bombast on the one hand, or into flat, bald, and vulgar expressions on the other. Although, for instance, the word " fire-locks" be used technically, and somewhat pedantically, to express the men who bear them, we cannot permit a poet to speak with impunity of

" Full fifty thousand *muskets bright*
Led by old warriours trained to fight."

Spears, we know, is used for spearmen; but this is a license sanctioned by antiquity, and not to be extended to modern implements of war. In other places, the ardour of the poet is expressed in language too turgid and inflated. But the following stanza may safely be quoted as avoiding, under very difficult circumstances, the extremes of simplicity and bombast; and describing the celebrated charge of the British cavalry with a spirit worthy of those whose gallantry was so memorable on that memorable day:

" Three columns of the flower of France,
With rapid step and firm, advance,
At first through tangled ground,
O'er fence and dell and deep ravine;
At length they reach the level green,
The midnight battle's murderous scene,
The valley's eastern bound.
There in a rapid line they form,
Thence are just rushing to the storm
By bold Bellona led.
When sudden thunders shake the vale,
Day seems as in eclipse to fail,
The light of heaven is fled;
A dusky whirlwind rides the sky,
A living tempest rushes by
With deafening clang and tread;
' A charge, a charge,' the British cry,
' And Seymour at its head."

The miscarriage of this gallant body of cavalry amid the broken ground in which the French again formed their column, its causes and consequences, the main battle itself, and all its alternations of success, are described in the same glowing and vivid language; which we will venture to say is not that of one who writes with a view to his own distinction as a poet, but who feels that living fire glow within him which impels him to fling into verse his animated and enthusiastick feelings of exultation on contemplating such a subject as the battle of Talavera. The following description of a circumstance new to the terrours of battle, we shall insert, ere we take our leave of Talavera:

" But shooting high and rolling far,
What new and horrid face of war,
Now flushes on the sight?
'Tis France, as furious she retires,
That wreaks in desolating fires,
The vengeance of her flight.
The flames the grassy vale o'errun,
Already parched by summer's sun;
And sweeping turbid down the breeze
In clouds the arid thickets seize,
And climb the dry and withered trees
In flashes long and bright.
Oh! 'Twas a scene sublime and dire,
To see that billowy sea of fire,
Rolling its fierce and flakey flood,
O'er cultured field and tangled wood,
And drowning in the flaming tide,
Autumn's hope and summer's pride.
From Talavera's walls and tower
And from the mountain's height,
Where they had stood for many an hour,
To view the varying fight,
Burghers and peasants in amaze
Behold their groves and vineyards blaze!
Trembling they view the bloody fray,
But little thought ere close of day,
That England's sigh and France's groan
Should be re-echoed by their own!
But ah! far other cries than these
Are wafted on the dismal breeze;
Groans, not the wounded's lingering groan;
Shrieks, not the shriek of death alone;
But groan and shriek and horrid yell
Of terrour, torture, and despair,
Such as 'twould freeze the tongue to tell,
And chill the heart to hear,
When to the very field of fight,
Dreadful alike in sound and sight,
The conflagration spread,
Involving in its fiery wave,
The brave and relicks of the brave;
The dying and the dead!"

We have shunned, in the present instance, the unpleasant task of pointing out, and dwelling upon individual inaccuracies. There are several hasty expressions, flat lines, and deficient rhymes, which prove to us little more than that the composition was a hurried one. These, in a poem of a different description, we should have thought it our duty to point out to the notice of the author. But, after all, it is the spirit of a poet that we consider as demanding our chief attention; and upon its ardour or rapidity must finally hinge our applause or condemnation. We care as little (comparatively, that is to say) for the minor arts of composition and versification as Falstaff did for the thews, and sinews, and outward composition of his recruits. It is "*the heart, the heart,*" that makes the poet as well as the soldier; and while we shall not withhold some applause even from the ordinary statuary who executes a common figure, our wreath must be reserved for the Prometheus who shall impregnate his statue with fire from heaven.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Travels through the Empire of Morocco. By John Buffa, M. D. Illustrated with a Map. 8vo. pp. 260. Price 7*s*. London. 1810.

CENSORIOUS criticks may, if they please, magnify literary vanity into a crime against the peace and the pockets of the publick; but if we punish vanity as capital, we hazard the suppression of much information which may requite attention. What man upon earth would be acquitted, were his motives for appearing before the publick, scrutinized with critical severity? Humanity and policy refuse to prosecute a peccadillo, so trifling. We shall not, on the present occasion, oppose their scruples.

What Dr. Buffa has recorded against the late Medical Board, by which he deemed himself oppressed, we pass, with a wish, that oppression may ever be banished from among members of a liberal profession, and from all connected with

the publick service. We consider the doctor simply as a traveller into a country imperfectly known among us; and possessing some advantages as a privileged person by his profession. While waiting for a promised appointment at Gibraltar, he visited Larache; the governour of which place he happily relieved from a dangerous malady. In a second journey, he had the honour of prescribing for his Moorish majesty; for his principal sultana, and others, at Fez. He took an opportunity of travelling to Morocco, etc. further south; and the observations he made during these excursions, form the body of his volume. We regret exceedingly to learn from Dr. B's preface, that the imputation of impoliteness should, with any appearance of plausibility, attach to the venerable sovereign of the United Kingdom, on a charge of not answering a letter addressed to him from the potentate of Morocco; for though written in Arabick, it were scandalous to suppose that none in the British dominions could translate it. The French, to do them justice, would have profited by the opportunity, and would have turned such a correspondence to good account, either now or hereafter. Why cannot John Bull emulate what is commendable in that people, without imitating what is ridiculous or profligate? Leaving the secretary of state to defend his reputation by the best arguments in his power, we direct our attention to the traveller.

Dr. B. estimates the importance of Ceuta, as a fortress, very highly. It is *now* in the hands of our countrymen. He says: "Convoys could collect here in safety, and our trade in this sea be comparatively secure from annoyance."

The following ceremony has something patriarchal in it:

"In passing through villages (which in this part are very numerous, and formed of a much greater collection of tents than those described in a former letter) we were received by a great concourse of men, women, and children, shouting, and making a noise exactly resembling the whoop of the North American savages. I was informed, that this was their usual mode of expressing their joy and mirth, on all great and solemn occasions. A venerable Moor, the chief of the surrounding villages, accompanied by the military and civil officers, and by the principal inhabitants, advanced to kiss the garment of his excellency. This ceremony was closed by a train of women, preceded by an elderly matron, carrying a standard of colours, made of various fillets of silks; and by a young one of great beauty, supporting on her head a bowl of fresh milk, which she presented, first to the governour (or, as he is otherwise called, the sheik) then to me, and afterwards to all the officers. This ceremony is always performed by the prettiest young woman of the village; and it not unfrequently happens, that her beauty captivates the affections of the great men (sometimes even the emperour) and she becomes the legitimate and favourite wife."

We do not think much of a Moorish review, as to tacticks; but as a political spectacle, it is, we doubt not, sufficiently imposing. When describing it, Dr. B. incidentally mentions other customs of that people.

"I was at the palace precisely at four o'clock, and in a few minutes the emperour appeared, mounted on a beautiful white horse, attended by an officer of state, holding over him a large, damask umbrella, most elegantly embroidered, and followed by all his great officers, bodyguards, and a numerous band of musick. He was greeted with huzzas, in the Moorish style, by the populace, and received at all the gates and avenues of the town, with a general discharge of artillery and small arms, *the people falling upon their knees in the dust as he passed.* The streets were *covered with mats*, and the road, as far as the plain where the troops were drawn out, was *strewed with all kinds of flowers.*

"The army was formed into a regular street of three deep on each side, each corps distinguished by a standard; it extended to a great length, through the immense plain of Fez, and presented a grand military spectacle. There were not less than *eighty thousand cavalry.* This review was finished in six hours, and his imperial majesty was so much pleased with the steady, orderly, and soldier-like appear-

ance of his troops, that he commanded a horse to be given to each of the officers, and an additional suit of clothes, and six ducats more than is customary to the men. No other exercise was performed on this occasion, than charging, firing off their pieces, and priming and loading at full gallop, by alternate divisions. Thus an incessant fire was kept up during the day."

"The cavalry are, unquestionably, most capital marksmen, and very capable of annoying, and harassing, and checking the progress of an invading army. The men are stout, strong, and robust, accustomed to a continual state of warfare, and, from their simple and moderate manner of living, fully adequate to sustain the fatigues and privations of the most arduous campaign."

The character of the present emperour is a relief to the mind, fatigued with the spectacle of unvarying despotism, as a grove of palm trees refreshes the eye, when beheld after traversing a sandy desert.

His predecessor was famous for cruelty; and his elder brothers were leading their subjects to slaughter in the field, before his accession. May we not regard him as an instance of the advantages derived from preparatory study? even though that study was directed rather to literature than to politicks. Nothing can be so desirable to a despotick prince, intending to do well, as the habit of sedateness, reflection, and self-possession.

"The present emperour, Muley Solyman, was the youngest prince, and lived retired in the city of Fez, assiduously occupied in studying the Alcoran, and the laws of the empire, in order to qualify himself for the office of high-priest, which he was intended to fill. From this retreat he was called by the priests, the highest in repute as saints, in the neighbourhood of Fez, and a small party of the Moorish militia, and by them prevailed upon to come forward as a candidate for the crown, in opposition to his three brothers, who were waging war with each other, at the head of numerous forces. In the midst of this anarchy and confusion, the young prince was proclaimed emperour, at Fez, by the name of Muley Solyman; and having collected a strong force, aided by the counsels of a number of brave and experienced officers, he advanced to Mequinez, which he reduced, after two successive pitched battles. This place was defended by one of his brothers, who, shortly after, acknowledged him as emperour, joined him, and brought over to his interests a great number of friends and partisans. He served Solyman faithfully ever after, which enabled him to withstand the united forces of his two other brothers. At length, owing to the little harmony that prevailed in the armies of his competitors, he effected his purpose. Taking advantage of their increasing animosity, he advanced towards Morocco, fighting and conquering the whole way. He entered the capital in triumph, after a general and decisive battle; and he was again proclaimed emperour.

"The gardens of the seraglio are beautifully laid out by Europeans, and contain several elegant pavilions and summer houses, where the ladies take tea and recreate themselves; baths, fountains, and solitary retreats for those inclined to meditation; in short, nothing is wanting to render this a complete, terrestrial paradise, but liberty, the deprivation of which must embitter every enjoyment.——

"Muley Solyman, the present emperour, is about thirty-eight years of age, in height about six feet two inches, of a tolerably fair complexion, with remarkably fine teeth, large dark eyes, aquiline nose, and black beard; the tout ensemble of his countenance noble and majestick. He governs Barbary with discretion and moderation. In the distribution of justice, or in rewarding his subjects, he is just and impartial; in his private conduct no less pious and exemplary, than, in his publick capacity, firm and resolute, prompt and courageous."

We cannot follow Dr. B. into the recesses, porticos, or squares of the seraglio. We must even relinquish his account of the hunted lion, and the ravages committed by that formidable animal. If the doctor was convinced that the Moors, by a manner of preparation, "*deprive charcoal of the baneful effects usually experienced from it in England*," was not his remissness blamable, in neglecting to obtain information on that subject, considering the number of artisans which are obliged, by the nature of their business, to be perpetually involved in the fumes of this noxious

species of fuel? It was natural that a medical man should examine the state of the art of healing, among the *tweebs* of Morocco; it is despicable enough: so is that of literature in general. The condition of the Jews is extremely pitiable; and if we understand our traveller rightly, the Jewish women are resorted to, to supply the riotous inhabitants with abandoned companions. Can the lowest degree of *abjection* in a people be more strongly marked? The late emperour attempted to exterminate the Jews; their property was furiously plundered, yet they exist, and increase so rapidly, that our traveller says, the emperour *must* enlarge the limits of the space wherein they dwell.

We give the doctor credit for having used his influence with the rulers of this empire in favour of the British interests; and for his seasonable assistance in rescuing four drunken, British sailors in Larache, who, "having drank too much *aquardicnte* [aqua-ardente] imagined themselves in the streets of Gibraltar," and raised a mob by attempting to lift up the veil of a Moorish belle; drunk they were, indisputably, or they had never struck on the rock of *that* temptation.

Further proficiency in Arabick will induce the doctor to write *Nazarene*, for "*Massarane* (for so they denominate a Christian.") To consider *dow-war* as the *circle* of tents forming a village, not as the *name* of a place; and to accept *Beni*, sons, as the plural of *Ben*, a son, it is necessary, when distinguishing a tribe. Neither will he repeat the article, "*an al*-haik:" *al* is the Arabick article.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Travels of Mirza Abu Taleb Khan [commonly called the Persian Prince] in Asia, Africa, and Europe, during the years 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802. Written by Himself, in the Persian Language, and Translated by Charles Stewart, Esq. With a Portrait of the Author. 2 Vols. 8vo. pp. 738. London. 1810.

IT is difficult to imagine any character whose first impressions would excite more natural curiosity than an Asiatick traveller in Europe. There is so much value in even the most common knowledge, that the pride of man is secretly gratified by the surprise of a stranger at objects which are familiar to us, even where that familiarity confers no merit on ourselves; and this is, perhaps, the secret charm, which, fortunately for travellers, makes their society courted in foreign countries, and which constitutes, in no small degree, what all of us have sometimes felt, the pleasure of *showing the lions*. There is, too, a vivid shrewdness which generally accompanies the observations of a sensible man on objects which are new to him, altogether unattainable by those whose perceptions are already deadened by habit. We may hope then for instruction, as well as entertainment, in such society; and it is not irrational, except in the extreme to which it has been sometimes carried, that an Omai, a Bannelong, or any other far-fetched curiosity in human form, should be feasted by the great, courted by the fair, and attended to publick places by crowds of gaping observers. After all, however, on a mere savage, the wonders he witnesses are too many and too unintelligible to make any distinct impression To him, a paper kite and a balloon are equally miraculous; every step he takes is on enchanted ground; and, like a child who reads a fairy tale, he soon ceases to be

surprised at wonders; because he expected to meet with nothing else, and because, in such a place, such wonders are only natural. Again, people care little for what is totally above their comprehension, and a savage would be more interested in an ironmonger's shop, than in all the curiosities of the British museum, or all the magnificence of St. Paul's or Blenheim. With the Asiatick, however, the case is different; he brings with him a sufficiently cultivated judgment to distinguish between our customs and his own; a mind to which the objects he meets with are not so new as to be incomprehensible, though they are so differently modified in form and circumstances from those to which he is accustomed, that another planet could hardly produce a greater variety; it is a variety which he understands and feels, and it is the same in kind (though from evident reasons, much greater in degree) as that which a European, prepared as he is, by hundreds of precursors, and tens of hundreds of descriptions, must ever experience on entering, for the first time, a Mohammedan or Hindoo country.

Accordingly, as no real oriental traveller had yet appeared, his place and character were eagerly assumed by European writers, who, under the names of Turkish spies, ambassadours of Bantam, and Chinese or Persian tourists, endeavoured to instruct, as impartial spectators of our European feuds and follies; or to amuse, by ridiculous oppositions of our manners and character with their own. That the experiment succeeded, is evident by the number of imitators which every generation has produced; but still, amusing as they were, these Turks and Persians wanted the charm of reality. They were Brigg's "French beads, and Bristol stones," in comparison with the genuine treasure of Golconda; and the difference in interest was almost the same, as between a view of the great mogul himself, and the well-bred sultan of a French tragedy, or an English masquerade.

The reality, however, prefigured by so many types, has at last made his appearance. A bonâ fide Mohammedan has produced a tour; and, as luck would have it, this tour has appeared at a time, when all the world, or at least all the idle part of it, was still on the stretch of curiosity, respecting his excellency Mirza Abdul Hassan.

Now, when the ladies had once ascertained, by actual experiment, the length of a Persian's beard, and the texture of his skin and clothing; when their minds were pretty well made up what to think of their formidable guest, it was surely no unnatural desire to know that guest's opinion of them. And as his excellency's sentiments are not yet to be expected in English, it will no doubt be, in the mean time, acceptable to learn what was thought and said under almost similar circumstances, by a man, who was every inch of him, as true a mussulman (as "catholick a devil," as Sancho Panza hath it) as if, like his aforesaid excellency, he had born credentials from the king of Iran and Touran, and excited by his presence and supposed intrigues, the jealousy both of the eastern and western Cesar. This lucky coincidence has, we are afraid, even made the reality of our tourist suspected, and many have too rashly classed him, without examination, with the Anacharsis of our continental neighbours, or our own ingenious Hidalgo Don Manuel de Espriella. In this, however, they have done Abu Taleb a great injustice; though not so learned as the first, nor so entertaining as the last of these gentlemen, he is, or rather was, a more substantial personage than either. Under the name of the Persian prince, he was seen and known in fleshly form in the several countries which he has undertaken

to describe, and was generally allowed, in the words of Massinger's Borachia,

"———as absolute a Turk
In all that appertains to a true Turk,"

as any former candidate for publick notice.

And it will be owned that few inhabitants of east or west, have gone over so large or so interesting a tract of earth and sea. Reduced in his circumstances by events which he himself very modestly and briefly relates, and deprived, though by no fault of his own, of an appointment which he held under our East India company, an opportunity was thrown in his way, of undertaking a journey, which, to an oriental, must have appeared desperate; and which he began, as he informs us, in the comfortable hope, that in a voyage so replete with danger, "some accident might cause his death; and thus deliver him from the anxieties of this world, and the ingratitude of mankind." Accidents, however, and elements were kinder than he expected; and after visiting the Cape, St. Helena, and many parts of Ireland and England, he returned by France, Italy, Constantinople, and Busserah, to his native province in India, where he was appointed once more collector of a district in Bundelcund, and died in that situation in the year 1806.

During the latter years of his life, he prepared and digested his journal, in which he styles himself: "The wanderer over the face of the earth, Abu Taleb, the son of Mohammed of Ispahan, who associated with men of all nations, and beheld various wonders both by sea and land;" and which he commences with true oriental piety, by thanksgivings to God, the lord of all the world, and "to the chosen of mankind, the traveller over the whole expanse of the heavens [Mohammed] and benedictions without end on his descendants, and companions."

The first misfortune which befel him on his expedition, was embarking on board a Danish vessel, manned chiefly by indolent, and inexperienced Lascars, of whose filth, confusion, and insubordination he complains most bitterly.

"The captain was a proud, self-sufficient fellow. His first officer, who was by birth an American, resembled an ill-tempered, growling mastiff, but understood his duty very well. The second officer, and the other mates were low people, not worthy of being spoken to, and quite ignorant of navigation."—vol. i. p. 22.

After many days of suffering from the united plagues of stinks, bad provisions, and a cabin, "the very recollection of which makes him melancholy," he arrived at the Nicobar Islands, where the usual phenomenon of refraction, by making a flat shore visible to the eye, though not to the telescope, and the usual solution of it by a ring in a bowl of water, excited his surprise. The explanation, however, does not, in his opinion, solve the phenomenon. Sixteen of the Lascars deserted here, and Abu Taleb himself was so much captivated with the "mildness of the climate, the beauty of the plains and rivulets, and the kind of life which the men enjoyed, that he had nearly resolved to take up his abode among them." The passage of the equinoctial line, and the ceremony of dipping, are next described, and he saw what he had never before believed, numerous shoals of flying fish. He was disappointed at not finding a southern polar star, nor any constellation which exactly corresponded with the Ursa Minor or Major, and was astonished that the month of May, so hot in Bengal, should be so extremely cold in the antarctick hemisphere.

"On the 24th of May, we had a view of part of the continent of Africa, about 200 miles to the north of the Cape of Good Hope; and although we had not the most distant intention of going on shore here,

yet the sight of land brought tears into my eyes. While sailing along the coast, we had frequent opportunities of seeing one of the wonders of the deep. Several *fish, called whales*, approached so close to the ship that we could view them distinctly. They were four times the size of the largest elephant, and had immense nostrils, whence they threw up the water to the height of fifteen yards." vol. i. p. 44.

His voyage to the Cape was a dismal one. He had repeated storms to encounter, and his cabin was placed between those of a corpulent and surly gentleman, who when the ship rolled, rolled also, and of three crying and ill-tempered children; to whom, if he had known the poetry of Simonides, he would doubtless have exclaimed with Danäa in a similar situation, " ὦδε ζεφος." As it was, he thought of the verse of Hafiz, which did just as well:

" Dark is the night, and dreadful the noise
of the waves and whirlpool,
Little do they know of our situation, who
are travelling merrily on the shore."

The miseries of a voyage he classes under four genera, subdivided into many distinct species, of which we shall only mention " the impurity of being shut up with dogs and hogs; the necessity of eating with a knife and fork; and the impossibility of purification." On the whole, however, he had ample reason to complain, and to advise his countrymen never to undertake a voyage, unless they have money to purchase every comfort; nor to embark, except in an English vessel. At the Cape, he was highly delighted with the neatness of the houses, the pavement of the streets, the shady trees, and the benches for smoking a pipe in summer evenings; a custom which " appeared to him excellent."

" In short, the splendour of this town quite obliterated from my mind all the magnificence of Calcutta, which I had previously considered as superiour to any thing to be found between India and Europe. In the sequel, I changed my opinion respecting the Cape; and, indeed, I may say, that from my first setting out on this journey, till my arrival in England, I ascended the pinnacle of magnificence and luxury; the several degrees or stages of which, were Calcutta, the Cape, Cork, Dublin, and London; the beauty and grandeur of each city effacing that of the former. On my return towards India, every thing was reversed, the last place being always inferiour to that I had quitted. Thus, after a long residence in London, Paris appeared to me much inferiour; for although the latter contains more superb buildings, it is neither so regular, so clean, nor so well lighted at night, as the former, nor does it possess so many gardens and squares in its vicinity; in short, I thought I had fallen from paradise into hell. But when I arrived in Italy, I was made sensible of the beauty of Paris; the cities of Italy rose in my estimation when I arrived at Constantinople, and the latter is a perfect paradise, compared to Bagdad, Mousul, and other towns in the territory of the *Faithful*." vol. i. p. 64, 65.

Of the Dutch, both male and female, Abu Taleb formed no favourable opinion. He describes the men as low-minded and inhospitable, and more oppressive to their slaves than any other people in the world. The women, he stigmatizes at once as vulgar and immodest; but here we must allow a little for the prejudices of a Persian. The girls, who so much offended him, were, perhaps, only laughing hoydens, who would have been heartily frightened, had they known how he interpreted their airs and glances. It may, however, be a useful hint to some females nearer home. Lord Valencia imagines that Mohammedans confound all European ladies with *nautch girls*, and it must be owned, that recent oriental travellers have had tolerably good reason for their mistake.

Among the various inhabitants of the Cape, he found " many pious good Mussulmans, some of whom possessed considerable property;" with these, and in the hospitable society of the English officers (whose ladies, it is pleasing to observe, he excepts from the general scandal, and compares to the elegant reserve

of Indian princesses) he passed his time pleasantly, though expensively. At length, being heartily tired of his Danish captain, who had cheated him in every possible manner, he submitted to the loss of his passage money, and embarked the 29th of September, on board an English South Sea whaler. The superiour comforts of this ship he praises highly, though he still seems to have had some apprehensions; "it being the practice of Europe, that whenever the ships of two enemies meet at sea, the most powerful carries his adversary with him into one of his own ports, and there sells both ship and cargo for his own advantage."

Of St. Helena he gives one of the best descriptions we have yet seen; and relates to a fearful battle, which his captain had, in a former voyage, sustained with a number of marine animals, "of a size between a horse and an ass, which they call sea-horses." He notices in his course, "the Fortunate Isles, whence the Mohammedans commence their longitude;" and the "entrance into the Mediterranean sea, which runs east as for as Aleppo." And being driven by unfavourable winds from the English channel (the meaning of which term he explains, as well as that of "bay and sea") he anchored on the 6th of December in the cove of Cork.

"We found here not less than 40 or 50 vessels of different sizes, three of which were ships of war. The bay resembles a round basin, sixteen miles in circumference. On its shore is situated the town, which is built in the form of a crescent, and defended at each end by small forts. On one side of the bay, a large river, resembling the Ganges, disembogues itself. This river extends a great way inland, and passes by the city of Cork. The circular form of this extensive sheet of water, the verdure of the hills, the comfortable appearance of the town on one side, and the number of elegant houses and romantick cottages on the other, with the formidable aspect of the forts, and so many large ships lying securely in the harbour, conveyed to my mind such sensations as I had never before experienced; and although in the course of my travels, I had an opportunity of seeing the bay of Genoa, and the straights of Constantinople, I do not think either of them is to be compared with this." vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

Nor, though the cove on a nearer view disappointed him, did he fail to be delighted with the fertility of the neighbourhood, and the hospitality of the mistress of the postoffice, whose mature charms (for though the mother of 21 children, she had still the appearance of youth) astonished the inhabitant of a country, where a woman is old at five and twenty.

It is a pleasing circumstance in this Persian's journal, that in every part of our united kingdom, he met with hospitality and kindness. He here left his vessel, and was proceeding to Dublin to wait on lord Cornwallis, when he received a visit from an officer whom he had known in India, and who conducted him to his house in the neighbourhood of Cork, where, on an estate of a few hundreds a year, he was enjoying, as Abu Taleb assures us, more comfort and plenty than an English gentleman could in India, upon an income of a lack of rupees. At Cove, he had seen a spit turned by a dog, but here the machinery for roasting was moved by smoke, and together with the dressers for holding china, and the pipes and arrangement of a steam kitchen, excited his warmest admiration. This officer had two fair neices, who, "during dinner," says the Mussulman, "honoured me with the most marked attention."

"After dinner, these angels made tea for us, and one of them having asked me if it was sweet enough, I replied, that having been made by such hands, it could not but be sweet. On hearing this, all the company laughed, and my fair one blushed like the rose of Damascus." v. i. p. 103.

We shall not follow him minutely through his journey by Dublin and

Chester, to London; we must however observe, that in the former place, where he spent some time, he first beheld the phenomenon of a fall of snow, which greatly delighted him by its novelty, and that he was quite reconciled to the coldness of the climate, by the power it gave him to bear fatigue, and by the many advantages which it confers on the inhabitants; making, as he asserts, the men vigorous, the women handsome, and both sexes open-hearted and sincere. "Boys and girls of fifteen years of age, are here as innocent," in the Persian's opinion, "as the children of India of 5 or 6, and have no wish beyond the amusement of play-things, or the produce of a pastry-cook's shop." Nay, many grown persons of wealth and rank are, as he assures us, in an almost similar predicament!

"What I am now to relate, will, I fear, not be credited by my countrymen, but is, nevertheless, an absolute fact. In these countries, it frequently happens, that the ponds and rivers are frozen over; and the ice being of sufficient strength to bear a great weight, numbers of people assemble thereon, and amuse themselves in *skating*." vol. i. p. 147.

On the whole, he seems more delighted with Ireland, than with any other place which he visited, and manifests a very natural preference of the urbanity, good nature, and intelligence of these, his first European friends, over all other nations. Some of the traits which he mentions are, indeed, really national, and show in a strong light the peculiar character of that hospitable and good natured race; but it must not be forgotten, that here every thing was new, and that consequently all the amusements of which he partook were more attractive in his eyes. Here, for instance, he was first at a theatre, where he received the greatest entertainment from the adventures of an "*Ethiopian magician called Harlequin.*" Mr. Astley's horsemanship, and the Panorama of Gibraltar, gave him great delight, but he was rather scandalized than pleased with the estimation, approaching to idolatry, in which statues of lead and marble are held.

"It is really astonishing that people possessing so much knowledge and good sense, and who reproach the nobility of Hindoostan with wearing gold and silver ornaments like women, should be thus tempted by Satan to throw away their money on useless blocks." Vol. i. p. 199.

Of the meanness of the hot baths he bitterly complains; and though he expresses a pious hope that the flesh brush was composed of horse hair, yet a doubt seems lurking in his mind, that its bristles were shorn from a less holy animal. He noticed, on his road from Holyhead, Conway, with its ancient walls resembling those of Allahabad; and Chester, with the *verandahs* which line the principal streets; and on the 25th of Shaban, corresponding to the 21st of January, 1800, arrived safe in London, being five days short of a lunar year from the period of his leaving Calcutta.

In London he appears to have chiefly remained during the rest of his stay in England. He made, indeed, an excursion with some friends to Windsor, Oxford, and Blenheim; and at the second of these places was greatly delighted with the 10,000 oriental manuscripts in the Bodleian, and the different specimens in the anatomy school. The publick buildings, he observes, are "of hewn stone, and much resemble, in form, some of the Hindoo temples."

But not all these wonders, nor even the charms of Mr. Hastings's dairy and farm yard, could long detain him from London, where, with a naïveté almost equal to that of Mr. Ker Porter, "Cupid," he observes, "had planted one of his arrows in his bosom;" and whose "heart-alluring damsels" he celebrated in a Persian ode, in which he asserts:

"We have no longing for the Tubah, or Sudreh, or other trees of Paradise,
We are content to rest under the shade of these terrestrial *cypresses*."

Abu Taleb seems, indeed, notwithstanding his horrour of hog's bristles, to have been soon very completely reconciled to the habits and liquors of infidels, and, "according to the advice of the divine Hafiz," to have given himself up to love and gayety.

It may be well imagined, that the head of a man, who had been so far elated by the attentions of the provincial beauties of Cork, would be completely turned by the blandishments of rank, fashion and luxury which surrounded him in London; and it is truly amusing to observe the complacency with which he relates how much his society was courted, while his "wit and repartees, with some impromptu applications of oriental poetry, were the subject of conversation in the politest circles."—Poor Abu! he little suspected that all the while he was only entertaining from the Caftan outwards.

In the middle, however, of dissipation, more serious studies were not neglected. He saw the tower, and the freemasons, and the Eidouranion, and the Irish giant; and amidst all the curiosities of the British museum, selected, as most worth notice, the good woman whose forehead was decorated with horns. And though the slight mention of the joys of Paradise, and his ready compliance with the use of wine, may be considered as blots in his character among the True Believers, yet, on the other hand, he takes care to inform those of his own faith, that, in a conversation with an English bishop, he stoutly maintained the divinity of Mohammed's commission, and almost, as he imagined, persuaded his right reverend friend to embrace the tenets of Islam There are, however, many better things in his book, and which really evince an active and curious mind, bent on acquiring knowledge, and, when acquired, able to digest it. The following observation would not be, perhaps, unworthy of the most civilized and philosophick describer of the effects of English mechanism.

"On entering one of the extensive manufactories in England, the mind is at first bewildered by the number and variety of articles displayed therein; but after recovering from this first impression, and having coolly surveyed all the objects around, every thing appears conducted with so much regularity and precision, that a person is induced to suppose one of the meanest capacity might superintend and direct the whole process. Whatever requires strength or numbers, is effected by engines; if clearness of sight is wanted, magnifying glasses are at hand; and if deep reflection is necessary to combine all the parts, whereby to ensure a unity of action, so many aids are derived from the numerous artists employed in the different parts of the work, that the union of the whole seems not to require any great exertion of genius." Vol. i. pp. 244, 245.

In his miscellaneous observations on the English character, education, and form of government, we are often forcibly reminded of the Spanish worthy, to whose travels we lately alluded; and it is no slight praise to the author of that entertaining work, that the sentiments which he gives to his hero are so nearly the same with those of a traveller to whom all was new. The praise which he lavishes on all the higher powers, however deserved, is not, perhaps, free from suspicion, since at the time of publishing his Persian journal, he was still subject to British governours, and still a candidate for British patronage. But the detail is curious; and though he taxes us pretty smartly with pride, philosophy (meaning atheism) and laziness (for which last vice he recommends as a cure, shorter meals and longer beards) yet the impressions which he evidently feels are most flattering to our nation.

It is, of course, impossible that his views of every subject should be just; and we find, accordingly, that many misconceptions relating to laws, juries, and government, are to be found in every part of his work; and when he compares a certain honourable house to two parties of parroquets, scolding on opposite mango trees, it is evident that he describes from fancy. But though he is often misinformed, he is seldom absurd; and, in truth, we are not sure whether his journal would not be more entertaining, if it had more of the oriental leaven. The following observation, however, may be excepted from this stigma. He is speaking of an unfortunate class of females, whom he considers as more numerous in London than the truth, we believe, will warrant.

"The conduct of these women is rendered still more blamable, by their hiring lodgings in, or frequenting streets which, from their names, ought only to be the abode of virtue and religion; for instance, 'Providence street,' 'Modest court,' 'St. James's street,' 'St. Martin's lane,' and 'St. Paul's Church yard.' The first of these is one of the epithets of God, the second implies virtue, and the others are named after the holy apostles of the blessed Messiah. Then there is 'Queen Anne street,' and 'Charlotte street;' the one named after the greatest, the other after the best of queens. I, however, think that the persons who let the lodgings are more reprehensible than the unfortunate women themselves." Vol. ii. pp. 45, 46.

His summary of the last war, and of the politicks of Europe, though not free from errour, is really, considering his situation, extraordinary; and we rejoice that such an account, from an impartial quarter, of British heroism by land and sea, exists in the universal language of the East. It would be, in our opinion, an object worthy of an enlightened policy, by the aid of the press, to give currency in every possible manner to the original, both in Persia and Hindoostan. There are some few things which are offensive to English nationality; but we may well endure, that, where so much is said in our favour, some blame should be mingled; and, at any rate, a clear and sensible view of the manners of Europe, as it may tend to reconcile the nations of the east to a preponderance, which must be chiefly supported by opinion, is of the greatest advantage to the country which has the greatest stake there.

Of Paris, which the author next visited, as compared to London, we have already given his sentiments; but it is fair to own, that he expresses, in pretty strong terms, his preference of French to English politeness. He had complained before of our aversion to taking any trouble, even for a friend; and in this respect he says our neighbours are very superiour "to the irritable and surly Englishman." On the whole, however, he did not like a residence among them, and complains heavily of their idle, slovenly, and trifling habits, which he thinks will effectually prevent their gaining a superiority over their insular neighbours. The women, too, he does not like: "They were painted to an excessive degree, were very forward, and great talkers." Amorous as he confesses himself by nature to be, and easily affected at the sight of beauty, he never met with a Frenchwoman who interested him. In the English charge des affaires then at Paris, he seems, if his report is correct, to have had a tolerable specimen of the indolence, nonchalance, and utter want of information, which too often characterize the young men who fill that important office. By his advice he was persuaded to abandon the usual road to Constantinople, through Germany and Hungary, for the more tedious course of Italy and the Mediterranean. The ever-waking eye, which is turned so wistfully towards the east, did not overlook our tourist; the scavans, Langlais and De Sacy, were em-

ployed to cultivate his acquaintance; and he received repeated invitations from Talleyrand, and at length from Buonaparte. Indisposition, however, prevented his accepting them, and he passed on by Lyons and Avignon to Marseilles. During this journey he noticed the famous bridge of St. Esprit, as having been built by order of one of the Cesars; and in the diligence, between Avignon and Marseilles, witnessed a kind of brutality in his fellow passengers to a handsome Egyptian girl who was in the coach, which it is painful to conceive possible in any country, and which may be safely pronounced peculiar to France. Not content with the most licentious freedoms, they even snatched his cane, and struck her several severe blows with it. Surely this was enough to make Abu Taleb recall his assertion of the superiority of French politeness and delicacy.

Genoa, Leghorn, and Malta, are in their turn described. At the first of these places he gives us a natural testimony in favour of Italian musick. Leghorn he did not like, and prays that "the curse of God may light on such a city and such a people."

At Constantinople he only found four praiseworthy institutions; "the boats"—"the horses kept for hire"—"the publick fountains"—and "the several bazars for merchandise." Of the Turks he says but little; his stay in Constantinople was short, and they and the Persians have no liking for each other. He allows them, however, many amiable qualities; and, what is singular, does not consider the power of their Sultan as absolute.

The relation of his journey by Amasia, Diarbekir, Mousul and Bagdad, is very brief, and not particularly interesting:—he was now among nations whose manners and faith were familiar to his countrymen; and the only things which he appears to consider as worth their notice, or his own, are the shrines and tombs of saints on the road. Perhaps he was a little anxious to efface, at the sepulchre of Ali, the guilt of his compliances with infidel customs, on the banks of the Thames and the Liffey. He curses the Turks heartily for hereticks and soonys; and notices a minaret which shakes and trembles at the name of Ali, while it remains immovable by all possible mention of Omar. There are, however, many particulars in this part of his work, worth the attention of future travellers, who may take this little frequented route; and we have not yet seen a more satisfactory account than is here given of the Vahabies. The founder of this powerful sect, Abdul Vechab, it is well known, forbad all worship of Mohammed, and all reverence to tombs and shrines as idolatrous, and giving partners to God. He was, like the original impostor of Arabia, a warlike fanatick; and though his son Mohammed, to whom he transmitted his authority, is blind, he is ably supported by an adopted brother of his father's, named Abd al Aziz, an extraordinary man, of gigantick stature, and, though eighty years old, possessing all the vigour of youth, which he predicts he shall retain, till the Vahaby religion is perfectly established over Arabia.

"Although the Vahabies have collected immense wealth, they still retain the greatest simplicity of manners, and moderation in their desires. They sit down on the ground without ceremony, content themselves with a few dates for their food, and a coarse large cloak serves them for clothing and bed, for two or three years. Their horses are of the genuine Nejid breed, of well known pedigrees; none of which will they permit to be taken out of their country." vol. ii. pp. 332, 333

The successes and sacrilege of this "wicked tribe" grievously offend Abu Taleb, and he calls on the Sultan and the Shah to unite in repressing them. Both Sultan and Shah, however, have need, as it

should seem, themselves to tremble before them; and "the least of the servants of God" (so this Eastern Pontiff styles himself) has written to both these monarchs, denouncing, "in the name of God the compassionate and merciful," fire and sword, and destruction on them and their impenitent subjects.

What part they may yet be destined to perform, is only known to that wisdom, which seems to have set apart the portion of the world where they are placed, as the theatre of the most important scenes and the most singular revolutions. At Busserah, Abu Taleb quarrelled with the English resident, and took a singular method of revenge, by "writing a satirical poem on him," and repeating some of the lines in his hearing. On the other hand, the Englishman retorted, perhaps with reason, that Abu Taleb was spoilt "by the luxury and attentions of London, and that it was now impossible to please him." These bickerings, after being carried on between jest and earnest some time, were terminated by his departure for Bombay. After a pleasant residence of some months in that island, and an agreeable voyage in one of the Company's vessels, "on the evening of the 15th Rubby Assany, 1218, corresponding with the 4th of August, 1803, he landed safely in Calcutta, and returned thanks to God for his preservation and safe return to his native shores."

We have been hitherto so much engrossed with Abu Taleb himself, as to have no opportunity of mentioning Mr. Stewart, to whom we are obliged for these travels in their English dress. He assures us, in the preface, that they are as literally translated as the nature of the two languages will allow, and that he has only omitted some part of the poetry, and two discussions, one on anatomy, and the other on the construction of a hot-house, which, though full of information to Abu Taleb's oriental readers, he rightly judged would be tedious to those who peruse him in Europe. To this merit of fidelity, which, from Mr. Stewart's character, we are fully disposed to take for granted, may be added the praise of an easy, natural, English style, which makes, on the whole, the Travels of Abu Taleb Khan not only a curious, but a very agreeable present to the western world, for which we owe no trifling obligation to his ingenious translator. To the work itself, indeed, we cannot help attaching a stronger interest, than the apparent abilities of Abu Taleb claim. It is the first description of European manners and character, which has, as far as we know, appeared in an oriental language; and if sufficient circulation be once given to this production of a Persian, and a descendant of Mohammed [vol. ii. p. 245.] it is impossible, from the novelty, and peculiar interest of the subject, that it should not become a common and fashionable study among the polite and learned of those climates. We have already hinted, that to England this must be advantageous; but we do not stop here. When we consider the other circumstances of the east, it is probable that the improvements and knowledge thus revealed in part, no longer coming under the suspicious garb of the report of an enemy and a conqueror, will excite a spirit of imitation among those, who before considered the Europeans as a race of warlike savages. One effect will perhaps speedily follow, that other orientals will pursue the example of Abu Taleb in visiting countries, where, though there are "giants," there are no man-eaters; where, though the sheep are without "broad tails," the mutton is confessedly tolerable; and though the men are "sellers of wine," the women are stately as the trees of Paradise. From such intercourse, goodwill must follow, and where a European is now considered as accursed, he

will not, in future, want protectors or imitators. There is a possibility of even greater advantages. When we witness, as in the present tour, the reverence with which a Mussulman has learnt to regard the founder of our religion; and when we consider that internal divisions are, at this moment, weakening his attachment to his own peculiar tenets; there is a chance, which (if not spoiled by indiscreet zeal on the one hand, or selfish indifference on the other) will grow stronger every day, that the cause of religion, as well as that of civilisation, may profit by our connexions with Asia.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Voyage en Grèce fait dans les Années 1803, 1804, &c. *i. e.* Travels in Greece, performed in the Years 1803 and 1804, by J. L. S. BARTHOLDY; containing Details on the Mode of Travelling in Greece and the Archipelago; a Description of the Valley of Tempe; a Delineation of the most remarkable Situations in Greece and the Levant; a View of the Condition of Turkey, and of the State of Civilisation among the modern Greeks; a Journey from Negropont into several Parts of Thessaly, in 1803; and an Account of the War of the Inhabitants of the District of Souly against Ali Vizir. Translated from the German by A. du C. 2 vols. 8 vo. pp. 565. Paris. Price 1*l.* 4*s.*

SINCE Switzerland, Italy, and Sicily, the countries which formerly engaged the attention of tourists, have been so frequently visited, and so fully described, the traveller who is ambitious of novelty must direct his steps elsewhere. Greece has accordingly become of late years an object of great attraction. Although it is devoid of that interest arising from modern works of art, which rendered Italy so inviting, and is inferiour to Switzerland in the stupendous objects of nature, it has, notwithstanding, a powerful claim on the attention of the traveller, from the variety of its natural beauties; from the vestiges, still apparent, of its ancient grandeur; and, above all, from the classick recollections which even a distant prospect of its shores cannot fail to revive. Great Britain has long been noted for sending forth travellers, and her sons of the present age have taken the lead in visiting Greece, in the same manner as their countrymen, above half a century ago, were among the first to climb the glaciers of Savoy.

Of German travellers, the present, we believe, is the first work on Greece which has fallen into our hands; and we must acknowledge that its author has discovered no small share of the national phlegm, in his manner of passing sentence on the present inhabitants of that celebrated country. We find here none of those ardent effusions which might be expected to be poured forth on treading the soil of Socrates and Epaminondas;—none of those flattering resemblances between the modern Greeks and their ancestors, which kindled the imagination, and drew forth the eloquent encomiums of Mons. *Guys*. Every thing from the pen of M. BARTHOLDY bears the stamp of unadorned reality, of deliberate observation, and of a cold prudence which nothing can shake from its fixed purpose. He has not given his narrative in the form of a journal, but has preferred the plan of a series of essays. He begins with a number of general observations on the manner of travelling, and on the nature of the accommodations in Greece, both in diet and lodging. We are next presented with a long

description of the valley, or rather defile, of Tempe; which, although enclosed by lofty mountains, did not appear to our traveller so rich in picturesque scenery as the magnificent representations of the poets would lead him to imagine. From Tempe, he proceeds to Asia Minor; and in enumerating its principal cities, he makes a few brief allusions to the events of its ancient history. After having passed the Archipelago, and given a detail of the scenery and climate of the chief islands, he arrives at Athens; in his account of which, he introduces a description of the remains of the place of publick assembly for the citizens; and the volume is concluded by a view of the scanty vestiges of Mycenæ, with an essay on the private habits of the Turks. This people, he thinks, we judge too harshly; and he takes no small pains to relieve them from a portion of the odium which is attached to their character. We extract the passages relative to travelling, and give them as a favourable specimen of the book:

"We no longer find any carriage-roads in Greece. Those which are mentioned by the ancients are generally in such a state, in the present day, that it is difficult to imagine how a carriage can ever have rolled over them. We often meet also with such awkward passes, that a prudent traveller will get off his horse, which is particularly the case near Delphos, between Scyon, Nemea, and Argos; and on the sacred road from Athens to Eleusis. At the same time, all these quarters exhibit occasional traces of the old roads. To travel on foot is not advisable, because the inhabitants, and particularly the Turks, would take such a traveller either for a beggar or for a person wholly out of his senses; so that the only alternative is to go on horseback. It is common for inexperienced travellers to take as a guard the janissaries of their respective consuls or ministers: but these janissaries are much despised by the Turks at large, on account of their frequent intercourse with Christians; and they have seldom much courage, but a great portion of selfishness. It is a far better way to be accompanied by a Tartar. These people are full of activity, perfectly acquainted with the country, and have a certain degree of authority, from frequently appearing in the capacity of state-messengers. It is well known that they are not born in Tartary, and that their designation of Tartar is merely nominal. The posts in Greece are very long, generally from twenty to thirty miles: but, if a traveller understands the way of stimulating his guide's pace, he gets on rapidly. The accommodations for travelling in Greece are very bad. Provisions are by no means abundant. Mutton and poultry are the most frequent articles of diet; oil is served up instead of butter; rice also is common. In the season are likewise to be found eggs, honey, dried figs, and the various fruits belonging to warm climates, such as raisins, pomegranates, oranges, and apples. Seldom cherries, plums, or pears; and never gooseberries or strawberries. The Greek and Turkish cookery has great varieties, but is too much loaded with spices and fat. We seldom see a solid joint of meat on their tables: but every thing is hashed in small pieces, and boiled to rags, which suits very well with their mode of eating without either knife or fork. If the natives happen to use these instruments at any time for the sake of pleasing Europeans, they are observed to forget themselves every moment, and to substitute their fingers. As to tables, none are to be found in the Levant, unless it should accidentally happen that one had been imported. People even write on their knees. Neither have they any chairs, but they sit on couches placed all round the room. When the dinner hour arrives, a servant brings in a stool, which he places with the feet upwards; and a round tin plate, put on the top of the stool, makes the table. It stands about a foot from the ground; and in the way in which they sit, the guests are just within reach of the dishes. Cushions are placed around, and every one sits down, and crosses his legs. The servant then brings in a long, narrow table-cloth, which he lays round the table, and of which each guest appropriates the part that is opposite to him. Next comes bread cut in small pieces, somewhat in the way in which we cut it for children; each person takes twenty or thirty slices, and places them before him. The dishes are next brought in, one by one, generally without a spoon, even when there is sauce, in which the custom is to dip the bread; and every person puts his hand in the dish, and takes out whatever piece he likes. The most amusing sight is in the case of poultry;

which, although always over-boiled, it is no easy matter to disjoint with the fingers. A Turk thinks nothing of dipping his fingers into a plate of honey, so that this is not the country for a delicate eater, or an epicure to visit; and the wines in particular would not suit him, since they have an unpleasant taste like rosin. However, at Smyrna and Constantinople, much good living is to be seen.

"In regard to lodging, the accommodation throughout the Levant is as poor as in diet. Between Smyrna and Ephesus, we were forced to pass the night in an inn so badly sheltered from the weather, that we had much difficulty in avoiding the rain. The adjoining apartment was a stable without a door, and the camels put their heads very familiarly into our room. At Mauromati, the ancient Messene, which is now a wretched village, we were lodged in an old, deserted tower, where the posts were so rotten as to be likely to tumble over our heads. Insects also cause a great annoyance to travellers: the sofas swarm with them; and the bugs also are exceedingly troublesome. At Athens, my fellow-traveller swung up his bed like a hammock; and I had recourse to the expedient of changing every night the situation of mine. Gauze curtains should always be carried on a journey in this country. On board of ship, the annoyance from the insects is shocking. I never found it necessary to put on the Turkish dress, which is requisite only for those who travel in Egypt, Arabia, Persia, and Judea, where European clothing is a novelty. The accommodations, however, will increase with the number of travellers. The English have hitherto been the principal visiters, and the title of *milorde* has consequently become generally applied to all gentlemen who do not happen to be physicians or merchants. I often heard of Dutch and Swedish lords, and I passed for a Prussian lord. At Patros, I saw one Achmet, who had a smattering of several European languages, and was accordingly styled a Turkish lord. Next to the English, the Russians are the chief visiters of Greece: united to the Greeks in religious belief, and feared by the Turks for their victories, they traverse the Turkish possessions like landholders visiting tenants, whose lease is drawing to a close.

"One of the most unpleasant circumstances, in travelling in the Levant, is the obligation of lodging in the houses of the Greek primates. A traveller may comment on this custom without committing the sin of ingratitude, since these hosts have generally their interest in view, and show their dissatisfaction very significantly, when the farewell present falls short of their expectations. It must at the same time be admitted, that many travellers seem to take a pleasure in forcing them to such conduct, and in extinguishing even the semblance of disinterested hospitality, by treating the reception given to them as a duty, and by behaving to the master of the house as if he were a servant. The English, in particular, are guilty in this respect, of an intolerable degree of rudeness; and only the servility which is consequent on long subjection, could create in the Greeks a disposition to put up with it. I met in my travels with one of these gentlemen, who was in the habit of addressing his Greek hosts in the most disagreeable and humiliating manner. If they complained of the Turkish yoke, he would say, 'the present state of things is advantageous to England, and she does well in exerting herself to keep it up, since the Turks are her faithful allies."

It will scarcely be expected that a writer of so negative a character as Mr. BARTHOLDY should join in ascribing to the modern Greeks that beauty of person, which several of his predecessors in travelling have ranked among their inheritances from their ancestors. He admits that the traveller seldom meets with bad shapes in that country, but he maintains that the Grecian profile, or indeed extraordinary beauty of any kind, falls as rarely to the lot of the natives of these as of other regions. The Greeks, however, are not likely to suffer in this respect from the recent admixture of the Albanians; a robust and comely race, who form the best soldiers in the Turkish service, and very naturally desire to turn their superiority to account by appropriating to themselves a portion of the fair provinces in which they happen to be stationed. Under such a government as the Turkish, where every thing is decided by dint of force, it is no wonder that these hardy *mountaineers* should have made considerable progress in assuming possession of the plains of Egypt, or the fertile valleys of Greece.

The few remains of Grecian architecture, which have survived the waste of time and the ravages of barbarians, are, after Athens, to be found at Nemea, Mycenæ, Corinth, Messene, and Phigalea. These have either escaped the notice of M. Bartholdy, or have been described by him with an unsatisfactory brevity: but, in treating of Athens, he rises to a degree of animation which we do not often discover in the course of his work. We transcribe this passage, together with some others, in which he communicates his observations on the general aspect of the country throughout Greece:

"The traveller who visits Greece must not expect to find there, as in modern Italy, the enjoyments of life; he will see only Greece herself. 'There remains for us,' says Winckelman, 'a shadow only of the object of our wishes: but we are not the less desirous of recovering what we have lost. We turn over every stone, and our researches lead to probabilities approaching to certainty, and which are more instructive than the accounts that have been left by the ancients; accounts which, except a few descriptions, are confined to historical narratives.' Every traveller should bear in mind this passage, that he may keep himself out of bad humour at the sight of the apparently insignificant ruins of Delphos, Delos, Olympia, and Sparta. Athens alone is an exception; a particular Providence seems to have watched over her. She has preserved a part of her monuments of art; she displays them still with splendour; and would to God that lord Elgin had not, by stripping the Parthenon, given a sanction to future violations. Throughout Bœotia, Phocis, Locris, Thessaly, Eubœa, Acarnania, Etolia, and Epirus, I cannot record a single architectural work in a state of preservation, nor even a single column which stands erect.

"The climate of Athens is the healthiest, mildest, and purest in all Greece. The clearness of the atmosphere, which is exempt from all moisture, permits the view to extend to the utmost range of the eye; and so favourable is it to the preservation of works in sculpture and architecture, that the ruins have still the gloss and polish of newly finished works. No corrosion nor traces of the influence of the sea-air are visible, nor is any part crumbling into dust. On the other hand, they want the dark and venerable tinge of the Roman ruins, and the tufted grass which binds itself round the latter; a circumstance which may probably be owing to the less porous nature of the marble. It would exceed my powers to describe the delightful prospects from Mount Hymettus, from the Acropolis, and from the ruins of the castle of Phyle, whence the Athenians saw that liberty re-enter which the Spartans had banished from their city. The description of these prospects would be attended with the greater difficulty, because they consist in lines and contours, which baffle delineation; for the mountains are bare and yellow-coloured, as in Provence, to which, indeed, Attica has been, not inaptly, compared.

"In consequence of the hard and stony quality of the soil, most of the remains of antiquity at Athens are still entirely above ground. At the temple of Theseus, for example, the building does not seem to have sunken above an inch; while at Rome, on the contrary, it is a work of considerable labour to disengage the base of the Colosseum, and of the triumphal arch of Constantine, from the surrounding earth. In some parts of Athens, however, there must have been a considerable sinking; and discoveries of sculpture may be expected to reward those who will undergo the labour of clearing away the earth.

"The olive, we are told by the ancients, was the finest present which Minerva could make to her favourite people, and it still forms the riches and ornament of Attica. A forest of a league in length, all consisting of olives, extends along the plain, covering the tract which was formerly occupied by the Ceramicus, the academy, and the gardens of the philosophers. Its direction is from northeast to southwest. The sacred road of Eleusis filled with the relicks of tombs and ancient monuments, leads to this delightful walk, in which also several other paths terminate. Nowhere are finer olive trees to be seen than here; scarcely can those of Palermo, or of the river of Genoa, be compared to them; their strength appears inexhaustible and their youth perpetual; and they incessantly produce new branches and new suckers. It should also be mentioned that nowhere are greater pains bestowed on the culture of the olive. The modern Athenians have a kind of country houses in this forest: but they are nothing more then small, square towers, containing a single room, in which a whole family crowds itself. This small apartment is at the top; and is entered by a steep ladder:

the landing-place being shut with a trap-door, for the sake of safety against any unforeseen attack.

"The Ilissus at Athens is in summer a small stream, and is reduced almost to nothing by being turned off to water the gardens of the citizens. Even the most celebrated rivers of Greece are deficient in beauty; their banks being often bare; their waters troubled; and their size equal only to our rivers of the third or fourth rate. Such are the Asopus near Thebes, the Sperchius near Thermopylæ, and the Alpheus of Elis. The Peneus, which traverses the celebrated vale of Tempe, is far from being a clear, transparent stream. The Acheloüs, the king of Acarnania, is the only Grecian river which presents a striking spectacle by its width and impetuosity. The most limpid of them are the Eurotas of Laconia and the Pamisos of Messenia, which is a beautiful river through its whole course. It is remarkable that, while the Greek towns have in general preserved the ancient names with very little alteration, the names of their rivers have frequently undergone a complete change. The Sperchius is now the Ellada; the Eurotas is the Iris; the Acheloüs, the Aspropotamos; the Alpheus, the Rofeo. The ancient names of their celebrated wells and springs are likewise lost in oblivion, with the sole exception of the Athenian Callirhoë. Of the Grecian lakes, only a few afford picturesque scenery. The lake of Acherusia has a wild and uncultivated appearance, except towards the town of Janina. It is singular that, in so hilly a country, we can hardly find a cataract that deserves the name. In Arcadia, the water-falls are inconsiderable, and the celebrated Castalian fountain forms a cascade only in winter. The abundance of water in Greece has progressively led, in the neglected state of cultivation, to the formation of marshes and stagnant pools; so that Larissa, Sparta, Argos, Corinth, and the banks of the Alpheus, but above all, Patras, are affected with epidemicks.

"Of the Grecian prospects, the most striking are those of Attica; and next, those of Thessaly, particularly the neighbourhood of Mount Œta. The country around Sparta unites abundance with beauty, and possesses, likewise, the advantage of a fresh colouring, as well as the foggy Bœotia, and Arcadia so fertile in springs, which next to Acarnania is the most abundant in wood of any part of Greece. Parnassus is a fine mountain: but the groves of Helicon exist no longer. Messenia is a romantick region; particularly if viewed from the height of Ithome towards the plain of Stenicleros, or the banks of the Pamisos and the Neda. From a convent near Messene, situated on a height opposite to Mount Evan, is an exquisite sea prospect; and in Phocis we have a very striking view, in that part where the road from Delphi to Libadia forms a kind of fork, and where tradition says that Œdipus embrued his hands in his father's blood. The ruins still visible there are probably those of the tomb of Laius; and large masses of stones are scattered around.—He who travels in Greece should pay particular attention to the rivers, springs, and wells. It often happens, as at Athens, that the situation of ancient villages may be traced by the wells, or by the mason's work around them. The stream of Persea runs, at the present day, on one of the eminences of Mycenæ, with the same freshness and clearness as in former ages, when Perseus is said to have made it spring from the mushroom which he had plucked, and which seems to have given a name to this celebrated city."

Volume II. is divided into three parts; the first treating of the state of civilisation among the modern Greeks; the second, describing a voyage from Negropont to Thessaly, with an account of the city of Larissa; and the third relating the sanguinary war between Ali Pacha of Janina and the inhabitants of the mountainous district of Souly. In our late account of Mr. Leckie's Historical Survey (vol. lix. p. 283) we mentioned that a Greek of the name of *Koraes* was retained at Paris by *Buonaparte*, as a fit instrument, to be brought forth in due season, for the purpose of exciting his countrymen against the Turkish yoke. This gentleman, whose name the French with their usual promptitude in new-modelling foreign appellations, have metamorphosed into *Coray*, discovers a vehement desire to exalt his countrymen in the opinion of foreigners, and wishes the world to believe that they are regenerated, and ripe for the enjoyment of liberty. These assertions are stoutly resisted by M. Bartholdy, who enters into a variety of details

to show the ignorance and frivolity of the modern Greeks; pursuing the arguments through a string of extracts from M. *Koraes* and rejoinders from himself, to a degree of prolixity which, we apprehend, has put the patience of all his readers to a severe test. We decline to enter on this controversy; which indeed, may be cut short in M. BARTHOLDY's favour, by the obvious remark that it is impossible for any nation, so long subjected as the Greeks have been to despotick government, to be in the state of improvement that is described by M. *Koraes*.

We conclude our extracts from these travels with the author's observations on the pernicious influence of the ecclesiasticks in Greece, and on the consequent degradation of literature in that country, which was so long the fountain of knowledge to the rest of the world:

"After the fall of Constantinople in 1453, a great number of Greeks moved westward to Italy, and established themselves, some as grammarians, and others as translators of their classicks; but the whole number did not afford a single eminent genius or artist, in the true sense of the word. The same may be said of the Greeks of the present day, whose great misfortune is their subjection to an ignorant and superstitious clergy. The influence of this clergy is employed to excite a general hatred against other religions, especially the Roman Catholick; and they are always ready to grant absolution to those of their flocks who either have deceived or mean to deceive the members of that communion. In other cases, when they are disposed to make their hearers pay more dearly for indulgences, the penance imposed is generally the building or the repair of a church. Accordingly, the number of religious edifices in several of the islands is prodigious. A general belief prevails that severe fasts constitute the chief part of our duties, and the Greeks, therefore, accustom their children to these absurd ceremonies, from their tenderest years. Simony is currently practised in Greece, and, as the bishops and archbishops have generally paid heavily for their several dignities, they indemnify themselves by all kinds of extortion. The mutual hatred of the two sects, the Greeks and Romanists, is extreme; and M. *de Pauw* has said with truth, that the first use which the Greeks would make of their recovered freedom, if left to themselves, would be a religious war. The Turks are most vigilant in turning these dissensions to their own advantage, by extorting money from both parties.—The monks of the Greek church practise every sort of imposition; they are the blood-suckers of the people, and find means at all times to appropriate to themselves whatever is best of its kind. They have been compared to the Franciscans and other mendicant orders of the Catholick church, but with great injustice to the latter.

"Although the literature of the modern Greeks has been enriched by translations of the most useful foreign works, yet the number of books in Greece itself is very small. Such as there are, they are generally theological, and the principal sale is in the islands. No booksellers exist in Greece; nor is there a good printing office in the Levant, not even in Constantinople. The medical men in Greece make a mere traffick of their profession, and act the part of quacks.

"Much ridiculous family pride prevails among the Greeks. Exclusively of their claims to distinction from descent, they make a pretension to consequence on the score of employment in the service of European nations; and to be a consul, or vice consul, in a port however insignificant, is a magnificent distinction. A flag is displayed before the house of the person in question, and renders it inviolable. Monsieur *Paul*, at Patras, is consul or vice consul to eight different nations; and, as he wears a European dress, he appears to day in one uniform and to morrow in another. He gives, however, a preference to the Spanish dress, on account of its scarlet lace. Nothing is of such importance in the Levant as to meet with complaisant and active men in the capacity of consuls, and nothing so unpleasant as to be concerned with foolish, proud, or selfish men in this situation. The French and Russian consuls are generally well chosen. The French government makes it a rule to appoint native Frenchmen in all seaports of any consequence. The Russian government sometimes appoints foreigners, but seldom Greeks, and always men who have a vigilant eye to its interest, and are approved both by character and by services. The English exercise less precaution in the choice of their consuls, and in consequence are sometimes very ill served.

"Among the Greek primates, with

whom travellers find it necessary to lodge, only a very small proportion possess cultivated minds. I have always met with most kindness and good sense among the poorer ecclesiasticks, and have consequently preferred to take up my quarters with them. One of the most remarkable traits of the Greek character is their superstition; they are perpetually thinking of the power of witchcraft; and Europeans travelling in Greece are incessantly annoyed by people asking directions for the discovery of hidden treasures, or offering their own services to aid in effecting those discoveries, which they believe to be the sole object of such distant journies. The Greeks are habituated to walk in the shadow of those whom they wish to injure; and they drive nails into their shoes, and bury them under a heap of stones, after having pronounced the words of the curse which they wish to inflict on their enemies. The women at Athens are accustomed to slide down a certain rock, as a remedy for barrenness. To cure sick or ill shaped children, they are in the habit of dragging them by moon light across a kind of cavern, in the neighbourhood of what is called the prison of the Areopagus; and in Arcadia, it is customary to kill kids and lambs on particular days, for the sake of drawing inferences from the state of their bones and entrails, particularly from the shoulder bone.

"The passionate fondness of the ancient Greeks for the exercise of dancing has not disappeared among their posterity, who omit no opportunity of gratifying their predilection for this exercise. Subjugated nations in general adopt the fashions of their conquerors, but Greek vivacity has never been able to imbibe the aversions which the Turks entertain for all measured movements, or rather for all movements which are quicker than the necessity of the case requires. The national dance of the Greeks is regarded as an imitation of that of the Labyrinth introduced by Theseus, and is extremely simple. The dancers move uniformly in a circle, in cadenced steps, holding each other by the hand, but never quitting the ring; and the only change consists in the leader (who is relieved from time to time) quickening or slackening the step, and extending or narrowing the circle. The Greeks dance at all hours and in all places, whether in a tavern, in a street, or on ship-board."

Were the whole, or even the greater part, of this work equal in merit to the extracts which we have made from it, it would deserve to occupy a considerable rank among books of travels: but, unfortunately, we discern several symptoms of passages being introduced for no other purpose than that of swelling the book beyond its legitimate size. The war of Ali Pacha against the inhabitants of the mountainous district of Souly, and the extracts from *Koraes* and from *Eton*, appear to us to come under this description. In these, as well as in several other parts, the information is of very subordinate interest, and might have been compressed into much smaller space. These transgressions are to be found chiefly in the second volume: but throughout the book various instances of insignificant detail occur; and the translator's preface is expressed in that style of hackneyed puff, which cannot fail to excite the suspicion of persons who are conversant with the artifices of the Parisian booksellers. All these expedients to augment the size of the work form so many deductions from its value as a literary performance, and reduce it to a kind of middle rank among the publications of the day.—It contains several small engravings, which are chiefly representations of the persons and dresses of the inhabitants of different parts of Greece. They are plain, and without pretensions to elegance of execution: but they are, notwithstanding, very useful in conveying a clearer idea of the objects delineated, than could have been furnished by any description. The original designs were sketched by M. *Gropius*, the traveller's companion in his tour through Greece. He may be a very worthy man; but his imagination does not seem to soar any higher than that of M. BARTHOLDY. His designs embrace no landscape, and indeed no ornamental subjects whatever; and his taste appears to be of the domestick kind, and to confine itself to the familiar and homely objects of common life.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Voyages dans l' Amérique Méridionale, &c. *i. e.* Travels in South America, by Don Felix de Azara.

Concluded from vol. iv. p. 295.

THIS intelligent author's remarks on the principal rivers, which he had occasion to survey, are extremely interesting. The Paraguay, at Assumption, when at its lowest level, is 1332 Parisian feet in breadth, and, at its ordinary height, discharges 196,618 cubick toises of water per hour. Its periodical rise commences about the end of February, and gradually and equally continues till the end of June, when it again begins to fall, and decreases by the same gentle gradations. The Parana, at its junction with the Paraguay, is estimated as equivalent to a hundred of the largest rivers in Europe. Having united with the Uruguay, it forms the Plata, which is reckoned the largest river in the world, and which is probably equal to the aggregate of all those of Europe. The falls of the Parana are described in a manner which will not bear abridgement, but which imparts animation and grandeur to the general picture. From the short account which is here exhibited of the ports on the Plata, we may infer that Maldonado is at once the most capacious and the most secure, though it is sheltered only to the leeward of the island of Gorriti.

Scarcely seven pages of text are allotted to the fishes, among which the traveller, strangely enough, includes land-crabs and turtles. The former he very unphilosophically supposes to have been originally created in the various districts which the race at present occupies, as he ascribes the production of a particular eel to equivocal generation. Of the few species of fishes to which he alludes, not one is so defined as to be recognised by scientifick naturalists; and he will not, we believe, have many European readers who will reckon themselves the wiser for being told that the Plata produces *manguruyús*, *surubys*, *patús*, *patys*, *pexesreyes*, and *mojarritas*. If this nomenclature be hard of interpretation, the following case of two beheaded turtles is not less hard to believe: "I observed," says the author, "with astonishment that they escaped, and leapt into the river, without reappearing on the surface, and with as much rapidity, regularity, and address, as if they had never lost their heads. This fact may supply matter of reflection to the learned; and some, perhaps, may be inclined to explain it on the principles of galvanism: but we should recollect that the procedure of these turtles was not limited to a muscular movement of the limbs, like that of frogs and other animals subjected to experiment, but that they acted with method and even with reason; for I observed, also, that they turned towards the water, as if they still retained the reasoning faculty, though deprived of their heads."

The wild and the cultivated vegetables of these countries are discussed in two separate chapters, but in such a vague and rambling manner, that the botanist finds himself constantly tantalized by general and provincial names, which the editor is either unable or unwilling to refer to their proper synonyms. The character of the prevailing vegetation in the plains appears to be nearly uniform, and even of a somewhat monotonous aspect; consisting, if we rightly comprehend the author's meaning, of gramineous plants, two or three feet high, which completely

conceal the soil: while, on the Brasilian frontier, where the country is checkered by elevations, a different race of plants, of a singularly, hoary appearance, diversifies the scene. Different species of Agave abound in low and humid situations; and, beyond the 40th degree of latitude, the whole vegetable kingdom seems to partake of the saltness of the soil. When the herbage has become rank and dry, it is often purposely burned, to give birth to a more tender and delicate pasture; and the conflagration, which is propagated by the wind, is arrested only by green woods, rivulets, or roads. The author travelled over an extent of plain of upwards of two hundred leagues, to the south of Buenos Ayres, which had been previously subjected to a single act of combustion, and over which the new herbage began to spring. Multitudes of insects, reptiles, and small quadrupeds perish in these extensive burnings; and even horses are often involved in the general destruction, because they want courage to pass over the flames.

Not satisfied with noting the change of vegetable produce which takes place, in consequence of the regular depasturing of herds and flocks, or of the settlement of families on tracts which were formerly uninhabited, the author recurs, in a triumphant tone, to his favourite hypothesis of local, multiplied, and recent acts of creation. Yet, surely, the least violent mode of solving the phenomenon is to suppose that the seed lay imbedded in the soil, but did not germinate, till placed in circumstances requisite for its development; such as exposure to the influences of the atmosphere; contact with a particular modification of soil; the presence of certain kinds of manure; a change in the depth of its position, &c. We are not furnished with sufficient data to warrant the inference that the suspension of vegetable life, in situations debarred from the essential stimuli of growth, determines in any assignable period.

In the whole tract of country which extends from the Plata to the straits of Magellan, scarcely a tree or a shrub exists. Near the Spanish frontier are found *viznagas*, a species of large, wild carrot, and thistles; which, with the bones and fat of cows and mares, constitute the only fuel. At Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, peach trees are purposely planted for firing, and used as such with bones and fat. Chaco, on the contrary, contains extensive woods and orange groves. In the native forests, the species are so diversified, that a person may sometimes traverse a considerable quantity of surface before he meets with twelve individuals belonging to the same kind. Several of the trees, which are indigenous to Paraguay, furnish a more compact, solid, and desirable timber than any that is produced in the forests of Europe. Various qualities, either of an uncommon or a useful description, are here attributed to different species: but the constant recurrence of Indian or Spanish names, and the total absence of scientifick characters, renders these notices of very little benefit to the publick.

The leaf called the Paraguay herb is the produce of a tree, or rather large shrub, which grows wild in the woods; and which, according to Molina, is the *Psoralea glandulosa* of Linné. To render it fit for the purposes to which it is destined, the leaves are slightly heated, by drawing the branches through the flame of a common fire. They are then toasted, and afterward bruised, so as to keep, when closely pressed; for they have no very pleasant flavour in the first stage of preparation. In 1726, the quantity prepared was only twelve thousand five hundred quintals, and it now amounts to fifty thousand. A handful of the leaves being put into a cup, or a small pipkin, it is filled with very hot water;

which is immediately drawn into the mouth by suction, through a small tube, pierced at the lower end with small holes, which retain the leaves, and allow only the liquor to pass. Some persons sweeten the infusion with sugar. The people drink it at all hours; and the daily consumption of each inhabitant is averaged at an ounce. A workman can gather and prepare one, and sometimes even three, quintals (or hundred weights) in a day.

With regard to cultivated vegetables, the produce of wheat, wine and tobacco, which formerly was very considerable in Paraguay, has been nearly annihilated by the natural indolence of the inhabitants, and the injudicious interference of government. The cotton and sugar crops are also of very inconsiderable amount, and they are liable to be injured by the first approaches of cold; the *Jatropha manihot* is successfully cultivated, and yields both farinaceous food and excellent starch. Varieties of maize and battatas likewise prosper. Almond and plum-trees grow rapidly, and display a great profusion of blossoms, but produce no fruit. The pears are indifferent, and the cherries scarcely eatable; but oranges, figs, pomegranates, bananas, &c. are excellent and abundant.

Under the seventh chapter, which treats of insects, the number of species particularized is extremely limited, and the author's ignorance of entomology requires the frequent correction of his editor. Some of the matters of fact, however, which M. DE AZARA himself observed, are well calculated to amuse even the uninformed reader. Of a small species of ant, for example, we are told that they act in concert, and move in procession, when any of their sentinels announce a discovery of meat, and especially of sugar or comfits, which they prefer to all other food. These articles are sometimes preserved by being put on a table, of which each foot is placed in an earthen vessel, filled with water. Yet, says the writer, "I have seen these ants, by clinging to one another, form a bridge, of an inch in breadth, and a palm in length, along which the others passed. If you suspend the table, or the board, the ants climb up the wall to the ceiling, till they reach the cord, which enables them to descend to the sugar, &c. I have myself attempted to keep them off by wrapping the feet of the table round with wool or horse-hair, without success. Nothing but soft tar prevents their passing. The sweetmeats must also be placed in a remote apartment; for these ants will not, in that case, soon discover them: but if one ant be inadvertently left in the room, it immediately informs the rest, which follow it in a body." A still more destructive species is distinguished by its offensive odour, and by suddenly issuing from its retreat during the night, and overrunning the floors, walls, and cieling of an apartment, two days previously to any remarkable change of weather. Their ordinary food is unknown; but, in these formidable sorties, which take place at the distance of months, and sometimes of years, they indiscriminately devour every spider, cricket, or beetle, that falls in their way. A mouse, on seeing them crawling out, runs off in dismay; or, if it cannot escape, it is assailed by numbers, and eaten up in an instant; even men have been known to make their retreat in their shirts; but the whole band may be dispersed by throwing among them a bit of lighted paper, or by spitting on them.

The introductory remarks on toads, snakes, and lizards, are extremely desultory, and chiefly rest on the unauthenticated reports of the natives; while the descriptions of the different species, from the uniform adoption of the provincial names, and the absence of proper, discriminating characters, are nearly unintelligible.

Chapter IX. which is of considerable length, treats of quadrupeds and birds; but it cannot be very profitably perused without a reference to the author's prior publication, and to the ornithological volumes of the present work. The retraction of former errours is, however, of importance to the student of natural history, and serves in the present instance to convince us that, with all his stubborness of assertion, this doughty Spaniard is not devoid of candour and a regard to truth. The present strictures, however, if taken by themselves, are little calculated to gratify the curious; and we strongly suspect that the enlarged edition of the history of the quadrupeds of Paraguay, even when accompanied by these supplementary remarks, may still stand in need of revision. If we rightly recollect, M. DE AZARA's account of the Tapir, for example, materially differs, in several respects, from that which *Sonnini* has since published in the *Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle*. Yet the Frenchman is undoubtedly the more accomplished naturalist of the two; and he resided in a part of the country in which that species of quadruped not only abounded, but lived in habits of domestick familiarity. In this chapter, therefore, we had looked for some discussion of the points at issue; but we find not the most distant allusion to the discrepancy of the two accounts. Some of the circumstances related of the *Jaguar* will contribute to supply our heretofore defective knowledge of that strong and rapacious quadruped; but the assertion, that it is utterly incapable of being tamed, requires limitation; since *Cuvier* remarks, in a note, that the living specimen in the Parisian Menagerie is perfectly gentle, and delights in the caresses of strangers.

The potent odours, which emanate from some of the weazel tribe in South America, have been commemorated by preceding travellers; and the present author ascribes the most pestiferous stench to the *Viverra zorillo*, or *Yaguaré*. Its effects are perceptible at the distance of a league, and powerfully repel men and dogs, if they venture within six feet of the animal. So insupportable, it is added, is the suffocating liquor, that, if discharged in the heart of Paris, it would more or less contaminate every house in that large city; and, if a single drop be deposited on any article of wearing apparel, the latter must be consumed or thrown away, since no quantity of soap and water can render it any longer endurable to the olfactory nerves.

Though the family characters of the opossums are distinctly laid down, the specifick names are all Indian or Spanish; and an inspection of various specimens in the museum at Paris appears to have shaken the author's confidence in his own distribution of the genus.

The *Vizcacha* is minutely described, and a few traits of its habits and modes of life are incidentally recorded. When the avenues to its burrows are blocked up, it would infallibly perish, did not other individuals of the same species reopen them. It is a nocturnal animal, and betrays such a propensity to hoarding, that it collects in the fields and at the entrances of its retreat heaps of small bones, and miscellaneous articles of every description; so that, when any thing is missing, the inhabitants are accustomed to find it in one of these motley parcels.

Towards the conclusion of this traveller's rapid view of the wild quadrupeds, he labours to impugn the supposition of their having migrated from the *old* to the *new* continent: but the idea itself has always appeared to us to be gratuitous, because the posterior creation of America remains to be proved. Besides, the junction of the two continents at some remote period, and subsequent changes of climate, induced by a

sudden or a gradual physical revolution in our planet, may suffice to explain the limitations of latitude prescribed to existing species. An argument of some force, however, is stated in support of the doctrine of successive acts of creation; namely, that single pairs of predacious animals could not subsist till generations had multiplied. With regard to *horned* horses, we suspect that they are a *creation* of the author's fancy; at least, we cannot bring ourselves to believe in their existence on the general *on a vu* of any traveller whatever.

The sheep and goats, we are told, have no other shepherds than dogs, called *Ovejeros*. In the morning, these dogs drive out the flock from the court yard; conduct them to the fields; attend them during the whole day, prevent them from straggling; defend them against every kind of attack; and at sunset, reconduct them to the house, where they pass the night.

"It is not necessary that these dogs should be mastiffs, but only of a strong race. Being taken from their mothers before their eyes are opened, they are suckled by some of the ewes, which are forcibly held in the requisite posture; and they are strictly confined within the court-yard, till the moment of their being capable of following the flock, when they go out along with it. In the morning, the owner of the flock is particularly careful to give the dog-shepherd a plentiful allowance of meat and drink; because, if hunger should seize him in the fields, he would fetch home the sheep at noon. In order to prevent this premature return, it is not uncommon to hang a collar of meat to the dog's neck, which he devours when his appetite becomes urgent, provided that it be not mutton, which the most violent hunger will not constrain him to eat. These dogs are all castrated males, because, if they were not, they would abandon the flock, to run after the females; and, if females, they would attract other dogs."

The mongrel and wild dogs are, in some districts, very numerous, unite in bands, and commit great havock among the sheep and cattle, but are never affected by hydrophobia.

Only five pages are here allotted to a few random remarks on the birds of South America; a circumstance which is the less to be regretted, because the species are particularized in the sequel of the work.

If we may implicitly rely on the statements in the tenth chapter, which treats of the wild Indians, we shall feel ourselves compelled to make large abatements from the accounts of the missionaries and of some hasty travellers. The numbers of these indigenous tribes, it should seem, have been much exaggerated; and the individuals of whom they are composed do not eat human flesh, nor use poisoned arrows, nor entertain any notions of religion. Their language and mode of utterance cannot be acquired by Europeans, without extreme difficulty, and a long residence among them. The idioms and structure of their respective dialects appear to be perfectly distinct, and the vocabulary of each is extremely scanty. About thirty different tribes are characterized under the more pompous title of *nations*. The Charruas, Pampas, Guaranys, &c. are portrayed with considerable minuteness and graphick effect; while the singular facts which are recorded concerning their manners, propensities, and habits, are not easily reconcilable with the ingenious but too refined generalizations of our philosophical historians of human society. The majority of our readers will, perhaps, concur with us in thinking that this chapter forms the most interesting portion of the work; but we cannot pretend to analyze its varied contents, without venturing beyond our prescribed boundaries. The prominent features of the shifting pictures which it holds up to our contemplation may, for any thing that we know to the contrary, be delineated with fidelity; yet we cannot altogether absolve the painter from the charge of incongruity. On

various occasions, for example, he is solicitous to convince us that these savage hordes are destitute of all ideas of religion and a future state; but since he appears to have been totally unacquainted with the language of most of them, we may be allowed to question his competency for determining the matter of fact, to the unqualified extent in which he repeatedly asserts it. His own allegations, indeed, in our apprehension, would justify the very opposite conclusion. The practice of burying, in a friend's tomb, his best and favourite horses is, probably, grounded on some rude notions of another world, and could never be adopted by a people who believed that death is eternal sleep. Of the Mbayas, it is said: "With regard to religion, they have no object of worship, nor do they allude, in the most remote manner, to that subject, or to a future state." Yet of the very same people we are told, that "some of them give the following explanation of their first origin: *God created in the beginning all nations in their present numbers.*" "Afterward, he resolved to create one Mbaya and his wife; and, as he had already given the whole earth to the other nations, so that no more remained to be distributed, he commanded the bird called Caracara to inform him," &c. At page 138, we again meet with this strong and very pointed asseveration: "But the positive fact is, that they recognise no creator; that they render neither worship nor homage to any thing in the world; and that they have no religion." Yet we learn, in the very next sentence, that several of them entertain rude ideas of the future destinies of the good and the bad.

The succeeding chapter comprises various general reflections on these savage Indians, stated sometimes in the form of grave problems, though generally admitting of an obvious solution. That the plants, which are carelessly propagated by some of the tribes should not be found growing spontaneously, will not excite the surprise of the vegetable physiologist, who is aware of the changes of aspect and character which modes of culture entail on various species. The prevalence of the race of Guaranys, and the diffusion of their tongue, may remount to causes which are concealed in the darkness of antiquity; and the greater facility of their subjugation may be fairly ascribed to their comparative physical weakness, combined with the extinction of many of those habits which are essential to the condition of hunters and warriours, but which decay, and are obliterated in the agricultural state of society. Doubts and difficulties, however, thicken in our progress, till, at length, these said poor Indians are more assimilated to the inferiour animals than to their own species.

"The Indians, in fact, resemble the inferiour animals in the delicacy of their sense of hearing; in the whiteness, cleanness, and regular disposition of their teeth; in their very rare use of the voice; in never uttering an audible laugh; in the absence of ceremony from sexual intercourse; in easy parturition, unattended with indisposition; in the most perfect liberty; in their ignorance of superiority or jurisdiction of any description; in their free and voluntary observance of certain practices, of which they can assign neither the origin nor the cause; in their want of games, dancing, singing, and musical instruments; in their patient endurance of hunger and the inclemency of the seasons; in drinking only before or after their repasts, and never while eating; in using the tongue only to get rid of the bones of the fish which they eat, and putting these bones, when separated, into the corners of their mouth; in their ignorance of washing or cleaning their bodies, and of sewing; in withholding all instruction from their children, and even, according to the custom of some tribes, in killing their offspring; in their complete disregard of the past and the future; in their dying in a state of apathy with respect to the lot of their wives and children, and indifferent about every thing which they leave in the world; and, finally, in their ignorance of religion, or of a divinity of any kind. All these qualities seem to approximate them

to quadrupeds; while the strength and acuteness of their vision, would even suggest some degree of affinity to the feathered tribes."

After a short recapitulation of the principal points of difference between these *non-descripts* and Europeans, Don Felix thus assumes the tone of the theologian:

"As this view of the subject is maintained by Spaniards, they are, moreover, bound to suppose that, if the Indians are descended from Adam, they cannot, in justice, be eternally damned for want of baptism, and for having omitted what they cannot perform, because they knew it not, and nobody had imparted to them the requisite instruction. I admit that, with the view of obviating this difficulty, it has been said that St. Thomas preached in America; and some even allege that they have met with traces of his mission; but I believe that these pretended vestiges are mere phantoms, and that an authentick proof of this mission is still wanting. I can at least affirm that, in this region, we meet with no bishop or church, both of which we may expect to find, in every country where the apostles have preached. Besides, it is scarcely possible that a single individual could have traversed and instructed the whole continent of America. Others suppose that the Creator communicated, by revelation, his will to the Indians, and that it rests with them to follow it or not.

"Let us now view the grounds on which it has been determined, that the Americans are sprung from Adam; that, consequently, they proceeded from the old continent; and that we should labour for their conversion. Their bodies were observed to be almost entirely like our own, and composed of the same parts. They not only acquired all the arts which we were desirous of teaching them, but they learned our language, imitated all our actions, conversed and reasoned like ourselves, and such of them as inhabited Mexico and Peru, had idols, and worshiped the sun. Hence it was inferred that, having a body like our own, acting and reasoning as we do, and adoring or not a material substance, they were the children of Adam, and capable of worshiping the Spirit which created all things.

"This idea, no doubt, derived confirmation from the circumstance, that the union of Europeans with Americans was observed to produce a fruitful progeny; for the celebrated count de Buffon, and most naturalists, believe that the identity of a species is sufficiently proved by the fertile issue of sexual intercourse. It is true, that I have not adopted this opinion in my notices illustrative of the natural history of the quadrupeds of Paraguay."

Here the chapter abruptly terminates; and we are left to work out the salvation of the American Indians, as we best can.

The condition of the Spaniards who have embraced the shepherd life is scarcely superiour to that of absolute savages. To every thousand head of cattle are attached a principal shepherd and a drudge, whose chief care is to gallop round the pastures once in a week, and to keep the cows and horses of the same proprietor within their allotted range: but most of their time is consumed in idleness.

"As these shepherds are removed from one another to the distance of four, ten, or even thirty leagues, chapels are very thinly scattered among them, and consequently they seldom or never go to mass. They often baptize their own children, and sometimes even defer that ceremony till marriage renders it indispensable. I have myself been sometimes entreated to baptize their children, whom they would point out to me, as they galloped over the plain. When they attend at mass, they are, generally, seated on horseback, without the church, the door being purposely left open. They are all extremely desirous of being buried in consecrated ground; a service which the friends and relatives never fail to pay to the deceased. As some of them, however, are very remote from a church, it is customary to allow the corpse to rot in the fields, after having covered it with stones or branches of trees, without interring it; and, when the bones only remain, they convey them to the priest for burial. Others take the dead bodies to pieces, detach all the flesh from the bones with a knife, and carry them to the clergyman, throwing away or interring the flesh. If the distance does not exceed twenty leagues, they dress the deceased as if he were still alive, place him on horseback, with his feet in the stirrups, and fixing him, in this position, with two sticks, in the form of a St. Andrew's cross, with all the appearance of a living rider, they conduct him to the priest."

In cases of sickness, these shepherds apply to a Christianized Indian man or woman, to one of themselves, or to any casual passenger; and they very scrupulously observe the prescription, which is usually either a drug or a plaster, as chance may direct. The furniture of their miserable cabins is generally limited to a water cask, a drinking horn, wooden skewers, and a small kettle, in which they may boil water, or infuse the Paraguay herb. Some of them have a pot, one or two chairs, or a bench, and even a rude bed: but most of them sleep on a cow's hide stretched out on the ground; and they sit either on their heels or on the skull of a horse or cow. They subsist entirely on the roasted flesh of cows: but, as they eat only particular portions of the carcase, the rest is allowed to putrefy about their doors, and to generate the most offensive stench, and myriads of noisome insects. They are, nevertheless, a very robust and healthy race of men; independent; phlegmatick; insensible, on many occasions, to pain, and the approach of death; little susceptible of friendship; careless of promises and engagements; and addicted to petty thefts, but very hospitable to strangers.

Besides the shepherds, these plains are inhabited by many roaming freebooters, who will submit to no species of occupation but that of thieving, and who even carry off women to their retreats. "They drag them away into the recesses of the desert woods, where they construct for them a small hut, like those of the Charruas, and feed them with the flesh of the wild cattle in the neighbourhood. When their scanty wardrobe is literally worn out, or when they are urged by any other personal want, the man issues forth by himself, pilfers horses from the Spanish pastures, and sells them in Brazil, in exchange for the articles that are wanted."—The author occasionally encountered some of these marauders, and the women whom they had carried off; particularly a young and beautiful Spanish girl, who had passed ten years of her life in their society, and quitted it with much regret.

Reflections on the political and statistical information which is contained in these pages might lead us into a wide and varied field of discussion. Suffice it to remark, as we proceed, that the laity have been more successful than the clergy in forming settlements; that the ignorance and selfishness of the subordinate agents have often frustrated the wise and humane intentions of the Spanish government; and that, in those districts in which domestick slavery takes place, it is exercised with a degree of moderation and gentleness that is unknown to more enlightened regions. The general impression, which the author's observations leave on our minds, is unfavourable to any considerable extension of commerce and the arts in the provinces of Spanish America, until a new system of publick management, founded on liberal views of policy, and calculated to rouse and maintain the energy and activity of all classes of the population, shall be permanently established.

Don Haenke, who seems to have explored some tracts of this immense territory with the eye of an intelligent chymist and naturalist, adverts to several articles of native produce, which may eventually contribute to the promotion of manufactures and trade. Such are, in the mineral department, three different modifications of alum, the sulfates of iron, magnesia, and soda, pure nitre, soda, verdegris, and orpiment, all of which he has observed to occur in great abundance. The neighbourhood of the Andes appears to be peculiarly adapted to the manufacture of white glass, since it furnishes at once inexhaustible supplies of timber for fuel, and all the requisite ingredients of the composition

in the greatest abundance and perfection. This gentleman next indicates three sources of wealth that are derivable from the animal kingdom; namely, the dung of the glama, guanaco, &c. from which excellent sal ammoniack may be prepared; the woolbearing quadrupeds, as the sheep, vicugna, alpaca, &c; and cochineal; on each of which topicks he descants with zeal, duly tempered by judgment. In the course of his observations, he thus celebrates the medical virtues of the muriate of ammonia:

"All the preparations of sal ammoniack [muriate of ammonia] are in very general use, but especially the famous *Eau de Luce*, as the genuine specifick against the bites of vipers and rattle snakes. The different plants which are vaunted in America, as powerful antidotes to these bites, such as the *aristolocia, anguicida, bejuco, guaco*, &c. probably owe their virtue to their greater or less quantity of ammonia, which is indicated by their disagreeable odour. A circumstance has lately occurred among the Yungas of the town of la Paz, which proves in a convincing manner, the power and efficacy of this remedy. An Indian, who was bitten by a rattle snake, was perfectly cured in a few days, by the external and internal use of volatile alkali alone, although he lay at the point of death, and betrayed the most dreadful symptoms. In no country in the world are people more exposed to the bite of these venomous animals than in the hottest part of America: but, at the same time, I believe, no place more abounds in the materials for proper remedies. Here thousands of quintals of the substances best suited to the manufacture of sal ammoniack, and its numerous preparations, may be easily collected.

"On this occasion, I should invite the attention of physicians to the cure of hydrophobia; a disease which is very common in Europe, but hitherto unknown in America. It is notorious, that, when once the unequivocal symptoms of this dreadful malady have manifested themselves, all the famous medicines which have been recommended for its cure, as *atropa belladonna, meloe proscarabæus*, mercury, &c. have been found deceptive and useless. If, as is supposed to be the case in vipeine poison, that of the mad dog, which is communicated to the blood by the bite, be of an acid nature, no remedy can be more efficacious, nor exert a more direct action in the destruction of this poison than ammonia, which would neutralize the animal acid; but, hitherto, I believe, the experiment has not been made."

The case of the Indian here reported, perfectly accords with some of those which were stated by Mr. Williams, in the second volume of the Asiatick Researches, and in which the exhibition of the caustick volatile alkali is mentioned to have cured the bite of the *cobra di capello*. It is reasonable, therefore, to infer, that the ammoniacal principle is hostile to serpentine poison: but that the latter is an acid is by no means proved. *Fontana*, on the contrary, was led to conclude that it is neither an acid nor an alkali. In following up the suggestions, however, which we have just quoted, it might be of some consequence to institute an accurate, comparative analysis between the serpentine virus, and the saliva of dogs that are affected by hydrophobia.

M. Haenke lends his favourable testimony to the medical virtues of *agæve vivipara* and *begonia anemoides*, and thus corroborates the result of the trials which were sometime ago made in the publick hospital of Madrid, with regard to the efficacy of these plants, or of some of their congeners, in the removal of venereal complaints. He has also found the quinquina in many districts in which it was not formerly known to exist; and he particularizes various vegetable dies, some of which might be made the objects of culture in the warmer countries of Europe.

The second and third volumes of this publication contain M. Sonnini's translation of M. de Azara's account of the birds of Paraguay and La Plata. As the species described amount to four hundred and forty-eight, and the descriptions are accompanied by the requisite marginal annotations, we cannot presume to

attend on the observant traveller and his commentator through this interesting series of their labours, nor to do justice to their respective deserts. The circumstances of dimension, form, and colouring, are usually recorded with much apparent precision, and are occasionally enlivened with pleasing notices of the habits and dispositions of the different families which pass in review. These memoranda are the more precious, because they contain much new and authentick information on the ornithology of South America; a subject which is still far from being exhausted.

In this quarter of the world, the predacious tribes appear to be more varied and numerous than in the old continent, and, at the same time, less fierce in their dispositions; some of them being even susceptible of gentle and domestick habits.

"I had occasion to observe," says Don Felix, "during more than a year, an Iribu* which was fed in the house. He was extremely gentle, would recognise his master, and accompany him on a journey of eight or ten leagues, flying above him, and sometimes resting on the carriage. He always approached the person who called him by name, and never fed in common with those of his own species, taking only what was offered from the hand; provided, also, that it was cut into small pieces, for otherwise he would not taste it. Another Iribu, equally tame, would accompany his master in journeys of upwards of a hundred leagues, and as far as Monte Video; remaining and sleeping on the outside of the carriage: but, when he perceived that the carriage was directed homewards, he hastened to anticipate its arrival, and thus announced to his mistress the return of her husband."

Among the many non-descripts with which this Spanish traveller has regaled us, the *little cock* and the *young widow* are particularly deserving of attention. The *manners* of the latter are thus described:

"This bird, which at Buenos Ayres is called *Cotorra*, is, by some of the people of Paraguay, denominated *young widow*, on account of the coif in which its forehead and neck are enveloped. It is almost the only *maracana* which breeds in confinement. It is by no means delicate, is easily taught to speak, and pronounces the words with great distinctness. I never saw a more coquettish bird. From the moment that a *young widow* enters a house, if she finds not a companion of her own species, she seeks for one of another, and practises all her arts to win his affections, lavishing caresses and flirtation, kissing, scratching, and unceasingly tantalizing by her tender accents, her sighs, and her movements; until, at the end of a fortnight, the love-lorn swain loses his heart's blood, and expires. The *young widow* seems not to be afflicted by a death of which she is the cause; for she never listens to the violent passion which she has excited: but if the male and female of this species be reared together, their amours are not so unproductive.

"These birds congregate in numerous flocks in Paraguay, and even in the *Pampas* of Buenos Ayres. They do not make their nest in holes, but construct it in trees, with a great quantity of thorny branches, the whole forming a sphere, bristling with prickles, and measuring three feet and a half in external diameter, with the entrance on the side, and the interiour furnished with green herbs. They lay three or four eggs; and the young perfectly resemble their father and mother, which are, in all respects, similar to each other in appearance. The whole nestle in contiguous trees, and sometimes on the same, so that their nests touch one another; and it is even asserted that the same nest suffices for the produce of several females. Like the *Neudays*, they search for flooded places, where they may drink. They haunt plantations and fields, and walk better than their congeners, being often assisted by their bill. They become very familiar, are fond of being caressed, and are better calculated than any other parrot to please their master."

In another place, the *young widow* again consoles us for the misfortune of our hoary locks, because, really, in plain English, we are not in the least ambitious of being jilted to death. "They gave me a *macarana* of this species [*Pavouane parrot*] which spoke very distinctly, but would not allow himself to be touched, scratched, or caressed. He had the free range of my house, in which

* A particular species of vulture.

was also a *widow*, who instigated him according to custom, by caresses, and every kind of coquetry, and made him distractedly in love with her, without yielding to his pressing suit. In short, the poor bird was left to languish, and died of an unavailing passion." The yellow-winged Parrakeet, it should seem, is guilty of the same cruel deportment, and absolutely *killed off* an unfortunate Lory, with love, and the *bloody flux*.

It is painful to detract from the merits of a treatise, which has certainly afforded us both entertainment and instruction: yet the publick have a paramount claim on our justice and truth; and while we cheerfully award to Don Felix de Azara the praise of diligent and faithful observation, an imperious sense of duty compels us to state that his divisions are seldom founded on scientifick principles; that he generally adopts the nomenclature of the province in which he happens to reside; that, in several instances, his account of the habits of particular species is more scanty than his opportunities would have led us to expect; that he betrays an unaccountable solicitude to cancel those distinctions which are so frequently observable between the sexes of birds of the same species; that he incautiously multiplies permanent differences; and that, owing to his imperfect acquaintance with the French language, he has indulged in many groundless and absurd strictures on the ornithology of Buffon. His translater has judiciously retrenched several of his crude criticisms; exposed the inaccuracy of others; admits the justice of genuine corrections; and discusses his references with patience and perspicuity. The treatment which he had previously received from the uncourteous Spaniard might have justified his silence, or his contempt: but, as the charges so broadly preferred against him have been maliciously circulated, without any notice of the reply which they have called forth, we think it is but fair to confront the author and his translator, and allow the publick to form their own judgment. In his exposition of the common characters of the *Bataras*, then, M. de Azara thus arraigns the veracity and the probity of the very person who has since so eminently contributed to improve, and to diffuse his lucubrations:

"That he might testify his gratitude, and pay a compliment to Sonnini de Manoncour, Buffon thus expresses himself: 'These latter [The ant-eaters] appear to me to form a new genus, an idea for which we are wholly indebted to the researches of M. Sonnini de Manoncour, whom I have already often quoted, because he has profoundly studied the history of foreign birds, of which he has presented to the king's cabinet more than 160 species. He has also had the goodness to communicate to me all the observations which he had occasion to make in the course of his travels in Senegal and America; and from these very observations I have collected the history and descriptions of a great many birds, particularly of the ant-eaters.' 'It is thus that my author writes; and I, for my part, read him with great pity, when I perceive that he does not tell the truth, and that he relates merely false and alleged information. This Sonnini de Manoncour gives to the family of birds in question the name of ant-eaters, because, says he, they eat and destroy a great number of ants, whose *tacurus*, or immense habitations, they demolish: but it is proper to mention that these birds do not eat a single ant, and I might add that scarcely any of these insects inhabit the same country with them. He assures us, that these ant-eaters never, or very seldom, perch on trees; that they run on the ground, like partridges, and are, therefore, at Cayenne, called *little partridges*. Very well! all this is false; the *bataras* cannot walk. Their progressive motion is tardy, constrained, and performed by leaps, like that of birds which frequent brush-wood and hedges; they alight on the ground only to seize the caterpillars and insects which they perceive on the surface; they perch almost constantly; and their inflated plumage is very different from that of any bird which is much addicted to flying or walking. If they are accidentally called little partridges at Cayenne, it is certainly not because they

move and run on the ground, like partridges, but probably because the boys in Cayenne, as in Paraguay, may be accustomed to give the name of partridge to every bird of which the plumage has a painted appearance. According to Manoncour, these birds live in bands, or troops; whereas they are always found solitary, or in pairs. He alleges that their tongue is furnished towards the point with small cartilaginous and fleshy filaments; while, on the contrary, its conformation is such as I have just described. He gives them a tail and wings so short as to be of little service in supporting and regulating their flight in the open air: but we must remark that, if the bataras of this traveller have a short tail, he must either have clipped it with scissors, or plucked it out, and put another in its place. His observation that the claw of the hind toe, in these ant-eaters, is longer and more arched than the fore claws, must appear ridiculous in the eyes of any person who is in the least accustomed to examine the feet of birds, because it is an almost general character. He assures us that his ant-eaters shun inhabited places; that they live in deep and remote forests, and, that, except the principal species, which are few in number, it is rare to find, among any of the others, two individuals perfectly alike; a circumstance which he ascribes to the facility with which the small species intermingle, and produce cross breeds. All this is false: the bataras generally haunt enclosures and bushes, either near to or remote from houses in the country, and never penetrate into extensive woods; and they constitute true species, whose colours, forms, and dimensions, are constant, and perfectly distinct. Sonnini alleges that the ant-eaters utter a cry, which varies in the different species, though in most of them it is very extraordinary; but these birds have no other cry than that which I have mentioned. He describes one nest for all the species; and thus we may judge of the confidence to which he is entitled. He affirms that the flesh of most of these birds is unfit for eating; that it has an oily and disagreeable taste; and that the digested mixture of ants and other insects, which they swallow, exhales a noisome odour, when they are opened. If such were the necessary results of insectivorous habits, they would not be limited to the bataras; since, generally speaking, all the birds of America feed on insects, in preference to any thing else. I never opened bataras, nor have I any desire to eat them; yet I do not believe the assertion of Sonnini de Manoncour; and I appeal to posterity, and to those who have ready access to the Parisian Museum of Natural History, recommending chiefly to their attentive examination the alarum thrush, the coraya, and the other ant-eaters, the caica, the arada, and the Cayenne buzzard. I hope that they will perceive the marks of the scissors which have been employed in shortening the tails of these birds, the strokes of the pencil by which their plumage has been disguised, and the traces of the hand which has substituted an extraneous tail, instead of that which was pulled away."

Let us now listen to Sonnini's reply:

"Although Voltaire, who has ridiculed the theory of Buffon relative to the beds of marine shells which are discovered in the bosom of the highest mountains, acknowleges that the eloquent naturalist had treated him somewhat roughly, yet he professes his unwillingness to quarrel about shells. I cannot reckon feathers a more serious cause of altercation; and certainly I am not more disposed to be angry than the poet of Ferney, though M. de Azara, who is no more *Voltaire* than I am *Buffon*, has chosen not only to attack but to insult me. I have too much respect for the publick and for myself to reply in the same tone, and to make use of the same weapons; they are unknown to me, but familiar, it should seem, to M. de Azara, who has recourse to them on all occasions, in his eternal invectives against Buffon, consisting in a great measure of pretended discussions in ornithology; discussions which I have suppressed in my translation, because they always proceed on false data, and teach us nothing else than the fretful humour with which the Spanish traveller regarded the French naturalist: but whatever I may and ought to do, in the case of another, is strictly prohibited in my own; and, accordingly I have neither altered nor retrenched a single syllable in this article of the *bataras*.

"I might naturally expect to share in the abuse which was directed at the individual whose labours I had participated; and most certainly I have not been disappointed. If, on the one hand, M. de Azara, in various parts of his work, pushes his discretion so far as not to acknowledge that his observations confirm my own, he is, on the other hand, solicitous to punish me severely for the esteem with which Buffon honoured me, and for cer-

tain articles in the *New Dictionary of Natural History*, in which I have shown that, whenever the Spanish author gives the freest scope to his virulence against the French writer, his blunders are then almost invariably the most egregious and complete.

"Such, precisely, is the predicament in which he stands with respect to myself. Never was that *Sonnini de Manoncour*, to adopt M. de Azara's polite phraseology, more decidedly in the right than at the very moment when opprobrious language was addressed to him with so much vehemence, from Paraguay, from Spain, and various quarters of the world. Posterity, whose testimony M. de Azara invokes—posterity, if ever that term shall apply to him, or to myself—will appreciate the value and determine the name of that indecent criticism, of which he makes me the object; and he will, perhaps, blush for having published it, when I shall have shown that the foundation on which it rests has no reality nor existence. M. de Azara has, in fact, committed a grievous mistake concerning the birds in question, since, in one word, his *bataras* are not my *ant-eaters*. If passion were compatable with the exercise of the reasoning power, the slightest attention, the most simple and superficial reflection, might have convinced the observer of Paraguay that birds, so very different in their external forms and natural habits, could not be included in the same family. Whoever will compare the account which M. de Azara gives of the *bataras*, with what I have mentioned of the *ant-eaters*, will be satisfied that features of dissimilarity, as numerous as they are striking, evidently separate these birds from one another. M. de Azara, it is true, affirms, with as much decency as good breeding, that I have equally imposed on the publick in all that I have advanced concerning the manners, habits, and conformation of the *ant-eaters;* yet no inhabitant of French Guiana; nor any mulatto or negro hunter, is ignorant that the *alarum-thrush* for example (and I quote that species as the most remarkable) never approaches habitations, nor quits the great forests, which it fills with sounds that have been aptly compared to those of an alarum-clock. With regard to the charge imputed to me by M. de Azara, of having disfigured the stuffed specimens of ant-eaters, it is absolutely ridiculous, to say nothing worse. It was in 1774 that I consigned to the king's cabinet a numerous collection of birds from our settlements in Guiana, among which there happened, for the first time, to be included, several species of *ant-eaters*. Since that period, very frequent transmissions of birds from the same quarter of America to the royal cabinet have taken place; and the *ant-eaters*, which formed part of them, resembled in all respects those which I had conveyed hither. To suppose that the inhabitants of Cayenne had come to a common understanding to cut short or pull out the tails of these birds, and to colour their plumage with the pencil, would be as absurd as to suspect me of taking the same trouble, in order that the *ant-eaters*, which I observed in 1774, might not resemble the *bataras* which M. de Azara was destined to describe thirty years afterwards.

"For the rest, these very unseemly attacks on the part of M. de Azara have not prevented me, in the course of this work, from doing him all the justice to which he is entitled; and from representing him, if not as endued with much instruction in natural history, or much conversant in the art of comparative discussion, as at least a very good observer."

Much of the oblique and useless commentary, in which the Spanish writer has so gratuitously indulged, appears to have originated in his want of a familiar acquaintance with the principles of systematick arrangement; a defect of education which the pages of Buffon were little calculated to remedy, and which often led him to fancy generick and specifick identities where none existed. A more cautious and scrupulous investigation of his references might have rescued him from the charge of hasty and unavailing criticism, and have placed in a more conspicuous point of view the extent of his discoveries and the soundness of his understanding. From the means of such investigation, he was unavoidably precluded in the wilds of South America: but, in the Spanish capital, and with the facilities of communication with Paris, which he enjoyed, he might have commanded them to their fullest extent. For the disgusting rudeness of manner, which characterizes his unseasonable strictures, we can devise no

other apology than that which we have hazarded in the commencement of our report.

The maps, which accompany these volumes, form a very desirable supplement to their contents. But only seven quadrupeds, and four birds, are delineated in the plates.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Scott's Marmion, a Supplemental Article.

ON the subject of this poem, a friend has supplied us with an anecdote so remarkable, and so illustrative, not only of the power of the poetry, but of the nature of local reports, that we are convinced our readers will be pleased with it. The poet certainly cannot be displeased.

In a voyage, with adverse winds, from Leith to London, this friend was detained two days at Holy Island, the scene of the trial and fate of Constance in that poem. He went ashore with an officer, and examined the ruins of the abbey, and found, on what seemed the site of the cavern in which Constance Beverley was tried and immured, a small fortress, with a few invalids, under a barrack serjeant, and one company of a regiment of militia. The officer instantly recognised the old serjeant as a soldier who had served under his father, who had also been in the army; and their early acquaintance was easily renewed. The serjeant then guided the voyagers through the fortress, which is built on a high and steep rock; and when they were on the highest part of the rock, he very gravely said, that there must be some profound cavern in it, to which, after a long search, he had been unable to find the entrance. Our friend asked why he thought so? Because, said he, a bell is distinctly heard to ring every night at twelve o'clock, in the centre of the rock, and apparently at a great depth; probably as deep as the level of the sea. He observed our friend to smile at such a fancy, and then swore that he had himself repeatedly heard it. As the officer had mentioned that his old acquaintance had received some education, our friend immediately asked him whether he had ever read Marmion. On his saying, that he had read it with great pleasure, he was asked if the midnight bell had ever been heard by him before that period. "No," said he, "we never till then thought of listening for it." The whole body of the invalids agreed in the same tale. They had all heard him read Marmion, and all had ever since heard the midnight bell, *though before that time they never thought of listening for it.*

A stronger proof of the impressive nature of the poetry cannot easily be imagined; and it may serve to show also by means of what faculty strange and preternatural sounds are usually heard, or sights of that description seen.

We meant to have interwoven this little narrative in our account of the Lady of the Lake; but having accidentally omitted it, we thought it too curious, knowing it to be literally a fact, not to be given to the publick.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

An Account of the British Settlement of Honduras; with Sketches of the Manners of the Mosquito Indians, &c. By Capt. Henderson of the 5th West India Regiment. 12mo. pp. 220. price 6*s*. London, 1809.

CAPTAIN HENDERSON observes that "opportunities for useful investigation, even amidst the fluctuations of a military life, are often found singularly favourable: but at the same time, it is probably to be regretted, that the ability and inclination to profit by these advantages, are not more frequently united." It is certain, that the military of our nation being often employed in foreign expeditions, not only see much of the world, but by making remarks on the spot, may collect and communicate information peculiarly entitled to attention. The little work before us, is a respectable evidence of this; and creditable to the author's talents and diligence. Neither the time spent by capt. H. in this settlement, nor the extent of his excursions into the interiour, from which we might estimate his opportunities for observation, are marked in his book. He has divided his work into chapters; and to each chapter has allotted certain subjects: the geographical position of the country, the coast, the principal settlements, &c the climate, agricultural resources, soil, animals, and other natural productions; the rivers, slaves, pursuits of the settlers, commercial advantages, &c. The narrative is concise; and the geographer, the naturalist, or the philanthropist might desire greater precision, and *completeness*, on sundry articles. Capt. H. maintains, against Mr. Pennant, that a species of antelope *is found* in this country; it resembles the dorcas, or Barbarian antelope, of Linneus. He also mentions a peculiarity in the swallow tribe, which deserves notice:

"Myriads of swallows are the occasional inhabitants of Honduras. The time of their residence is generally confined to the period of the rains, after which they totally disappear. There is something remarkably curious and deserving of notice in the ascent of these birds. As soon as the dawn appears, they in a body quit their place of rest, which is usually chosen amidst the rushes of some watery savanna; and invariably rise to a certain height in a compact spiral form, and which at a distance often occasions them to be taken for an immense column of smoke. This attained, they are then seen separately to disperse in search of food, the occupation of their day. To those who may have had the opportunity of observing the phenomenon of a water-spout, the similarity of evolution in the ascent of these birds, will be thought surprisingly striking. The descent, which regularly takes place at sunset, is conducted much in the same way, but with inconceivable rapidity. And the noise which accompanies this can only be compared to the falling of an immense torrent, or the rushing of a violent gust of wind. Indeed, to an observer, it seems wonderful, that thousands of these birds are not destroyed in being thus propelled to the earth with such irresistible force."

The number of white inhabitants in the settlement of Honduras is about 200; of mulattos and free blacks, above 500; of negro slaves, nearly 3000. As our chief supply of that elegant cabinet wood, mahogany, is from Honduras, we select as a specimen of the work, the captain's information on the mode of procuring it. We are interested in whatever concerns the material employed in so great a proportion of our domestick furniture.

"There are two seasons in the year for the cutting of mahogany; the first commencing shortly after Christmas, or at the conclusion of what is termed the *wet season*, the other about the middle of the year: At such periods all is activity, and the falling of trees, or the trucking out those that have been fallen, form the chief

employments. Some of the wood is rough squared on the spot, but this part of the labour is generally suspended until the logs are rafted to the different rivers' mouths. These rafts often consist of more than two hundred logs, and are floated as many hundred miles. When the floods are unusually rapid, it very frequently happens that the labour of a season, or perhaps of many, is at once destroyed by the breaking asunder of a raft, and the whole of the mahogany being hurried precipitately to the sea.

"The gangs of negroes employed in this work consist of from ten to fifty each; few exceed the latter number. The large bodies are commonly divided into several small ones, a plan which it is supposed greatly facilitates labour.

"Each gang of slaves has one belonging to it, who is styled the *huntsman*. He is generally selected from the most intelligent of his fellows, and his chief occupation is to search the woods, or as in this country it is termed, the *bush*, to find labour for the whole. A negro of this description is often valued at more than five hundred pounds.

"About the beginning of August, the *huntsman* is despatched on his errand, and if his owner be working on his own ground, this is seldom an employment of much delay or difficulty. He cuts his way through the thickest of the woods to the highest spots, and climbs the tallest tree he finds, from which he minutely surveys the surrounding country. At this season, the leaves of the mahogany tree are invariably of a yellow reddish hue, and an eye accustomed to this kind of exercise, can discover, at a great distance, the places where the wood is most abundant. He now descends, and to these his steps are directed; and without compass or other guide than what observation has imprinted on his recollection, he never fails to reach the exact point to which he aims.

"It not unfrequently happens, when the huntsman has been particularly successful in finding a large body of wood, that it becomes a contest with his conscience whether he shall disclose the matter to his master, or sell it to his neighbour. A liberal equivalent for this breach of fidelity being always punctually discharged. Those, however, who afford encouragement to such practices, by such impolitick temptation, are perhaps not more mindful of the old adage than of their interest, as it cannot but indirectly sanction their own slaves to take equal advantage, whenever the opportunity presents itself.

"The mahogany tree is commonly cut about twelve feet from the ground, and a stage is erected for the axe-man employed in levelling it. This to an observer would appear a labour of much danger; but an accident rarely happens to the person engaged in it. The body of the tree, from the dimensions of the wood it furnishes, is deemed the most valuable; but for purposes of ornamental kind, the branches or limbs are generally preferred, the grain of these being much closer, and the veins more rich and variegated.

"The mahogany tree is seldom found in clusters or groups, but single and often much dispersed; what, therefore, is denominated a mahogany work, comprehends an extent of several miles. The growth of this tree is considered rapid, but that of the logwood much more so, which, it is said, attains maturity in five years.

"The logs of mahogany are generally brought out by cattle and trucks to the water side, or to the *Barquadier*, as it has been termed in this country, which has been previously prepared by the foreman of the work for their reception. When the distance is great, this is a labour of infinite and tedious difficulty. As soon as a sufficient number to form a raft is collected, and the waters have gained the necessary height, they are singly thrown from the banks, and require no other aid or guidance than the force of the current to float them to the booms, which are large cables placed across the rivers at the different eddies or falls. Here they are once more collected, each party claiming his own from the general mass, and formed into separate rafts for their final destination. Sometimes more than a thousand logs together are supported by the booms, and the catastrophe attendant on their breaking asunder, which, during extraordinary floods, often happens, has previously been noticed.

"The mahogany, when disposed of at Honduras, produces from sixteen to thirty pounds, Jamaica currency, per thousand feet."

A single tree has been found to contain 12,000 feet superficial; valued at 1,000*l*. But these advantages are counterpoised by heavy drawbacks; such as, the keep of slaves, the price of every article of clothing and provision, all of which are imported (for the colony raises none) to which may be added, the dispersed state of society; for except at Christmas, the settlers have but

few enjoyments arising from reciprocal intercourse.

We suspect some errour in the rapid growth attributed to the mahogany tree; from the general grain of the superiour kinds of this wood, we should have thought it of *slow* growth, rather than rapid.

From capt. H.'s visit to the Mosquito Indians, we learn that

"This nation cannot number at the utmost more than 1500 or 2000 men capable of using arms. Immediately contiguous to it are two other tribes, called the Poyers and the Towkcas. These people are more numerous, and considered much more enterprising and brave, although they are tributary to the former, and have been so from time immemorial. The acknowledgment of this dependence is expressed by the annual payment of a certain number of cattle. But neither the Poyers or the Towkcas possess any thing like the civilisation of the Mosquito people. Hence unquestionably the cause and continuance of their vassalage."

Our author seems to think these savages tolerably happy. Their country is pleasant and fertile. Nevertheless, we find among them murder and treason; for "the late king George was murdered, and his death attributed very openly to his brother Stephen;" we find discontent and envy; and the messengers who carry the king's commands, carry also his *cane*.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. In continuation of the Poem left unfinished by Dr. Beattie. Book the Third. 4to. pp. 31. 6s. 1808.

WE seize on this specimen, which chance has restored to our observation, lest it should again be overlooked and forgotten. Arduous as the task is, of continuing an approved poem, this author is by no means unsuccessful in it; and the modest manner in which he presents it to the publick, renders his work the more interesting. "Notwithstanding the encouragement given him by his friends, he is," he declares, "very diffident of success with the publick. He therefore offers his poem in its present unfinished state, not as a pledge for its completion, but that he may find, in the manner of its reception, a touchstone by which to ascertain its real merit." Though unknown to the author, we would willingly stand among the friends who encourage him to proceed. He writes with purity and elegance, and we see no deficiency of poetick talent of any kind, which should prevent his concluding the tale with success. The following passage will probably induce many of our readers to judge as we do.

"'Twas on a night most suited to his soul,
Silent and dark, save when the moon appeared
Thro' shadowy clouds at intervals to roll,
And half the scene with partial lustre cleared;
Save that the stillness of the air was cheered
By waters pouring from the heights above;
Save that by fits the ocean's voice was heard,
With sudden gusts of wind that stirred the grove,
And rose and fell again, like tender sighs of love.

"Soothed by the scene, he traced the straggling course
Of a small stream, which from the distant steep
Of hills descending, poured its rocky force,
With many an eddying whirl and foamy leap,
Through a dark, narrow valley, to the deep.
Shunned was the dell by every earthly wight,
Where ghosts and wicked elves were said to keep;
True, 'twas a haunted spot; for Edwin's sprite
Oft' loved to linger there, and there the muse invite." p. 24.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

ANNOTATIONS ON SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,

BEING about to publish an edition of Shakspeare, I shall feel happy by your circulating the following specimen. The work is nearly ready for the press, and waits but for the last hand being applied to a prefatory essay, proving that Reynolds approaches as near to Plautus, as Dimond does to Shakspeare, and that Sheffington would write better plays if he had *any* knowledge of the drama.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act 1st.

"Your mind is tossing on the ocean."

The folly of editors in overlooking this nonsense would be truly wonderful, if any human folly were wonderful.

Your mind is crossing of the ocean.

"Do overpeer the petty traffickers."

The whole sentence evinces that our author meaned to describe the pride of the Argosies. I therefore, without hesitation, prefer

Do overbear the petty traffickers.

"My ventures are not in one bottom trusted."

My ventures are not in one bottom thrusted.

I have no other reason for altering this, than that I have passed over several verses without meeting any thing to change in them. An editor who does not find, must make faults.

"And you embrace the occasion to depart."

And you'd embrace the ocean to depart.

This I alter at my peril.

"We'll make our leisures to attend on your's."

I really see no mighty impropriety in this; the bard means:—"We'll make our leisures to attend on your leisures!!!"

"My wind cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague."

This is stark-staring fatuity. Antonio is thinking of his vessels, and Salarino therefore takes this mode of arousing him from his lethargy. It should be thus:

My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to the Hague,

where, it may be supposed, the vessels were riding at anchor.

"————But at dinner time
I pray you have a mind where we must meet."

A simple alteration illuminates the profound darkness of these lines.

———— But at dinner time
I pray you have a hind that we must eat.

" I hold the world, but as a world, Bassanio;
A stage, where every one must play his part,
And mine's a sad one."

If I were not excessively delicate in changing a letter of such a writer as Shakspeare, I would slightly alter this into

I told the world' it was a world, Bassanio;
A stage which every one must ride in fast;
And mind Abaddon.

That is, take care of the devil, Bassanio; ride fast, and take care of the devil.

" Do cream, and mantle like a standing pool."

This is a contradiction. I would write,

Do cream and mantle like a stagnant pool.

I own that the Iricism would still remain, but an alteration is effected at all events, and every alteration is a step to improvement, unless, indeed, one changes for the worse.

" Farewell, I'll grow a talker for this gear."

Farewell, I'll grow a talker for this year.

An errour of typography. The old editions have it, I believe, correct; but I have not time to look into them. It is not the business of an editor to be muddling his brains over old and obsolete books; nor would I do it if it were; my mind is too noble.

" 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled my estates."

'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have bedevil'd my estates.

I alter this for the same reason that the Englishman drank gin; because I like it.

" How to get clear of all the debts I owe."

I am convinced, with my lord Kames, that the best chronology of the order of Shakspeare's plays might be derived from internal evidence. The above line, for instance, evinces the Merchant of Venice to have been the first almost of his productions, written whilst he was very poor.

" Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom."

Anthonio means to say, that to save his friend from starvation, he will, contrary to custom, borrow money at " usance," or, according to the more modern term, " usury." We must now, therefore, place ourselves in the situation of Shakspeare, and imagine how he would express " hunger;" not surely by " ripe wants," but certainly thus:

Yet, to supply the tripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.

Tripe wants signify the yearning of the bowels, and is, I believe, a Scotch phrase.

" That all the yeanlings which were streaked and pied,
Should fall at Jacob's hire."

I could make little sense of this, till, by chance, meeting with a work of Bracton's [the lawyer] I read: " It was the custom of this country formerly, when a farmer did lose a young sheep, a cow, or a pig, or did become stricken in years, or did die, for the lord to allow unto him two shillings and six-pence, for and because of a dead gift or mortuary." From all which I infer that Shakspeare wrote,

That all the younglings which were stricked and died,
Should fall, &c.

" You that did void your rheum upon my beard."

I cannot avoid the relation of a story here, which will make the reader smile. An old gentleman, mounting Hampstead Hill, tarried at the Load of Hay, and exclaimed:

"This terrible wind *brings the rheum into my eyes.*" "Then, why don't you," said the witty landlord, "*bring your eyes into the room.*"

"Hie thee, gentle Jew."

I would vary this, I confess, from mere caprice, but every one has his whim as well as his taste.

Hie thee, Gentile—Jew,

conveys to my ears a more pleasing melody; besides which, it expresses the wavering opinion the Hebrew's apparently generous conduct had created.

"I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine."

It is really wonderful, that both Shakspeare and Milton accent the word aspect upon the last syllable.

"Father, come, I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye."

I am sorry to say this is a very indecent, though, it must be confessed, a ludicrous allusion to the burial service:

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed in a moment—in the twinkling of an eye."

"Like one well-studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam."

There are two kinds of sense (besides the five) one is denominated common sense, the second nonsense. Our commentators universally prefer the latter, and therefore never dream of explaining a passage by so slight a difference from the text as the following:

Like one well-studied in a St. Austin,
To please his grandam.

A St. Austin is a prayer-book.

"Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue."

There has been violent controversy about this passage, though it be simply an instance of transposition, or, as it is termed by the rhetoricians, "dislocation." Shakspeare is fond of this kind of writing: thus, in the *Taming of the Shrew*, "the oats have eaten the horses;" and indeed it is an excellent device, to give prose an air of blank verse. For example: "Three men thrust themselves into a hole" would be downright and obviously prose, almost to the hero of Moliere, who had spoken in that style all his life without knowing it. But the expression becomes truely grand inverted thus:

Into a hole three men thrust themselves.

"But, tho' I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his manners."

How ridiculous! Shakspeare had in his mind's eye the Salique law, which debars women from the rights of inheritance. Jessica, therefore, bitterly complains, in allusion to this,—

But, tho' I am a daughter to his blood
I am not to his *manors*.

But what could editors, for the most part educated at the plough's tail, know of the Salique law?

"———Jessica, my girl,
There is some ill a brewing."

Criticks are like dogs, not so much for Swift's reason—"that they snarl most when there are fewest bones," but that where one is at fault, the whole pack inevitably follows. All the editors have passed this line over unnoticed, and yet it is evidently erroneous. I read

———Jessica, my girl,
There is some ale a brewing.

There is some sense in this.

"When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then!—Come, approach!"

I smell false punctuation here.

I'll watch as long for you!—Then, come, approach!

This likewise amendeth the poesy.

"The hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds,"

The word vasty grows obsolete; I propose substituting "nasty." It is true that this may injure the sense, but the metre is well preserved. I question whether hyrcanian is not corrupted from Hesperian, and whether our bard did not allude to desserts gathered from the gardens of the Hesperides. But this I am not quite clear about. At all events, some deviation from the text should be introduced.

"Portia, adieu!"

I never could, with certainty, comprehend the signification of this till I had read that facetious work of M. Louvet de Couvray, entitled *La fin des Amours du Chevalier de Faublas.* In one of the chapters whereof (I forget which) is this exposition: "adieu," a contraction of "á dieu je vous commend." I have been told that Entick's Dictionary would have given me as much information, which shows how much we are disposed to travel in search of what we have at home; like the man who sought for a cuckold in every parish but his own.

"Hanging and wiving goes by destiny."

I have consulted Lowth, and, finding this line to be ungrammatical, esteem the whole an interpolation.

MOMUS.

THE KISS: OR, MOHAMASIM THE ASS DRIVER.

Qui te videt beatus est
Beatior qui te audiet
Qui basiat—semi deus est.——*Buchannan.*

IT was the custom of Mohamasim to rise with the sun, and drive his asses through the streets of Bagdad. All the world is aware that the milk of those animals is a sovereign remedy against stupidity. Mohamasim, therefore, grew tolerably rich, for there was not a citizen who did not persuade his neighbour that he stood in woful need of the remedy. Twenty years did he pass in this uninterrupted course, without a murmur, and without a wish. He had heard all speak with enthusiasm, of the pleasures of variety: yet heard with indifference. To him, that was most grateful which was most easy; and, though not supernaturally wise, he had discernment sufficient to discover that most things become easy by perpetual recurrence.

'Tis a piteous truth, that, be our inclinations howsoever unaspiring and inoffensive, they are equally subject to opposition with the most turbulent and ambitious. We may as well expect to live for ever, as to be for ever fortunate. Life is at best but like the beard of Hamlet's father, a sable silvered. Even the humble existence of Mohamasim, it seems, was to be checkered with trouble; for, one day, as the sultan passed by, the poor fellow, seized with a fit of coughing, wiped his mouth with his sleeve. Unfortunately, by the laws of the Ottomans, it is a capital crime to wipe your mouth in the supreme presence; but the sultan, who then reigned, having an uncommon portion of humanity and forgiveness, ordered the punishment to be mitigated to a thousand lashes. Now, as Mohamasim could have no claim to feeling, for he was an ass driver, a thousand lashes was a mere flea-bite to him; even the courtiers, a kind of personage renowned for compassion and fine feeling, did not deny the justice and lenity of the sentence; for what crime could be more atrocious than to

wipe one's mouth in the presence of a being who wore red morocco slippers?

Punishments are bestowed in Turkey with somewhat more alacrity than rewards are given in England. Mohamasim was stripped with summary celerity, and had received a dozen tolerably smart applications to his shoulders, when the sultan ordered the executioner to stop. The executioner, having lent his sovereign money, cared not an iota for his commands, so proceeded. The truth was, that having run up a score with Mohamasim, for milk, he bore him inveterate animosity; for there is nothing so merciless as ingratitude. Stay your hand, said the vizier, but still he proceeded. Stay your hand, exclaimed the courtiers unanimously; but still he proceeded. Dog, said the sultan, enraged, stay thy hand, or thou shalt be hanged, like the coffin of Mohammed, between earth and heaven. As the man had no violent inclination to be hung, he withheld at last, and Mohamasim had the satisfaction of hearing him told to go about his business. Mohamasim, said the sultan, if thou hast not contrived, before one revolution of the moon, to kiss the princess Roxalinda, thou shalt receive the rest. Commander of the Faithful, said Mohamasim, rubbing his shoulders, thy will is indisputable; mankind are thy slaves; thou speakest and art obeyed, nay, more than obeyed. Dust of my feet, replied the sultan, tamper not with my patience; choose, or this moment is thy last. Let me consider, said Mohamasim, with a playfulness he could not conquer; shall I now have *nine hundred and sixty* more of these pretty, agreeable, jocose lashes, or a kiss of the princess? Why, truly, I believe I shall prefer the kiss, if it be merely for the sake of variety. The sultan smiled, and left him.

Well, said the ass driver, when alone, can this be rejection; can this be choice; or receive nine hundred and sixty lashes from the heavy hand of that unmerciful scoundrel, or kiss the princess Roxalinda, the most angelick of mortals; the darling of the universe? Am I awake?—It would have puzzled Merlin himself to determine how long he would have soliloquized in interrogations, had he not been interrupted by the melodious remonstrances of his animals; but no sooner did the well known sounds salute his ears, than he started as from a trance, and, running to embrace his companions, profaned the very lips with which he was to kiss the princess. Never did scene exhibit more pathos on the one side, or more indifference on the other. The truth is, that asses are not remarkable for tenderness.

As he quitted the animals, the difficulty of obtaining an interview with the princess, for the first time, occurred to him. Mirthful and thoughtless, he never dreamed of obstacles till he tumbled over them. It was not till now that he suspected the sultan, in giving him his choice, had condescended to be facetious, and that, in fact, his shoulders were doomed to be flayed as inevitably, as though Gravity herself held the lash. In the name of the prophet, said he, where, when, and how shall I behold the princess Roxalinda? What hast thou to do with her, said a neighbour, slapping him with friendly freedom on the shoulder?

Before I proceed, it were not amiss to observe upon the dissimilitude of customs in different nations. In Turkey, you prove the strength of your friendship by raising a tumour upon your neighbour's shoulder. Lapland, being intolerably frigid, the inhabitants greet each other with an amicable squeeze by the nose, remarkably conducive to a more general circulation of the blood. The Dutch, of proverbial phlegm, usually apply a bamboo of some ten or twelve inches in circumference to each other's posteriors; a practice, say they, which, while it de-

presses the body, elevates the imagination. In France, where all are soldiers, none are esteemed friends who have not interchanged a brace of bullets. Our northwest regions, bearing a stronger affection for their apparel, than for aught besides, invariably seize each other by their coats, supporting a smart conversation until all the buttons are twisted off, or a dozen buttonholes decreased into one. We have, indeed, as well as the Turks, a fashion of tapping on the shoulder, a circumstance which renders sufficient reason for deriving the one nation from the other; especially when we consider that their "ⵔⵅⵣ" answers exactly to our "Aye," except that it is pronounced and spelled differently, and varies altogether in signification. But to return:

"What hast thou to do with the princess Roxalinda?" Do with her, said Mohamasim, chuckling, why I lie under the disagreeable necessity of kissing her. What! Mohamasim, the ass-driver kiss the princess! kiss your asses, you idiot. I have, said Mohamasim. Yes, and when thou shalt have surmounted yonder walls, escaped the vigilance of five hundred eunuchs, and explored thy way through inextricable avenues, thou shalt kiss Roxalinda.

In melancholy mood did Mohamasim one moment contemplate the walls, and the next placed his hand instinctively upon his shoulders. Oh Roxalinda! exclaimed he, among the multitude of thy admirers, who more urgently needs, who more ardently desires a kiss, than Mohamasim the ass-driver. Then did his rustick imagination dwell upon her various beauties; her shape so delicate, so majestick; her motion so magnificent; her apparel so lofty, and her feathers so waving; her swelling bosom—neque eas ut fœminis pendiculas, sed quales virginibus globosas—and her lips rosy, and pouting like the cherry.

As he proceeded towards the palace, so disordered were his senses, he thought the walls increased in height as he approached; his heart misgave him as he surveyed them; no friendly inequality for the hand to grasp, or the wearied foot to rest upon. Could I but make a beginning, said he, half my difficulties were vanquished. So Archimedes could have turned the earth, had he but possessed a second to hold his apparatus.

He now endeavoured to scale the walls, but every effort decreased his strength and his hopes; and, had he not fallen asleep in the midst of his perplexities, he had perhaps exerted himself into madness; but even from balmy sleep he gathered no relief; he dreamed of nothing but the princess. Now he beheld her pressing her ripe lips in mockery against an inaccessible window; and now placing his hand upon the summit of the wall, he leaped over it with as much facility and as much contempt as Remus over those of infant Rome. When he awoke, his faculties were less circumscribed, and his patience had acquired renewed energy; he imagined and rejected scheme after scheme; but, instead of regretting their impracticability, he lay on his back in mute amaze at the inexhaustibility of his own invention. At length he determined. If, said he, Mohamasim has any affection for the shoulders of Mohamasim, he must cease to be Mohamasim. Philosophers and Persian physicians are above all men respected in Turkey; rise up then, good Mohamasim, a philosopher, he said, and sprang from the ground; his heart dilated with hope as he hastened to his hut. He secured his doors, and proceeded to the habitation of a renowned sage, to obtain some information how to proceed. Arrived, he acquainted his host with his story, and his intentions, and petitioned for his assistance; but petitioning was not sufficient, he was compelled to pay for it.

My son, said the sage, go instantly to the city, and dispute upon the most engaging of all topicks, religion. But I know nothing of religion. No matter, declare that you could have formed the universe in three days fewer than it occupied the Almighty. Lament that you were not consulted at the creation, and demonstrate that the earth would revolve better on its axis if not flattened at the poles; prove that women have no souls. But if I cannot, interrupted Mohamasim? Never heed; in all difficulties make wry faces, and look big; become more positive, the more you find yourself in errour; what you cannot prove, declare self evident; and speak louder, the weaker your argument. If your auditors do not comprehend you, say you cannot furnish them with understanding. That I may safely do, said Mohamasim. And remember that the most convincing of all arguments is to turn upon your heel. To turn upon my heel! oh! oh! then I will venture to assert, that I shall become the first of logicians; to turn upon my heel, delightful reasoning! Listen, continued the sage; assert that the sun is a body of ice; that Adam was seven hundred and forty nine feet high; that Lorenzo de Medici was a bastard; and that all animals can live without air, except camelions and poets. These rules are all I have to offer; and with the few every-day maxims which follow, uttered with the sententiousness of aphorisms and apophthegms, you will doubtless succeed.

Virtue consists in doing good, and refraining from evil; vice in doing evil, and refraining from good.

If there were no poverty, there were no wealth; since to be rich, is to possess what your neighbours do not.

There are no such things, either in nature, or in imagination, as square circles, or circular squares.

As water is not ice, ice cannot be water; yet gravy is gravy, congealed or uncongealed.

No man can be deceived by futurity, who does not intrust it.

He who loses his thumb, is still a man; then why not he who loses his head?

He who destroys himself to day, will scarcely behold the dawning of to morrow.

And now, my son, as I have nothing to superadd, journey with solemnity to the end of the chamber, and shake thine head. Shake my head! said Mohamasim, in amaze. Yes, shake thine head. But I cannot; I never could: for I was born with a stiff neck. What! attempt to be a philosopher, and unable to shake thine head! Dunce, blockhead, idiot, driveller! depart, begone, hence, away! and learn that no man can be a philosopher who cannot shake his head; 'tis at least three fourths of his wisdom.

Mohamasim went his way, but did not despond, for he was still determined to play the doctor. Had he been in England, his incapacity to shake his noddle would have been of serious inconvenience, even in that character; but matters are ordered otherwise in Turkey, where that profound species of gesticulation is entirely resigned to philosophers. Mohamasim once more trod the path to his cottage; and such was his alacrity and expedition, that though naturally beardless, cheerful in countenance, and rapid in delivery, he issued forth completely devested of himself; and, ere the lapse of an hour, was seen standing at the gates of the palace with all the exteriors of a Persian doctor.

It happened to our hero, as it almost ever happens to short sighted humanity, that he owed his success to his imbecility. Had he disguised himself better, he had defeated his own schemes; since, according to the custom of the country, he would have undergone examination by the most learned of the nation. Happily, this practice, so pregnant with mischief to his plans, was escaped by the vizier's recognising him the mo-

ment he entered. The sultan, who possessed more of the *vis comica* than is usual with sultans, no sooner understood the business, than he determined to humour the deception. He entered, and ordering all but the vizier to withdraw, with inimitable gravity began to examine the assinego himself. Bravo! thought Mohamasim, the sultan knows no more of the materia medica than—than—than I. Had he studied for a year, he could have determined upon no comparison better illustrative of medical ignorance.

My vizier, said the sultan, has a kinsman afflicted with the epilepsy. Give him fenugreek and lillies. An uncle, added the sultan, suffers under a violent phlegmon of——Give him lillies and fenugreek. Again! cried the sultan; why what is more opposite to the epilepsy than a phlegmon? True, replied the ass-driver, with infinite vivacity; and pray, sire, what is more opposite to fenugreek and lillies, than lillies and fenugreek? The sultan smiled, and the vizier, less delicate in his mirth, crowed aloud with laughter.

For a multitude of complaints remedies were proposed by Mohamasim with equal facility. At length the sultan pronounced the name of the princess. I am glad, said the doctor, she is unwell; that is, because—I am glad—I mean, I am sorry—that I shall have the honour of curing one so cherished by your people, which will give me mighty satisfaction. You appear to be so confused between joy and sorrow, that you know not what you say; but, come, follow me. His heart beating turbulently with expectation, Mohamasim, accompanied by the sultan, paced an extensive suite of chambers, embellished with admirable paintings, superb tapestry, and couches covered with cloth of gold; all which Mohamasim, with great apathy, wished at the devil, for retarding his progress. The sultan observing his impetuosity, sported with it; he was minutely descriptive in his remarks; on this sofa he had toyed, hour after hour, with a favourite sultana, and on that chewed opiates by the pound; this was the portrait of an ancestor who wore a rose-coloured turban, and that of an ancestor who did not wear a rose-coloured turban. The poor fellow waxed furious with vexation and impatience; I wish, thought he, every one of your ancestors were cast into the rose-coloured sea.

After a perambulation of an hour, they reached an extensive saloon, where the sultan seated himself upon the carpet in that position which our tailors are so fond of apeing, and exclaimed, prepare for the physician! Upon the instant, to the unutterable astonishment of Mohamasim, innumerable hands and arms were projected through the tapestry from the adjacent chamber. This, said the sultan, is the custom of the Turks; from the appearance of the arm, and the beating of the pulse, ascertain their complaints, and administer; I leave you to your observations; but remember to respect our laws.

Recovered from his wonder, Mohamasim inquired for the princess, but obtained no reply. What, said he, are ye women, and cannot speak? A pair of arms were gently waved to and fro; alas! said he, shrewd and discerning as I am, I can neither remove phlegmons nor epilepsies by regarding a pair of withered elbows. Oh love! love! sighed a voice. Of all complaints, said the doctor, that has least to do with the elbows. Art thou a man, said the voice? I believe so, replied the doctor. Return thee hither at night, then, and be happy. Though a pair of arms, aged, withered, and diseased, was no very inviting entrance to happiness, Mohamasim bowed with feigned ecstacy, and embraced them; he had little inclination to the intrigue, but he hoped it might lead to an interview with the princess;

and then, said he, who knows what may happen. I have no wife, and owe not a farthing to chick or child.

He now retrod the galleries, turning a deaf ear to the supplications of his patients; do not die to night, said he, laughing, for I shall see your elbowships to morrow. In the midst of this pretty speech he was rather surprised to feel himself rudely seized by a set of infernal looking fellows, with squeaking voices, who, notwithstanding his tears and entreaties, bore him away to the sultan. Mohamasim, said the commander of the Faithful, since you have contrived to kiss the princess, I remit the punishment of the whip; but, for having attempted to impose upon me, the master of the earth, the wisest of mankind, I doom thee to imprisonment till the moon change; nevertheless, care shall be taken that you not only live, but live luxuriously. I command, said he, turning to his slaves, that Mahomasim be plentifully supplied with food, and that it be daily changed, lest it pall upon the appetite, from fenugreek and lillies, to lillies and fenugreek; hurry him away.

Mohamasim, though immured in a cell, where nothing was less troublesome than the light, could not refrain his laughter. Now, said he, has this master of the earth, this wisest of mankind, taken into his silly head that I have kissed the princess; well, since my shoulders are secure, of what consequence is a few basins of boiled lillies? thank heaven I am not incarcerated with that amorous old beldam of withered excellence.

He had not been an hour confined, ere, with tiresome punctuality, the promised beverage was handed to him in all the mockery of splendour. Determined to rid himself of the nauseating task, by performing it without delay, he was raising it to his lips, when his progress was retarded by a voice, which he recognised for his friend the sultan's, exclaiming: "Happy the being, who, like Mohamasim the ass driver, drinks physick from a golden saick, and rapturously kisses the elbows, aged, withered, and diseased, of that amorous old beldam, the princess Roxalinda!"

"The princess Roxalinda?" echoed Mohamasim; "holy prophet, who ever dreamed of a princess being old and ugly!"

MOMUS.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

FEMALE HEROISM, AS EVINCED DURING THE REIGN OF TERROUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

IN reviewing Mrs. Bristow's translation of Mons. Legouvé's poem *la Mérite des Femmes*, we expressed our surprise at her not inserting those authentick anecdotes, which that author had collected and added to his notes.—We then promised to supply her omission; we now enter on the fulfilment of our promise; they will form an interesting sequel to the curious narratives which we collected in our first volume, in proof of the celebrated prophecy found after M. de la Harpe's death, among his papers.

It is impossible to reflect, without emotion and gratitude, on the courageous affection and indefatigable perseverance, which were displayed by the female sex under the reign of terrour, towards their proscribed husbands, relations, or friends.—First, they petitioned the convention in their behalf, to the number of 1500 or 1600. Afterwards, in all the towns where incarcerations and murders took place, they braved every danger, made every entreaty, submitted to every sacrifice, to save, or at least to see, and to comfort, the

objects of their affection; and more than once, when they could neither obtain their liberty nor protect them, they willingly shared their captivity and death. I should be very happy to pay a tribute to each of those heroines, in recording her name and the instance of her magnanimity; but how could I collect accounts of actions so innumerable? I have, however, gathered some: they will be sufficient to attest the truth of my verses, while they witness the kindness of those consoling angels, who, in days of crime, imitated Providence itself.

Madame Lefort, in one of the western departments, trembling for the life of her husband, then imprisoned as a conspirator, bought a permission to see him. At dark, she flies to him with a double dress; she prevails on him to change apparel, to go out in this disguise, and to leave her there. On the next day it is discovered that his wife has taken his place. The representative addresses her in a menacing tone, "wretch, what have you done?"— "*My duty*," says she, "*do yours.*"

The same stratagem was employed at Lyons, when that valiant city, reduced to submit to her conquerors, became the theatre of the most barbarous executions. One of the inhabitants is marked for imprisonment; his wife is apprised of it; she hastens to warn him, gives him all her money and jewels, forces him to escape, and puts on the dress of this threatened husband. The executioners come to demand him: his wife dressed like him makes her appearance, and is conducted to the committee. The deceit being soon discovered, she is examined respecting her husband; she answers that "she has obliged him to fly; and that she glories in having exposed her own life to save his." When threatened with immediate death, if she does not disclose the road he has taken, her answer is: "Strike whenever you like, I am ready." She is told that "the good of the country requires she should give information," she exclaims: "The country does not command nature to be outraged."

Paris, as well as the departments, exhibited wonderful instances of connubial affection.

Madame Lavalette, a prisoner in La Bourbe,* with her husband, learns that he is about to appear before the tribunal; she runs to him, clasps him by the neck and legs, and entreats the gaol keeper to let her go with him. This dire favour was denied her.—

Madame Davaux obtained it.† Her husband, formerly lieutenant general in the presidial of Riom, had been arrested in that town, and ordered to be carried to the Conciergerie; he was overwhelmed with age and infirmities. Madame Davaux, aware of the fate prepared for him, resolved to share the bloody sacrifice. No warrant had been issued against her; and not being confined, she jumped upon the wagon in which the prisoners of the departments were carried to Paris. On their arrival, she was imprisoned with them, and died five months after on the scaffold, by the side of her husband, while she was embracing him.

Madame Lavergne, the wife of the commander in Longwy, raised her voice in his favour, before the revolutionary tribunal, when he was examined respecting the surrender of that town. Fruitless exertion! his sentence was pronounced in her presence. She then abandoned her-

* La Bourbe, la Conciergerie, le Plessis, le Luxembourg, l'Abbaye, Sevres, Port Libre, were houses of arrestation, or prisons in Paris.

† Extract from the book entitled *La Philosophie du Bonheur*, of Cit. Delille Desalle, author of *la Philosophie de la Nature.*

self to despair. To be immolated, it was sufficient to exclaim "*Vive le Roi!*" she made it resound through the hall. In vain were the judges willing to consider her as insane; she persisted in repeating the exclamation, till she obtained her wish and was condemned.

Madame Roland, the minister's wife, pleaded his cause, at the bar of the convention, with as much fortitude as eloquence. When arrested and unable to assist him, she bequeathed an example of intrepidity in death, in the calm with which she went to the scaffold.

Some unfortunate persons were brought to Paris, and put in the Plessis, to be tried. One of them had a young and beautiful wife, who had not quitted him. While she was walking in the yard, with the other prisoners, her husband was called to the door of the prison. Anticipating this as the signal for his death, she endeavours to follow him; the jailer objects to it; but strengthened by her misery, she breaks through every thing, runs into the arms of her husband, and clasps him, to enjoy at least the direful comfort of sharing his fate. The guards separate them. "Barbarians," said she, "still I will die;" instantly she flies to the iron door of the prison, violently strikes her head against it, and falls expiring on the spot.

Marshal de Mouchy was carried to the Luxembourg. No sooner was he there, than his wife comes in. They observe to her that the warrant does not mention her; her answer is: "Since my husband is imprisoned, I am also a prisoner." He is brought before the revolutionary tribunal; she accompanies him. The publick accuser observes that she has not been subpœnaed; her answer is: "Since my husband is summoned here, I must come also." He is at last sentenced to die; she steps with him into the bloody cart. The executioner tells her she is not condemned: "Since my husband is condemned:" says she, "I am also." Without uttering another word, she was executed with her husband.*

If, in those horrid days, Hymen made every exertion in behalf of the unfortunate, it may be well conceived that Love, more impetuous, did not yield to him.

The mistress of citizen Causs[illegible], a merchant in Toulouse, gave an instance of this.

The revolutionary commission of that town had condemned him; it was dark when his sentence was pronounced; therefore the execution was delayed till the next day. His mistress having heard of the delay, resolved to take advantage of it to deliver him from the hands of the executioners. There was an uninhabited house adjoining the place where he was to spend the night. She, who, during his trial, had sold all her property, to procure money to lavish in his behalf, immediately purchases that house. Thither she runs with a trusty chambermaid. They perforate the wall adjoining the prison, and make an opening in it large enough for the escape of the captive whom they wish to release; but the neighbourhood being crowded with guards, how can their discovery of him be prevented? A military disguise, which this cautious friend has brought with her, conceals his escape. Dressed herself as a gend'armes, she leads him on through the sentries. They went thus through the town without being recognised, and passed by the very place where the instrument was preparing which was to cut off a head, that Love contrived in this manner to preserve.

Love rescued also a young man of Bourdeaux, who had been thrown into one of the prisons of that town.

* This venerable Duke, the Marshal de Mouchy, was upwards of seventy years of age; his lady was nearly as old.—*Editor.*

The pestilential air he breathed there, undermined his health; he was carried to the hospital. A young nurse was ordered to attend on him. To a handsome face he joined the advantages of birth and fortune At first, his pleasing countenance interested her, and when he had acquainted her with all his misfortunes and forebodings, pity completed what tender sympathy began. She resolved to effect his escape. After imparting her design to him, without avowing her partiality, she advised him to feign as if he were in violent convulsions and expiring. The young man acted the part allotted to him. Sister Theresa, according to custom, spread the sheet over his head. The physician came at the usual hour; she told him the patient had just breathed his last; he went away, without suspecting her deception. At dark sister Theresa pretended that the corpse had been claimed, for the instruction of the young surgeons, and she had it brought to the hall for dissection. When he was there she gave him a suit of clothes, belonging to a surgeon who was in the secret; and in this disguise he escaped without notice. The fraud was not discovered till the next day. Sister Theresa was examined; and using no dissimulation, so awful was her candour, that she was spared. Meanwhile, she had inspired the young Bordelese with a passion still stronger than her own; he induced her to come to his retreat; and there, on his knees, he entreated her to embellish the days she had preserved, by consenting to be his wife; as may be readily conceived, she did not refuse; since she was receiving as much happiness as she conferred. They went together to Spain, where they were married.

Madame C.....r could prove her love to Cit. Boyer only by dying with him. They were imprisoned together in Paris. One day Boyer was summoned before the tribunal, as a witness. His fellow prisoners thought they should not see him any more, and the looks of all were directed towards his mistress She seemed to be composed, and retired to write. One of her friends, suspecting that this apparent calm might conceal a daring design, watched her, and intercepted a letter which she had written to the publick accuser. By this letter he was informed of every feeling of her burning heart. Madame C.....r expressed in it her wishes for the restoration of royalty, which was the same as calling for death; she expected it. But as she received no answer, she was afraid her letter had been intercepted; she wrote another, and took every care that it might reach its destination. In the mean while the journals were kept out of her sight, because Boyer was on the list of those who had been executed. She said to her friends: *I know he is no more, do not deceive me, I have courage.* They at length confessed the truth. She received this last blow with the greatest fortitude, and retired again to her apartments: there she read over once more her lover's letters, of which she made a girdle round her waist, and spent the remainder of the night in lamenting him. On the next day, she dressed herself with great nicety, and while at breakfast with the other prisoners, she heard the bell ringing. "*It is me whom they come to fetch,*" exclaimed she joyfully. "*Farewell, my friends; I am happy, I am going to follow him.*" She then cut off her beautiful hair, and divided it among her friends. She gave a ring to one of them, a necklace to another, and after begging that they would sometimes look at these presents, she took her leave. She ran to the tribunal; she was asked if she was the author of the letter which she was called to account for: *Yes, Monsters! I directed it to you; you have murdered my lover; strike me now; here is my head.* When on the scaffold she exclaimed: *here, he perish-*

ed yesterday, at the same hour; I see his blood; come, executioner, and mix that of his lover's with it! After uttering these words, she tendered her neck to the bloody axe, repeating to her last moment the name she held so dear.

Another woman distinguished herself, after the death of her lover, by an action of a different nature but no less affectionate. She had witnessed the execution of the unfortunate, on whom her affection was fixed. She followed his remains to the place where they were to be buried with those of several others. There she entices the cupidity of the gravedigger to obtain the head of a beloved victim, and tells him:—"*Eyes full of love, which death has just now extinguished, the finest hair in the world, youthful graces withered by sorrow; such is the picture of the one I want;* 100 *Louis d'or will be the reward of such a service.*" The head was promised. She came again alone and trembling, to receive it in a valuable veil. But nature was not so strong as love. Exhausted by such struggles, this fond lover fell down at the corner of Rue St. Florentin, and to the terrified eyes of beholders revealed her secret, and what she was carrying. She was sent before the tribunal, where the judges made a charge against her, of what ought to have excited their sympathy; and she went to the scaffold, in the consoling hope of finding in another world the object which had animated her with such a delirious passion!

Fraternal affection inspired also sacrifices.

The sister of a bookseller in Paris, of the name of Gatty, being present when her brother was condemned, exclaimed *Vive le Roi!* within the court itself. She wanted to die with him; but this sad satisfaction was denied her, and her execution was delayed till the next day.

Mademoiselle Maille, confined in Rue de Sevres, sacrificed herself for her sister in law. She went to the yard with the other prisoners, to hear the names of the condemned called over; her name being pronounced, she steps forwards, but observes that the surname not belonging to her, must apply to another person. She is asked whether she knows who that person is? [it was her sister in law] she remains silent; she is ordered to disclose her retreat. "*I do not wish for death,*" says she, "*but I prefer it a thousand times to the shame of saving myself at the expense of another; I am ready to follow you.*"

After the surrender of Lyons five prisoners escaped from a dungeon called the Cave of Death; the sisters of young Porral facilitated their evasion. They gave a part of their fortune to obtain access to their brother, and through the greatest dangers visited him several times, and procured him the necessary implements: young Porral made use of them with as much success as boldness, and soon came with his four fellow prisoners, to thank his sisters, who assisted him to elude the search which his flight occasioned.

[A very particular account of this evasion, with many others, some of them conducted with wonderful dexterity, was published at Lyons, after the reign of terrour had subsided. It shows to what fury revolutionary principles may be impelled.]

Madame Elizabeth could have avoided the dangers which threatened the Bourbons, by joining those of her brothers who emigrated from France; but she rather renounced all thought of herself than forsake the most unfortunate of them. She was executed soon after the king, with the placidity of mild innocence. When carrying to the scaffold, her neck handkerchief fell off; being thus exposed to the gaze of the crowd, she addressed to the executioner these memorable words: "*In the name of decency cover my bosom.*"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NO.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE ALEXANDER ADAM, L. L. D.

RECTOR OF THE HIGH SCHOOL OF EDINBURGH.

DR. ADAM, it appears, was born in 1741, the son of one of those little farmers who then abounded in Scotland, but are now swallowed up in the vortex of monopolists, or rather *pluralists*. His father, though poor, had the honest ambition, so creditable to Scotchmen, of giving his son a liberal education; and the son appeared no less ambitious of profiting by this paternal attention. "Having gone through the routine of the Latin language, as it was then usually taught in a parochial school, Mr. Adam turned his steps towards Aberdeen, with the intention of contending for a Bursary, an exhibition of small value." Being, however, unsuccessful, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and here comes the economical anecdote, and which we shall give in his biographer's own words: "His studies were continued with unremitting vigour, and his finances were so straitened, that in his anxiety to go forward to the grand object of his career, he even abridged his portion of the necessaries of life. He entered the Logick Class, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, 4th Nov. 1758, and about that time began to assist young Mr. Maconochie (now a lord of session, by the title of lord Meadowbank) in that capacity which is commonly styled a private teacher. For his services he received only one guinea in three months; yet, as he had no other method of raising a sixpence, he contrived to subsist upon this sum, and in a manner that will now appear incredible. He lodged in a small room at Restalrig, in the northeastern suburbs; and for this accommodation he paid four pence per week. All his meals, except dinner, uniformly consisted of oatmeal made into porridge, together with small beer, of which he only allowed himself half a bottle at a time. When he wished to dine, he purchased a penny loaf at the nearest baker's shop, and if the day was fair, he would despatch his meal in a walk to the meadows, or Hope Park, which is adjoining the southern part of the city; but, if the weather was foul, he had recourse to some long and lonely stairs (the old houses in Edinburgh have all common staircases, mostly of an unconscionable height, one in particular being fourteen stories) which he would climb, eating his dinner at every step. By this means, all expense for cookery was avoided, and he wasted neither coals nor candle, for when he was chill, he used to run till his blood began to glow, and his evening studies were always prosecuted under the roof of some one of his companions. The youths of Scotland have hitherto been remarkable for parsimony and perseverance; but no man was ever more completely under the influence of a virtuous emulation, than Mr. Adam. The particulars of his conduct, which are here related, have not been exaggerated in any manner, for he frequently told the same story to his pupils. At a convivial meeting between Mr. Adam and Mr. Luke Fraser, another of the masters of the high school, the latter, who was very sceptical as to Mr. Adam's parsimony, took the trouble of bringing together upon paper, the various items of his friend's expenditure, and actually found, that in six months it did not amount to two guineas!"

Dr. Adam's merits as a scholar, a teacher, a grammarian, and an author, were undoubtedly high; and, during the forty three years he held the rectorship, by his talents and assiduity he raised the school (especially the higher class, which it was his immediate province to teach) from a very low state to the zenith of prosperity; and he was enabled for many years to live and entertain his friends in a style of excellence, perhaps not inferiour to the learned lord, his former pupil.

POETRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

[The following beautiful ode from a correspondent, whose pen enriched a former number of the Select Reviews, was sent to us many months since.—It was unfortunately mislaid; but being now recovered, is inserted without hesitation or delay.] [*Ed. Sel. Rev.*

ODE TO PLEASURE.

I. 1.

WHENCE the touch, the magick thrill,
That through my bosom glides and glowing frame?
Quick glancing as the lightning's flame
Scaths the proud oak or pine at Jove's high will,
Waving on the frighted hill,
When, hid in clouds, the awful monarch stands,
And rolls his angry thunders o'er the sky,
Fading from my kindling eye,
And startled at the power's commands,
Pale care retires, amid the train
That hid in brooding night remain:
Her spell no longer now confines;
A new-born spirit wakes, a new-born radiance shines.

I. 2.

Ah! what queen of blissful art
Now breathes her fervour through my glowing soul?
With ruddy warmth and freely roll
The bounding currents from my beating heart,
Balmed at once its recent smart.
Light o'er my head, in visionary dream,
Soft peace descends and waves her dove-like wing—
While her hands, benignant fling
Her blessings in continual stream,
See Fancy lends her fairy aid,
In charms from Nature's store arrayed,
And, rising to my dazzled sight,
Spreads wide her pictured scenes, in gay luxuriance bright.

I. 3.

And lo! advancing on the plain,
Appears a smiling, beauteous train,
With tripping footstep slightly bounding
To delighted musick sounding,
And, as flushed the forms advance,
On me they bend the favouring glance,
Pointing to enchanted ground.
Foremost pleasure moves along,
And softly breathes her siren song;
While giddy Mirth, with wreath fantastick crowned,
Whom Bacchus taught of old, and played
With him in his viny shade,
And to the jocund stripling gave
His freshest cup of Nectared wave,
Sports beside the Goddess wild;
And Love, the rosy-dimpled child,
With blooming cheek, and, archly smiling,
Unsuspecting hearts beguiling,
Leading the cherub Joy in hand,
Peeps from behind his mask, and waves his air-light wand!

II. 1.

Hail ye guides on man who wait!
For whom ye deigned to leave your native sky,
And, while the fiends of death stood by,
Snatched half the bitter from the cup of fate!
Blessing the propitious date,
Then infant hope unveiled the distant years,
And held her flattering mirror to the view,
Clear as morning's crystal dew,
Unsullied yet by sighs or tears:
With rapture rung the heavenly choir,
And, while was heard from every lyre
The strains sublime of lasting truth,
Thee, Pleasure, thee they named the guardian of his youth.

II. 2.

Seated in her stony cell,
Mistress of thought and gloomy Memory's powers,
Pale Melancholy marks the hours

The swift decline of fleeting life that tell!
Ah! can thought their force repel?—
With solemn brow she woos me to her seat,
Where oft I met the moralizing maid;
But the dim recess of shade
Explore shall duteous now my feet,
When Pleasure, with seductive mein,
Points her opening paths between,
And holds the goblet o'er whose side
Flows the inspiring juice, and bids me quaff the tide?

II. 3.

O bear me to your blest retreats,
Your breathing bowers, exhaling sweets,
Where sportive zephyr flutters, shaking
Golden wings, and gently waking
All the myrtle-murmuring grove!
And there with thee my steps shall rove,
Distant from each mortal care;
There Love shall aim his honied dart,
Thrill, but never wound the heart;
And melting maids, as yielding kind as fair,
In dalliance dear, and amorous play,
Glancing looks of humid ray,
And sighing odours, as they go,
Shall, with the soul's delicious glow,
Lead me to the rosy bed
For blissful rites their hands have spread:
And ever ceaseless joys amassing,
As the moments bright are passing,
Attentive forms shall, mocking doom,
Strow with oblivious flowers my passage to the tomb!

III. 1.

Long, a stranger to repose,
I prest the thorny couch of thought forlorn;
Yet bleeding with my bosom torn,
I called no power my weary eyes to close,
Jealous of my cherished woes:
And oft when dimly glimmering in her sphere
Hung midnight's silent, solitary lamp,
Wandering at her season damp,
I paused the torrent's roar to hear;
Or when the moon, in fleecy shroud,
Shrunk pale behind her fearful cloud,
I loved, amid the soul-affrighting hours,
To hear the rushing blast that raved among the towers!

III. 2.

Realms of rich delight and joy,
At length I reach secure your blest domains.
Oh! Pleasure, goddess of these plains,
Ne'er changeful turn from thy adoring boy,
But give my hours their fond employ!
She smiles, and fresher beauties clothe the scene;
Entrancing musick steals upon the air:
Drooping flower's their bloom repair,
And fling their fragrance round their queen.
'Tis mine, in wished forgetfulness,
The couch of luxury to press,
And heaven itself receives me here:—
But soft! what seraph voice comes solemn on my ear?

III. 3.

"Mistaken youth! and dost thou deem
The joys you grasp are not a dream,
Thy cheated fancy quick pervading,
And, alas! as quickly fading?
Soon the glittering prospect bright
Will vanish from thy sickened sight.
Touched by Reason's awful ire,
Unveiled appears the specious harm;
Guilt remains for Pleasure's charm,
And sad remorse for the indulged desire.
He finds in harlot-lap carest,
Innocence has left the breast.
E'en beneath the flowers concealed,
On which thy limbs their langour yield,
Care with serpent-form remains
To sting the wretch with fiercer pains;
And Death, o'er mad excess presiding,
Marks his prey, each joy deriding!"—
The voice was hushed, or heard no more,
And all was fled my sight of all that charmed before.

GEO. W. CLARKE.

Baltimore.

THE BUTTERFLY'S FUNERAL.

AN IMPROMPTU.

I.

Oh! ye, who so lately were blithsome and gay
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away;
Your feasts and your revels of pleasures are fled,
For the soul of the banquet—the Butterfly's dead!

II.

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance,
For see his thin form o'er the favourite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend!

III.

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle that follows as mournful as he;
And see where so sadly the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave!

IV.

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn;
And the Moth, who was grieved for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body, and silently kissed her.

V.

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And enclosed in a case which the Silk-worm had spun;
By the help of the Hornet the coffin was laid
On a bier out of myrtle and jessamine made.

VI.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the Spider came there in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glowworm soon frightened him back.

VII.

The Grub left his nutshell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Bookworm along;
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be placed on her tomb:

EPITAPH.

At this solemn spot where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bend o'er the Butterfly's grave;
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallowed the ground which her ashes had made.
And here shall the daisy and violet blow;
And the lily discover her bosom of snow,
While under the leaf, in the evenings of spring,
Still mourning her friend shall the Grasshopper sing.

APOSTROPHE, TO THE RIVER NITH.

[*By John Mayne.*]

HAIL, gentle stream! for ever dear
Thy rudest murmurs to mine ear!
Torn from thy banks, though far I rove,
The slave of Poverty and Love,
Ne'er shall thy bard, where'er he be,
Without a sigh remember thee!
For there my infant years began,
And there my happiest minutes ran;
And there, to love and friendship true,
The blossoms of affection grew!

Blythe on thy banks, thou sweetest stream
That ever nursed a poet's dream!
Oft have I, in forbidden time,
(If youth could sanctify a crime!)
With hazel-rod, and fraudful fly,
Ensnared thy unsuspecting fry;
In pairs have dragged them from their den,
Till, chaced by lurking fishermen,
Away I've flown, as fleet as wind,
My lagging followers far behind!
And, when the vain pursuit was o'er,
Returned successful as before!

By Francis Hodgson.

"Let Alexander's discontented soul
Sigh for another world's increased control!
Ill-weav'd ambition has no charm for me,
Nor, sordid Avarice, am I slave to thee.

"I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country house on Windermere—
A beauteous wife, as sensible as fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

"I am no glutton—no! I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish—
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Three guineas for my dinner every day.

"What though shrewd Erskine at the bar we view,
As famed as Crassus, and as wealthy too;
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To jump like Ireland, and like Belcher box;
To act as Garrick did—or any how
Unlike the heroes of the buskin now;
To range, like Garnerin, through fields of air,
To win, like V——s, England's richest fair—
I only ask these blessings to enjoy,
And every varied talent well employ,
Thy life, Methuselah! or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine."

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PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

The Bishop of Lincoln is printing a work upon the subject of Calvinism, which will comprehend his last three Charges, with very considerable additions and numerous quotations from the works of Calvin and of the ancient fathers.

Mr. Southey's Poem of Kehama is nearly finished at press.

Bannockburn has been selected by Miss Holford, as the subject for her next Metrical Romance

The Gleaner, a Selection of papers from neglected periodical Essayists, by Dr. Drake, have been for some time in the press, and will speedily be published, in four octavo volumes.

Dr. George Rees is preparing for the press a new edition of his Work on Disorders of the Stomach, with additional cases.

Mr. Cromek, editor of the Reliques of Burns, will publish shortly, "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song:" with historical and traditionary Notices relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry.

The Right Hon George Rose has in the press a new and enlarged edition of a brief Examination into the Increase of Commerce and the Revenue brought down to the present Time.

A work is in the press, the first part of which will be published at the beginning of the ensuing year, entitled the "Devotional Family Bible," containing the Old and New Testaments, with Notes and Illustrations, partly original and partly selected from the most approved expositors, with a Devotional Exercise at the end of every Chapter. By the Rev. John Fawcett, A. M.

A Life of the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. with his Epistolary Correspondence, in a quarto volume, from Authentick Documents in the possession of Mr. Ford, his Executor, is in the press.

A Translation of the Institutes of the Christian Religion, by the celebrated John Calvin, in three octavo volumes, is shortly expected to appear.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR MARCH, 1811.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Observador Portuguez, Historico e Politico, de Lisboa, desde o dia 27 de Novembro do Anno de 1807, em que embarcou para o Brazil o Principe Regente Nosso Senhor e toda a Real Familia, por Motivo da Invasam dos Francezes neste Reino, &c. Contém todos os Editaes, Ordens publicas e particulares, Decretos, Successos fataes e desconhecidos nas Historias do Mundo; todas as Batalhas, Roubos e Usurpaçoens, até o dia 15 de Setembro de 1808, em que foram expulsos, depois de batidos, os Francezes. Lisboa. 1809.

THE tyranny which was exercised over the press in Portugal, produced a race of authors in that country more resembling in their frame of mind, the writers of the middle ages, than those of modern times. The people sunk into an intellectual torpor, under the paralyzing despotism of church and state; and the number of readers was in consequence so small, that literature never became a trade. There was, therefore, no occupation for that execrable race, who, either in their own naked character, as libellers, or under the assumed title of satirists or criticks, acquire notoriety by pandering to envy or malice; and as little scope was there for political adventurers, who hope to rise in the world by tying themselves to the tail of a party-kite. No man became an author for the sake of gain, or for the hope of preferment; and, except a few young poets, there were none who published for the love of reputation. Their sonnets and pastorals, and *glosas*, easily past the various boards of censure, which presented an insuperable barrier to all the works that tended, in the slightest degree, to expose the errours and abuses of the existing government. For the last century, scarcely any book of history or of travels appeared in Portugal. So greatly indeed have authors been deterred from publication, by the obstacles which the boards of censure presented, and so little has there been to tempt them in the rewards or applause which the publick could bestow, that a very large proportion of Portuguese literature exists at this day in manuscript. Men were always found, who delighted in acquiring knowledge for its own sake, who amused themselves in composing works for their own instruction, and that of their friends, contented with self-applause, and with the thought that they were

preparing materials, for which future historians would be grateful

The author of the Portuguese Observer is a man of this description. During the tyranny of Junot, he collected every edict which was issued, kept a faithful journal of the events passing within his own knowledge, and procured accounts, on which he could rely, from other parts of the kingdom. When this melancholy task was begun, there could have been no other feeling to alleviate it, than the desire of leaving to posterity a faithful detail of an aggression, at that time unparalleled for injustice and cruelty, in the annals of Europe. On the deliverance of his country, he was enabled to publish as much of this journal as prudence would permit; much, he confesses, has been withheld, because the times required it; that is to say, he has been unwilling to make himself obnoxious, by exposing the misconduct of individuals; and there is as yet no liberty of the press in Lisbon. But though he admits that it has not been possible for him to relate the whole truth, his book contains nothing but the truth; this he solemnly affirms; it is corroborated by the testimony of persons best acquainted with the transactions of that period, and the work itself bears the strongest marks of veracity.

According to this writer, the circumstance which made the prince of Brazil resolve upon retiring to his vast empire in America, was the communication of the secret treaty of Fontainbleau from the English court. Had this measure been earlier resolved on, the act itself might have been one of the sublimest spectacles recorded in history; but the haste with which it was conducted, rendered it a scene of confusion. On the part of the emigrants, nothing was to be seen but hurry and disorder; on the part of the people, astonishment and dismay. Sir Sidney Smith offered to bring his fleet abreast of the city, and there, seconded by the indignant populace, dispute every inch of the ground with the invader. Lisbon, he said, was surely as defensible as Buenos Ayres. It was well for Junot, that this resolution was not effected.

The first division of the French army, consisting of 10,000 men, reached the villages adjoining Lisbon, on the 29th of November, while the prince and his faithful followers were sailing out of the river. They arrived without baggage, having only their knapsacks, and a half gourd slung from their girdle as a drinking cup; their muskets were rusty, and many of them out of repair; the men were mostly bare foot, foundered with their march, and almost fainting from fatigue and want of food. The very women of Lisbon might have knocked them on the head. On the following day, the royal guard of police went out to meet Junot, and he made his entrance into the city. A proclamation had previously been circulated, in which the general added to his other titles, that of Great Cross of the Order of Christ, an honour conferred on him by that very prince whom he came to entrap and destroy. "Inhabitants of Lisbon," he said, "I come to save your port and your prince from the malignant influence of England. The prince, otherwise respectable for his virtues, has permitted himself to be drawn away by perfidious counsellors, to be delivered by them to his enemies; they alarmed him for his personal safety; his subjects were regarded as nothing, and your interests were sacrificed to the cowardice of a few courtiers. People of Lisbon, remain at peace in your houses; fear nothing from my army, nor from me; our enemies and the criminal are the only persons who ought to fear us. The great Napoleon, my master, sends me to protect you. I will protect you."

The first act of this protection

was to seize the fortresses upon the river, and fire upon the ships which had not yet got out. The shops were shut; the streets full of people, and the discount upon the paper money rose to 50 per cent. The next day, December 1, was the anniversary of the acclamation; of that revolution which restored the crown of Portugal to its rightful heir. What a day for those inhabitants of Lisbon who loved their country, and were familiar with the history of its age of glory! Powder wagons were now creaking through the streets; the patroles and the whole force of the police were employed in calming and controlling the people who beheld all this with indignation, and an instinctive longing to vindicate themselves. The parish ministers went from house to house, informing the inhabitants that they must prepare to quarter the French officers, and collecting mattresses and blankets for the men. In the midst of all this, so violent a storm of wind arose, that it shook the houses like an earthquake; and in the terrour which it occasioned, many families fled into the open country. Many buildings were injured; the treasury and arsenal unroofed; and the tide suddenly rose twelve feet. The circumstance was noted in the Paris papers; and, in the spirit of those writers who speak of the tempest which occurred at Cromwell's death, as something supernatural, it was added, that no sooner had the French flag been hoisted, than the elements were calmed, and the sun broke forth in all his splendour. This interpretation, however, could not be current at Lisbon, because the French flag was not hoisted there till ten days after the storm.

The troops entered Lisbon mostly by night, and without beat of drum. Eleven thousand were now posted in the city, from Belem to the Grilo, and from the castle to Arroios. The generals of division and brigade took possession of the houses of those fidalgos who accompanied the prince, and of the principal merchants; and, as the first fruits of that protection, which the religion of the country was to experience, all persons in the great convents of Jesus, the Paulistas, and S. Francisco da Cidade, who had any relations by whom they could be housed, were ordered to turn out, that the French soldiers might be quartered in their apartments. On the 3d the merchants were called on for a forced loan of two millions of cruzados, and this at a time when their ships had been seized in France, when a British squadron blockaded the port of Lisbon, when the ships from Brazil were warned off by that squadron and sent to England, and all foreign commerce utterly destroyed! Every day, almost every hour, brought with it some new mark of French protection. Account was taken of the property of all those persons who followed the prince, that it might be confiscated. M. Hermann was added to the regency, and made minister of finance, and of the interiour, by an appointment of Buonaparte, which by its date sufficiently proved, if any proof had been needed, that whatever the conduct of the prince might be, that tyrant had resolved to usurp the kingdom. The edict which Junot had issued, on his first entrance into Portugal, was now printed and circulated in Lisbon. Beginning in the usual style of French hypocrisy, it ended with their usual insolence and cruelty. Every Portuguese, it said, who, not being a soldier of the line, was apprehended in an armed assembly, should be shot. If any Frenchman was killed in the country, the town or village, to which the district belonged where the murder was committed, should be fined in not less than three times the amount of its whole annual rents, and the four principal inhabitants taken as hostages for the payment. And as an exemplary act of justice, the first city, town, or village,

in which a Frenchman was assassinated, should be burnt to the ground. When this decree was issued, the prince of Brazil was in alliance with France, and Junot protested that he was entering as a friend, expressing his confidence that the fine city of Lisbon would joyfully receive an army, which alone could preserve it from becoming the prey of the English.

The next measure was an edict for the confiscation of English goods, ordering all persons who had any English property in their possession, to give an account of it within three days, on pain of being fined in a sum ten times the amount of the property concealed, and even of corporal punishment, if it was thought proper to inflict it. On the same day, the use of fire arms in sporting was prohibited throughout the whole kingdom, and any person detected in carrying fowling pieces, or pistols, without a license from general Laborde, the commandant of Lisbon, was to be considered as a vagabond and highway murderer, carried before a military commission, and punished accordingly The next day all kinds of arms whatsoever were prohibited; and the winesellers were ordered to turn out all soldiers at seven in the evening, on pain of a heavy fine, and of death for the third offence. The troops, as they continued to arrive, were quartered in all the convents, and their women with them, as if to insult the religious feelings of the people. Complaints were made that the officers required those persons upon whom they were billeted, to keep a table for them. An order was issued, in which Junot expressed his displeasure, saying that the French officers in Portugal were to consider themselves as in garrison, and had no right to demand any thing more than lodging, fire, and lights. He reminded them also that the emperour had placed them on the same footing as the grand army, in consequence of which they would regularly receive extraordinary pay sufficient to defray all their expenses. This edict was in the true spirit of the French generals; it was something to be published in foreign newspapers, as a proof of the good order which they observed; meantime all the superiour officers, not merely compelled those upon whom they had billetted themselves, to furnish a table, but every kind of provision also for the entertainments which they thought proper to give. Many persons gave up their houses to these insolent guests, and retired into the country; still they were obliged to support the establishment; and answer all the demands which the intruders chose to make.

There now appeared a pastoral letter from the cardinal patriarch of Lisbon, written at the request, that is to say, under the orders of Junot. The author of this journal apologizes for its abject and servile language. Its secret meaning, he says, will be apparent if it is read with attention; and its effect was, as the venerable pastor intended, to strengthen the veneration of the Portugueze for their religion, and tend to the destruction of the impious wretches who were profaning it. It is to be regretted that so faithful and patriotick a writer should, in his wish to excuse another, attempt to justify what ought not even to be published. For whatever may have been the patriarch's secret desires, and however his language may have belied his heart, certain it is that he now betrayed his country, and, as far as in him lay, contributed to its degradation and destruction. He told the Portuguese that the French were come to assist them; that they were under the protection of Napoleon the Great, whom God had destined to support and defend religion, and to constitute the happiness of his people. "You know him," said he; "the whole world knows him; confide

therefore, with unalterable security in this prodigious man, whose like has not been seen in any age. He will diffuse over us the blessings of peace, if you respect his determinations." In this manner, exhorting them passively to submit to whatever might occur, he entreated all his clergy, by the bowels of Christ Jesus, to concur with him in impressing upon them the duty of resignation and submission. This address was intended to prepare the people for what followed; and on the succeeding day the French flag was hoisted upon the arsenal. It is the system of Buonaparte, and the infamous ministers of his tyranny, to break down, by a series of insults, the spirit of every nation which is unhappy enough to be brought under his yoke. Two days the French colours remained flying there; on the 3d, the French troops were drawn up in the square of the Rocio, when Junot thanked them, in the emperour's name, for the constancy with which they had endured the hardships of their march. Heaven, said he, has favoured us in our object of saving this fine city from the oppression of the English, and we have now the glory of seeing the French flag planted in Lisbon. He then called upon them to cry, long live the emperour Napoleon! At the same moment the French colours were hoisted on the castle, a salute of twenty guns was fired, and repeated by all the forts upon the river. This was about mid-day; the Portuguese had been murmuring from the moment the flag appeared upon the arsenal, and this new insult increased their shame and indignation. Without plan, without leaders, without other arms than sticks, and stones, and knives, they attacked the guards, in the great square, between five and six in the evening. Junot was giving a grand dinner, in honour of some victory; it was abruptly ended; his officers hastened to their posts, and the Portugueze traitors, who were his guests, fled to their own houses. The tumult continued about three hours. It was then so far suppressed that Junot, with most of his generals, went to the opera, and there displayed the French flag, as if in triumph. The greater part of the few Portugueze who were present left the theatre. While this bravado was going on, cannon were planted at head-quarters, and gunboats stationed so as to command some of the market places and streets. At daybreak the streets were full of soldiers, horse and foot, patrolling the town; but wherever a Frenchman ventured to appear alone he was immediately attacked. Many families fled into the country. Junot published an edict, ordering that every person taken in arms should be carried before a military commission. He prefixed to it this sentence, as a text for his bloody laws: "Rebellion is the greatest of all crimes." He then fortified the castle, threw up new works, and planted batteries, from which he threatened to destroy Lisbon if the insurrection was renewed.

These disturbances were not attended with much bloodshed, and no executions followed them. The Portugueze troops had not joined the people, for no plan had been concerted, and the resistance, when attempted, was perfectly hopeless.—Their disposition, however, was well known; and the regiments which had been called from the provinces by the prince immediately before his embarkation, were now ordered back to their respective stations. It was found that the decree for the discovery and confiscation of English property and goods had produced little effect; the three days allowed for giving in an account elapsed on the 7th, and on the 8th the term was prolonged for eight days more, with heavy denunciations against those persons who should attempt to evade it. That part of the decree which related to English property might

easily be obeyed by those who chose to obey it; but the confiscation of all English goods, in a place where half the goods were English, was a measure as impracticable as oppressive; and the day after Junot had issued his second edict upon the subject, he found it necessary to publish a third, modifying the former two, and, in fact, confessing their absurdity. It appeared, he said, that, in virtue of these decrees, the merchants and shopkeepers could not dispose of many articles of English manufacture; that the want of these articles kept out of the market a great number of things which were in daily use, and would therefore raise the price of those which were not prohibited; they were, therefore, permitted to sell such articles as were not actually the property of British subjects, under the following conditions. 1. That an account of the British goods in their possession should be delivered in, and permission to sell them obtained from the commissary at Lisbon, or some publick functionary in the provinces.—2. That this permission should not be granted, unless the kind, quality, measure, quantity, and price of the article for sale were specified.—3. That the vender should hold himself responsible for the amount of all which he disposed of, and, for that purpose, should enter in his books the quantity of the thing sold, the price, and the name of the purchaser.

A few days before Christmas the priests were forbidden to celebrate cock mass, that the people might not have that opportunity of assembling by night. It was ordered that no bells should be sounded on that night, and even the use of the little bell, which precedes the sacrament when it is carried through the streets, was prohibited. On the day after these orders were issued, the inquisitor general published a pastoral letter, repeating and enforcing the base language of the patriarch. It was received with indignation by the people. The author of this diary says, that they condemned the inquisitor because they read only the written words, and did not discover the hidden meaning; but when the Spaniards and Portugueze shall have worked out their own deliverance, which, whatever disasters they may now experience, sooner or later they assuredly will do, both nations will do well to remember that the inquisition betrayed the government by which it had so long been encouraged, and the people whom it had so long oppressed and degraded.

Great exultation was manifested by the French at the news that Russia had declared against England; this they had considered as the most difficult of all their projects, and the only thing requisite to ensure their full success. But the same day brought tidings that many of the Brazil ships had been warned off by the blockading squadron; and though a Russian fleet was lying in the Tagus, Junot had occular proofs that these northern allies could not enable France to wrest from Britain the dominion of the seas. Lisbon is dependent for great part of its corn upon foreign supplies; to provide against the scarcity which was now foreseen, it was decreed that all farmers and corn dealers who were indebted to the crown, should pay half the amount in grain, which was to be delivered to the French commissariat at the current prices. As the government was now effectually converted into a military usurpation, it became easy to simplify its operations, and most of the persons formerly employed in civil departments were dismissed from office. Some were at once turned off, others had documents given them, entitling them to be reinstated upon vacancies; a few had some trifling pension promised them. The miseries of servitude were now fully felt in Lisbon, which but a few weeks before had been one of the most flourishing

cities in Europe. Whole families were suddenly reduced to poverty and absolute want. All who depended for employment and subsistence upon foreign trade, were now destitute. Their trinkets went first, whatever was saleable followed; these things were sold at half their value, while the price of food was daily augmenting. Persons who had lived in plenty and respectability were seen publickly asking alms, and women, hitherto of unblemished virtue, walked the streets, offering themselves to prostitution, that the mother might obtain bread for her starving children, the daughter for her starving parents. These were sights which the French generals and officers beheld without compunction; but the consequences which their invasion produced in the provinces threatened to affect themselves. Their march through the country had been like that of an army of locusts, leaving famine wherever they past. The peasantry, some utterly ruined by this devastation, and all hopeless, because of the state to which Portugal was reduced, abandoned themselves to the same kind of despair which, in some parts of South America, contributed to exterminate the Indians, and at one time materially distressed and endangered their cruel conquerors.—They thought it was useless to sow the seed if the French were to enjoy the harvest; and so generally did this feeling operate, that the mock regency, which acted under Junot, found it necessary to issue orders compelling them to go on with the usual business of agriculture.

The encouragement of agriculture was made a pretext for breaking up the Portugueze army. Every subaltern and soldier who had served eight years, or who had not served six months, was discharged, and ordered to return to his own province. The Spanish general at Porto, acting upon the same system as Junot, and, as yet, unsuspicious of the fate which the French were preparing for his own country, issued a similar order; and the marquis de Soccorro, who commanded at Setubal, as governour of the new kingdom, in which he expected that that miserable puppet and traitor the prince de la Paz would soon be invested, diabanded, by one sweeping decree, all the Portugueze militias; discharged all the married men from the regular army, and invited all others to apply for leave of absence. In the partition and invasion of Portugal, the wretched court of Madrid was as guilty as that of the Thuilleries; but the conduct of the Spaniards, during the invasion, was far different from that of their treacherous allies. Neither insult nor outrage was committed by them; and while all the measures of the French were directed to the two purposes of enslaving the Portugueze, and enriching themselves, the Spanish generals courted and obtained the good opinion of the people. The province of Alem Tejo suffered no exactions during the time that it was under the marquis de Soccorro; and while Junot's edicts were in one uniform spirit of tyranny, the Spanish marquis was offering rewards to those who raised the greatest crops, or bred the most numerous flocks and herds. Some of his decrees indicated a curious passion for legislating. He addressed circular instructions to the judges, enjoining each of them, when he had notice of any civil suit, to call the parties before him, hear their respective statements, and advise them to settle the dispute by arbitration. If they persisted in their appeal to the laws, he was then to require from each, before the process went forward, a written statement of the case, and the documents which were to support it. If the thing contested did not exceed eighty milreis in value, he might pronounce summary judgment without farther examination; the party cast, however, re-

tained a right of appeal to the superiour courts. If the value exceeded this sum, the parties were again to be exhorted to come to some accord, or at least to agree upon shortening the process, and avoiding all unnecessary delay and expense; and the judges were empowered to do this, even without the consent of the parties, and come, as summarily as possible, to the merits of the case.

This decree implied good intentions, however inadequate the means may have been to produce the end designed; but another of the marquis's projects seems to have been borrowed from the policy of Japan. Every parish was to be divided into districts, containing not less than one hundred houses, nor more than two. Each district was to choose one among its inhabitants with the title of commissioner, whose duty it should be to make out a list of all the members of his district, their ages and occupations, to interfere in all family disputes for the purpose of accommodating them, to prevent all idleness, and to keep all persons to their respective employments. If they were not obedient to his admonitions, he was to denounce them to the magistrates, that due punishment might be inflicted. He was also to walk his rounds for at least an hour every night, accompanied with four of the most respectable men of the district, to see that no prohibited games were played in the taverns, and that nothing was committed offensive to good morals. Such a system of police, if it were practicable in Europe, would be pernicious; but though the marquis was a visionary politician, his feelings seem to have been originally so good, that it is to be lamented such a man should have become the tool of the French, and sacrificed his life and his honour in their service.

The conduct of the Spanish soldiers corresponded with the dispositions of their chiefs. Accustomed to the same habits of life, attached to the same idolatry as the Portugueze, and speaking a language so little different that they mutually understood each other, the Spaniards lived among them like men of the same country; and as long as the power remained in their hands, the people of Alem-Tejo experienced none of those insults and oppressions under which the inhabitants of Lisbon were suffering. Notice was given in that city that all Brazilians who wished to return to their own country might obtain passports and permission to embark in neutral ships. All who could assign any pretext for availing themselves of the permission, hastened to purchase passports, and the money which the French exacted in this instance was cheerfully paid. Meantime the most rigorous measures were taken to prevent any person from effecting his escape to the English squadron. All the fishing boats were divided into districts denoted by letters, and then numbered, and compelled to have their letter and number painted on the bow and quarter in white, and of a foot high. The master of every boat was bound to carry a list containing the letter of his district, the number of his boat, his name, his dwelling place, and the number and names of the men on board. This list was to be his passport at the different batteries, and his protection from the guard or watch boats which patroled the river, and were charged to apprehend every person whose name was not inscribed in the list, and to seize the vessel as a prize. The magistrates of every district were also to deliver a list of all the owners of fishing boats, in order that their property might be seized in case of any infraction of these rules; and a counter list was to be kept on board the floating battery. All the owners, of whatever district, were to appear every Saturday at this floating battery, and have their lists verified.—

Every boat which had any communication with the English squadron, was to be confiscated; and all were bound to be within the bar at sunset on pain of being fined one six and thirty for the first offence, three for the second, and confiscation of the boat and corporal punishment for the third.

About the middle of January, Junot went, with more than his usual pomp, to the foundery, broke the portraits of the Braganza kings, and gave orders that the Portugueze arms should no longer be placed upon the cannon. Two days afterwards he returned, and ordered the royal arms that were carved in stone over the entrance, to be defaced: no Portugueze would be the instrument of this poor insult, though the workmen were tempted by the offer of a six and thirty. Some French soldiers were then told to do the work. They broke the crown in pieces, and defaced the shield; and no sooner had they left the place than the populace eagerly gathered up the fragments of the crown, to preserve them as relicks. It was remarked that the invaders became more insolent after they had disbanded the Portuguese troops. As a body they could not have feared them; but every individual was, in some measure, restrained by the apprehension of individual vengeance; and any tumult which might take place would have been rendered far more serious if the military, as was natural, had taken part with the people. They now began to insult the Portuguese with scoffs and sarcasms, and openly to plunder them. This was not always done with impunity. A man at Mafra killed two Frenchmen with a reaping hook. He was put to death for it; but, to his last breath, he gloried in what he had done, and repeated, that, if all his countrymen were like him, there should not a single Frenchman remain alive. The name of this brave Portuguese was Jacinto Correia.

On the first of February the guns were fired, and Junot informed the people, in a proclamation, that the fate of Portugal was decided, and her future felicity secured, because Napoleon the Great had taken her under his omnipotent protection. The house of Braganza had ceased to reign, and the fine country which formerly had been their portion was now to be governed in his name, and by the general in chief of his army. "The duties," said Junot, "which this mark of benignity and confidence, on the part of my master, imposes upon me, are difficult to fulfil, but I hope worthily to discharge them. I will open roads and canals, that agriculture and national industry may once more flourish.—The Portuguese troops, commanded by their most approved leaders, will soon form one family with the soldiers of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Friedland; and there will be no other rivalry between them than that of valour and discipline. The good administration of the publick revenues will secure to every one the reward of his labours. Publick instruction, that mother of national civilisation, shall be extended over the provinces, and Algarve and Beira will one day have their Camoens. The religion of your forefathers, the same which we all profess, shall be protected. Justice shall be freed from the delay and arbitrary will which paralysed it heretofore; the publick tranquillity shall no more be disturbed by robbers, and deformed mendicity no longer drag its filthy attire through this superb capital." The Portuguese author bursts out in a strain of indignant irony upon what he calls this French masterpiece, this oracle of felicity. "The roads and canals which were opened," he exclaims, "were sackages, deaths, and desolations. The publick instruction was,

that all the schools were closed; that the professors were driven out to find subsistence where they could; that some of the scholars fled, and some died of hunger! The protection which the French afforded to religion was, that they stript the altars, stole the church plate, murdered the priests, defaced the images, and mocked the God who created them! The administration of justice was, that whoever had money won his cause; whoever could get the interest of a physician to his excellency, of a colonel Prost, a prince of Salm-salm, a general Loison, a madame, French or Portuguese, carried every thing, and overcame all difficulties. Robbers there were, indeed, none, after the French entered; for they were ashamed to exercise their vocation before such expert proficients as the soldiers of Napoleon. There was not an olive-yard which they did not cut down when they wanted fire; not a house in which they did not take up their quarters as in an inn; and when they went out of it, they were loaded with the bedclothes. Deformed mendicity was no longer to appear; but the number of mendicants was tripled, and they lay dying for want, in the streets! And the tranquillity and security of the people was, that they forsook the villages and fled into the wilds, and, even there, were persecuted and hunted down."

The device of Buonaparte was now placed over the arsenal. It was an eagle upon an anchor. The official seals were ordered to bear the same impress as those of the French empire, with this inscription: "Government of Portugal;" and, on the same day that possession was thus taken for the omnipotent Napoleon, and protection promised in his name, an edict appeared, dated from Milan, December 23, imposing a war contribution extraordinary of 100,000,000 of franks upon the kingdom of Portugal, as a ransom for individual property of every kind. Junot decreed, that the two millions of cruzados already paid (which he raised as a loan, and now called a contribution) should be accounted as part of this sum, and allowed for in the final payment. Six millions were to be paid by the commercial part of the country; one third on the first of March, one on the first of May, and the remaining one on the first of August. All goods of English manufacture being, on account of their origin, liable to confiscation, were to be ransomed by the merchants and tradesmen who possessed them, at a third of their value. All the gold and silver of all the churches, chapels, and fraternities, within the city of Lisbon and its district, was to be carried to the mint within fifteen days, no other plate being excepted than what was necessary for decent worship. In the provinces, the collectors of the tenths were to receive the church plate, and transmit it to the mint, and the amount was to be carried to the contribution. All archbishops, bishops, religious orders, and dignitaries, who possessed any revenue, from land or cattle of any kind, should contribute two thirds of the whole yearly income, if that income did not exceed 16,000 cruzados, and three fourths if it did; for which they were to be excused from paying the tenths for the current year! Every person enjoying a benefice producing from six hundred to nine hundred milreis per year, should contribute two thirds of his income, three fourths if it exceeded the latter sum. All commendadors of the religious orders, or of Malta, should also pay two thirds of their revenue. The donatories of crown property were to pay a double tax. All owners of houses, half the rent for which they were let, or a proportionate sum if they inhabited them themselves. All landholders, two tenths, in addition to the former imposts. The tax upon horses, mules, and servants, was doubled. The Juiz do Povo, under

orders of the *Senado*, was to rate all trading bodies, and booth and stall keepers, and compel them to pay their assessment by distress; and shops, which were not under the jurisdiction of the *Senado*, were to be rated, in like manner, by the *Mesa do Bem Commum*, or board of general good, under the inspection of the royal junta of commerce.—« Behold," says the Portugueze author, " here is the happiness promised in the name of the great Napoleon! This is the protection of religion, and of the subject! This is the friend of the people, of commerce, and of industry!" The mint was now, from morning till night, surrounded with persons carrying their little plate, or trinkets, for sale, many of them beseeching, with tears, and for the love of God, that they might be admitted first, pleading the urgency of their distress. The situation of Lisbon, at this time, is one to which history affords no parallel. It suffered neither pestilence, nor famine, nor war; and yet all these visitations could scarcely have produced a greater scene of misery; and the calamity did not admit of hope; for when could the Portuguese look for deliverance? Provisions were dear, indeed, but the markets were regularly supplied; and those who had money, could always procure food. But a large proportion of the inhabitants were thrown out of employment. The contribution was rigorously exacted, and suicide, which had scarcely ever been heard of in Portugal, became now almost a daily act. There is no inhumanity like that of avarice. One of the noblest charitable institutions in the world, was the Royal Hospital at Lisbon. Under the house of Braganza it might have vied with any thing in England; under the usurpation of the French, more than a third part of all its patients perished for want of food.

Junot meantime was giving fetes, and amusing himself and his guests with the dancing girls of the opera. But the French never suffer either their follies or their vices to interrupt or impede their business; and, in all his measures, Junot proved himself the fit instrument of the tyrant whom he served. A quarrel took place at Caldas between some French and the Portuguese regiment of Porto; Loison, the most ferocious of the French generals, was sent to inquire into it. He shot nine Portuguese; three of whom were men of some property in the country, disarmed the whole regiment, and disbanded it. So sensible was Junot of the growing impatience of the people, under their intolerable burthens, that, having occasion to coin silver, he ordered it to be struck as usual in the name of the prince regent, but with the date of the preceding year. The temper of the people was, indeed, sufficiently manifest. If the English squadron appeared to stand in shore, the heights in the city were covered with multitudes, eagerly watching every movement of the ships, and secretly praying that they might be destined for the recovery of Lisbon. The law against the use of fire arms was renewed, with severer penalties, and all the customary sports of the Entrudo, the carnival preceding lent, were prohibited. The contribution was levied with the utmost rigour. The property of those who had not money to satisfy these iniquitous demands, was seized; and the owners of untenanted houses were compelled to pay half the rent for which they would have been let. The lowest hucksters, stallkeepers, and labourers, were summoned before the Juiz do Povo to be assessed in their portion, and the merchants were ordered to appear in tallies before the junta of commerce, and there reciprocally discuss their affairs; and tax each other! The persons who had purchased passports for Brazil, were alarmed by an order for stopping the American vessels

in which they had embarked; this, however, was only done to extort farther bribes, and when nothing more could be squeezed out of them, they were permitted to sail. Several vessels cleared out under Kniphausen colours, and with passports for the north of Europe. They were in reality bound for Brazil, and paid each from 5,000 cruzados upwards, to have the deception winked at. Many persons got on board beyond the bar, others were secreted in the hold, and others dispersed themselves as sailors, daubing their hands with pitch, lest it should be discovered that they had not been accustomed to manual labour. Many escaped to the English squadron. Heavier punishments were enacted against those who attempted thus to escape, and every person assisting was sentenced to death. Higher rewards were offered to informers; and all persons inhabiting the house from which any one had escaped, were ordered to give information of his flight within eight and forty hours.

One act of oppression more was to be exercised upon a nation already so cruelly oppressed; her troops were to be marched off to join Buonaparte's armies, a first sacrifice of blood to that insatiable tyrant, and soon to be followed by his accursed conscription. Many soldiers deserted. In consequence of this, the French code of martial law was declared to be applicable to the Portuguese army, and death became thereby the punishment of desertion. The office of intendant of police, vacated by the absence of the traitor Novion, who marched to France with his regiment, was conferred on Lagarde, a Frenchman, and one of the most rapacious of the race. He took up his abode at the inquisition, and converted it into a receiving house for suspected persons. A curious specimen soon occurred of this man's administration. A quarrel took place in the Mouraria between a Portuguese soldier and three Frenchmen, and the Portuguese was killed. The scene of this transaction happened to be the St. Giles's of Lisbon, and it occasioned a great tumult among the inhabitants of the Rua çuja, or Dirty street, and three other such sties of vice and beggary; more French collected; the mob, however, had the advantage, and the riot was not appeased till a French serjeant of grenadiers was killed, a soldier mortally wounded, and three others severely cut by the knives of the Portuguese. Upon this, an order appeared from M. Lagarde, decreeing that twelve of the inhabitants of these streets who bore the worst character, should be apprehended and imprisoned for three months, unless they declared who were the chief instigators of the riot; that all the common prostitutes who lodged in these four streets, should quit them within four days, on pain of having their heads shaved, and being banished from Lisbon; and that all eating and drinking houses in the said streets should be shut up for six months, unless the owners would give information against some person concerned in the disturbance. The result of this order was, that every strumpet who could pay a six and thirty was suffered to continue in her abode, as not being concerned in the tumult; that the taverners paid from one to five pieces each, as they were able; the eating houses from eight milreis to two pieces; and the twelve hostages from twelve milreis to six pieces each; and the sum total which M. Lagarde extorted from these wretches, as the price of two Frenchmen killed and three wounded, according to an exact account, amounted to 862 milreis.

Junot had now been created duke of Abrantes, and a deputation of fidalgos was sent to Bayonne, there to receive from the Corsican a constitution for Portugal. Every new

measure which might serve to rivet the chains of that unhappy country, was regarded with delight by the party of traitors who had sold themselves to France. Hitherto no fears had clouded their triumph; but the face of things was now about to be changed. The villanous designs of Buonaparte upon Spain were known to Junot; and that general perceiving how deep an interest was felt in the transactions of Aranjuez, not only by the Spanish soldiers, but by the people of Lisbon also, lost no time in taking precautions against the effects of their agitation. The merchants were ordered to send all the muskets, guns, and other arms used on board their ships, to the arsenal, there to be held in deposit till they obtained a license for their ships to sail; and all persons dealing in arms of any kind were in like manner to deliver them up. They had no sooner been collected then the guns were spiked, and the stocks of the muskets broken. The first measure taken against the Spanish troops was to confine them to their quarters in the evening, a spirit of animosity against the French having shown itself, as soon as they knew that Ferdinand was gone to Bayonne. Junot then divided them, sending some to Mafra, and distributing others among the fortresses, so that only one regiment remained in the city. He spread a report that Portugal was to be united to Spain, and that the French were about to retire. This was designed to conciliate the Spaniards, and to exasperate the Portuguese against them; and at the same time, to soothe the latter, it was asserted that the contribution would be excused, and all confiscated property restored. Official notice was handed round that the deputies had been received with the utmost benignity at Bayonne, and that the emperour Napoleon had given them unequivocal proofs of his compassionate disposition; in fine, every kind of happiness was now to be showered down upon Portugal.

While this was the language of the French, the real feelings which prompted it, were sufficiently manifested by all the measures of the military usurpation. The streets were filled with patrols on the prince regent's birth-day; and that his name, if possible, might be put out of remembrance, a ship which was called after him was ordered to be renamed the Portugueze. In like manner the Maria I. was to be called the City of Lisbon; and even the name of the St. Sebastian was changed; for as superstition is never so contagious as in a time of distress, Junot feared lest the strange faith of the Sebastianists should spread, and produce some desperate effort. That faith had been probably invented, certainly encouraged, during a former usurpation of Portugal by a patriotick party, whose object was to effect the emancipation of their country, and who, for more than half a century, never lost sight of that object till they had accomplished it. The superstition still existed; and Junot had still some reason to think that politick heads were at work once more to inflame it, now when it might again be useful. About the middle of March, an egg was produced with the letters V. D. S. R. P. distinctly traced in the shell, and apparently formed with it. It was said to have been laid in this state by a hen belonging to one José Caetano da Costa, and the Sebastianists immediately interpreted the letters to signify, *Vive Dom Sebastiam, Rei de Portugal.* The trick had been well executed.*

* It is curious that a similar trick, though far less skilfully contrived, was practised about the same time by Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch. This woman, with her characteristick cruelty, forced into the ovary of one of her hens three eggs, at different times, with the words *Crist is coming* scratched upon them. They were dropt in the nest, and she carried on a gainful trade by showing them for a penny to credulous multitudes.

Many experiments were made to ascertain how the letters had been formed, but all failed; other eggs were inscribed, but no person could succeed in giving the same varnish to the inscription as on the rest of the shell. Crowds assembled round the house where this prodigy had been produced, and the egg was sent round in a silver salver to those who had sufficient interest or authority to be intrusted with such a treasure, till after it had been three days the topick of conversation in Lisbon, it was carried to Junot. The fact of his altering the name of the St. Sebastian shows what importance he attached to the circumstance, and to a superstition once so prevalent, never obsolete, and so easy to be revived.

The command of Alem-Tejo was given at this time to Kellerman, who has since rendered himself so infamous by his edict in Spain for hamstringing and blinding all the cattle left for the purposes of agriculture within the district under his authority. He bore in Portugal a less odious character than most of the other generals. His rapacity, however, was equal to the cruelty which he has since manifested. As soon as he entered upon his new government, he imposed an additional contribution upon the province, requiring 10,000 cruzados novos from Evora, 8,000 from Elvas, eight from Portalegre, six from Villa Viçosa, and rating the other places in like proportion to their population. Kellerman was, in this instance, the dupe of his own greediness: thinking to secure the whole plunder for himself, he ventured to exact it by his own will and pleasure, without any order from Junot, or M. Herman the French minister of the interiour. Complaint was made to them, and the general was ordered to refund the whole which had been paid. This was regarded as the most extraordinary circumstance during the whole usurpation; but the fact was, that what Junot resented was the slight shown to his own authority, not the injury done to the Portuguese. Alem-Tejo had little leisure to rejoice in this act of grace:—the patriotick war in Spain was known in that province as soon as it broke out; and about six hundred Spaniards who were in garrison at Cezimbra, and other places dependent upon the government at Setubal, collected and began their march with flying colours towards their own country. A French detachment of nearly the same force was sent from Lisbon to pursue them. They came up with the Spaniards at Pegoens. In affairs of small parties, tacticks are of little avail; success depends upon individual courage, and then it is that the strength of a good cause is made apparent. The French were defeated: they brought back their wounded to Lisbon; for to have left them out of the immediate protection of an army would have been leaving them to certain death. They were landed at night, that the loss might be as little publick as possible; it was, however, soon known that there were above 180 wounded. This was the first act of open war which took place in Portugal. Tidings soon arrived that the Spaniards, at Porto, had seized the French general in that city, and marched to join the patriots. Junot now for the first time perceived that his situation was become dangerous as well as difficult, and the next day he disarmed and confined the 5,000 Spaniards who still remained in Lisbon and the adjoining country.

Tidings were now arriving of insurrections in every quarter, and Junot began to prepare for defending himself in Lisbon:—he set men to work in fortifying the castle, employed the watermen in filling the cisterns, laid in stores and fodder, and removed thither all the arms from the foundery. The festival of St. John the Baptist was near at hand; the vespers of this and of a few other

festivals occurring about the same time, are celebrated with bonfires in Portugal, as they formerly were in England. The ceremony is as old as the worship of the Kelts, even, perhaps, before their entrance into Europe; and it is one of the many pagan customs which catholicism made its own. Junot now forbade all rejoicings upon these occasions. Any person letting off fireworks, as usual, making any use of gunpowder, or kindling a bonfire, was to be imprisoned eight days, and fined in proportion to his means; parents were to be answerable for their children, schoolmasters for their boys, masters for their servants, tradesmen for the people in their employ; the publick walk was not to be open in the evening, and all concourse in the streets was prohibited. Individuals were ordered to deliver up all the weapons in their possession, because of the danger which would result to the well-disposed inhabitants of Lisbon, if their tranquillity should be disturbed by designing men. One detachment was sent to quell the patriots in the north of Portugal, another upon the same service to the south; the men marched out of the city with provisions and kettles upon their backs, and every one had a loaf fixed upon his bayonet. Preparations were made for an encampment upon the Campo d'Ourique, from whence, and from the castle, the French might command the city. At the same time it was ordered that no person should quit it, without a special license from the intendant general; and all who had retired into the country, within the last fortnight, were ordered to return on pain of imprisonment. This was designed as a new means of extorting money; for all persons who had any place to retire to, had already left Lisbon, expecting that some tumult would give the French an opportunity of sacking the town, and they were now obliged to purchase permission to remain where they were.

Junot's famous proclamation had already been issued: "Portuguese," it said, "what delirium is this! into what an abyss of evils are you about to plunge! After seven months of the most perfect tranquillity and harmony, what reason can you have for taking arms? And against whom? against an army which is to secure your independence, which is to maintain the integrity of your country; a numerous, brave, and veteran army, before which you would be scattered like the sands of the desert, before the impetuous breath of the winds of the south!" In the same strain of bombast and impudent falsehood, the French general proceeded to threaten and flatter, bidding them beware of the English hereticks, who sought equally to debase their country, and destroy their religion; telling them that the emperour Napoleon, at his intercession, had graciously remitted half the contribution, and that he was on the point of accomplishing all their wishes; that this was the moment in which they were about to reap the fruit of their good fortune, the moment in which Portugal was to be made happy. This, too, was the only moment they had to implore the clemency of the emperour; his armies were already upon their frontiers; every individual taken in arms should be instantly shot; and every town or city which should rise against the French, should be delivered up to pillage, totally destroyed, and all its inhabitants put to the sword. Notwithstanding this boastful language, Junot was well aware that the storm was gathering round him. The French squadron at Cadiz had been captured; Spain was in arms; the English general at Gibraltar, and the English admiral, without waiting for instructions from home, were co-operating with a people, whose generosity the English had always acknowledged, whom it

was painful to think of as enemies, and whom, the instant they rose against the oppressor, we regarded as friends and brethren. The Portuguese were in insurrection; England was mistress of the seas; her flag was always in sight from Lisbon; and it was not to be doubted, but that on the first favourable moment, she would send an army to the assistance of her oldest and most faithful ally. However the usurping duke of Abrantes might vaunt, he felt that his dukedom was held by an insecure tenure, and, looking forward to a retreat, gave orders that the church plate should, with all speed, be melted down into bars, for more convenient removal, that he might not leave the country without his booty.

We have two lessons to learn from the French: the art of provisioning an army, and that constant activity which never suffers it to remain unemployed, but attacks the enemy whenever and wherever they are weakest. In these points, and in these only, they are our superiours; in the field, we have never failed to show them, that, in the words of the celebrated war song,

> We are the sons of the men
> Who conquered on Cressy's plain;
> And what our fathers did,
> Their sons can do again.

Junot's measures were taken with a promptness equal to the occasion. He hoped to crush the insurgents, before any English could arrive to their assistance; and wherever they ventured to oppose a regular body of French troops, the event was what he had expected and foreseen. Two hundred patriots were killed in the streets of Villa Viçosa, and twelve who were taken prisoners, shot as rebels, by orders of general Avril. Twelve hundred, according to the French account, fell before Beja; every man taken in arms was put to death, and every house, from which the enemy had been fired upon, was burnt. "Beja has revolted," said Kellerman, in a proclamation to the people of Alem-Tejo, "Beja no longer exists; its guilty inhabitants have been cut off with the edge of the sword, and its houses delivered up to pillage and to the flames. Take ye all warning by this terrible example, and learn from it, that it was not in vain the commander in chief told ye the clouds of the rebels would be scattered before us like the sands of the desert, before the impetuous breath of the winds of the south." Junot called other means to his assistance. Three infamous dignitaries of the patriarchal church issued a pastoral letter, under his orders, denouncing excommunication against all persons who directly, or indirectly, assisted the patriots. This was dispersed over the provinces, accompanied by a letter from the French intendant general, in which he asked the Portuguese why they subjected themselves to the weight of the French power, at a moment when the *Almighty Authority** thought only of laying aside the rights of conquest, and of governing with mildness. "Is it," said he, "before a few handfuls of Portuguese that the star of the great Napoleon is to be darkened, or the arm deadened, of one of the most valliant and skilful captains?" It is but too well known, how deeply the baneful superstition of the Romish church has rooted itself in Portugal; but in this instance, the threat of excommunication was regarded with contempt; the people knew that their most sacred duty was to deliver their country, that no devotion could be so holy, as the sacrifice of their own lives, in such a cause; no offering so righteous, as the blood of an invader.

Basely as the Spaniards have been

* This phrase is literally translated from the original blasphemy of the proclamation.

calumniated here, the fate of the Portuguese has been still harder. The writers who have been most successful in slandering the Spaniards, and deadening that generous ardour in their cause, which was at one time as universal in Great Britain, as it was honourable to the British character, are persons, who, having professed the most opposite opinions, as they happened to suit their own immediate purposes, have proved themselves to have no other principle whatever, than that of self-interest. But the Portuguese have been hastily condemned by men of a far different stamp. Even so truly profound and philosophical a writer as Ardnt, speaks of them with contemptuous injustice, in the work for which Palm was murdered. "The Spaniards," he says, "will again become what they once were, one of the most admired and powerful nations in Europe; but Portugal will remain in a state of servitude, as it deserves; for, separated from Spain, it is a wen on a sound body." The German philosopher truly prophesyed the regeneration of the Spaniards; and had he known the character of the Portuguese equally well, his opinion of them would have been more favourable and less erroneous. The people are uncorrupted, and their courage and patriotism were abundantly proved by the manner in which they rose against the French, at a time, when, to use the words of lord Wellington, their troops had been completely dispersed; their officers had gone off to Brazil; and their arsenals had been pillaged; or were in the power of the enemy. "Their revolt," says that competent judge, "under the circumstances in which it has taken place, is still more extraordinary than that of the Spanish nation." While Kellerman and Avril were ravaging Alem-Tejo, Margaron attacked Leiria, where a handful of students from Coimbra had proclaimed the prince regent. Six hundred patriots, according to the French bulletin, were left upon the field of battle. According to the Portuguese, the French, while they were opposed to an undisciplined and half armed peasantry, divided their force, which consisted of nearly 5000 men, entered the city on every side, and put to the sword all whom they found in the streets, without distinction of age or sex. It was stated in the bulletin that the banners of the insurgents were taken and presented to his excellency the duke of Abrantes. The real history of these banners is a curious proof of the manner in which the French bulletins are fabricated. The soldiers, on their march, fell in with a party of devotees going to the Cirio da Ameixoeira, mounted upon mules and asses, with musick playing, and flags flying, such as are to be seen at an English puppet show. The sight of the French put the whole procession to the rout, and the flags which they threw away in their flight were picked up, to form an article in the next bulletin.

Loison, mean time, was laying waste the north of Portugal. Alfedrinha was burnt by him, and above 3000 patriots killed in battle. His own loss was said to be only twenty killed, and from thirty to forty wounded. This bulletin, however, is said, by the Portuguese author, to be notoriously false. That which followed will only provoke a smile in England. "On the 10th of July, forty English landed at the foot of the village of Costa, to obtain provisions. That post was defended by only five of the 31st regiment of light infantry. Notwithstanding the disproportion of numbers, these five men, in sight of all the inhabitants, attacked the forty English, forced them to leave upon the beach all that they had purchased, and pursued them to the sea. Three conscript lads of the 66th regiment saw a boat from the English squadron making towards the land, near Cascaes. They hid

themselves till it reached the shore, then rose up from their ambush, fired upon it, killed the pilot, who was the master of admiral Cotton's ship, and obliged two English officers, and six sailors, or marines, who were in the boat, to lay down their arms and surrender as prisoners of war, an instance of presence of mind and courage, which does great honour to these three lads." When the French admiral Latouche, during the blockade of Toulon, boasted, in an official letter, that the whole British fleet had fled before him, Nelson said, if his character for not being apt to run away, were not established by that time, it was not worth his while to put the world right Nevertheless, he swore that if he took the Frenchman, he would make him eat his letter. General Thiebault, who signed the bulletin, fell at Vimieria; had he been made prisoner, it certainly ought to have been administered to him in a sandwich.

If the victories of the French over the Portuguese, be not more truly related than these exploits against our sailors, the patriots sustained little loss. It was not, however, possible that they could withstand such a force of regular troops, and the French soldiers made full use of the license which their rascally commanders allow them in the field. They returned to Lisbon with cart loads of plunder, and every man with his knapsack full. The pillage which Loison and Margaron brought back, amounted to more than half a million of cruzados. This, however, was the least mischief which they committed. Junot talked of houses delivered over to desolation and death; of flourishing cities transformed into heaps of ashes and wide sepulchres. He did not enumerate, among the triumphs of his troops, the outrages committed upon the women. Their vengeance fell next upon Evora. Loison, with Margaron and Solignac under his command, and a powerful detachment marched for that city. The patriots had collected a few regular troops, with the militia of the country, and some Spaniards came to their assistance; they posted themselves advantageously about a mile from the town, and sustained an attack of some hours, before the position was forced. Junot asserted that 1000 were left dead in the field, 4000 wounded, and 3000 made prisoners; the Portuguese, with equal exaggeration, affirmed, the victory cost the French 3000 slain. The city was given up to be pillaged; nine hundred persons, of different sexes and ages, were put to the sword in the streets and churches; eight and thirty clergymen were murdered; among them the bishop of Maranham. The nunneries were broke open, and women were equally the victims of their cruelty and their lust. Loison himself shook his sabre over the head of the archbishop, a venerable man, nearly ninety years of age, of distinguished learning, and still more eminent for his virtues. He promised him, however, that his property should not be touched; yet, after this promise, Loison himself, with some of his favourite officers, entered by night the archbishop's library, which was one of the finest in Portugal; threw down every book, in hopes of discovering valuables behind them; broke off the gold and silver clasps from the magnificent bindings of the rarest part of the collection; and in their rage that they found so little plunder, tore in pieces a whole file of manuscripts. They took every gold and silver coin from his cabinet of medals, and every jewel and bit of the precious metals, in which the relicks were set, or which decorated any thing in his oratory. And when the archbishop was taking his afternoon sleep, and had laid his episcopal ring upon the table, as usual at such times, Loison's prowling eye fixed upon the jewel as he passed through

the room, and he was seen to pocket it. These facts are not mentioned in the work before us; but they are related upon the most unquestionable authority.

Evora was sacked on the 30th of July. Two days afterwards sir Arthur Wellesley landed, and the subsequent events are sufficiently notorious. The iniquity of Buonaparte's conduct towards Portugal has been put out of sight by his blacker wickedness towards Spain. Conscience, says a state-villain in one of Ben Jonson's plays:

> "Conscience,—
> Poor plodding priests and preaching friars may make
> Their hollow pulpits and the empty aisles
> Of churches ring with that round word: but we
> That draw the subtile and more piercing air
> In that sublimed region of a court,
> Know all is good we make so, and go on,
> Secured by the prosperity of our crimes."

At present this might be the Corsican's motto. Such has been the career of that imperial barbarian, that he obtains an amnesty for his old crimes by perpetrating new ones; and his perjuries and assassinations have ceased to excite astonishment in Europe, because they are now looked upon as regular parts of his political system. Even in this country, there are men, who, when they are reminded of his guilt, think it a sufficient reply, to tell us of his greatness; and would have us fall down and worship the golden image, at the very time when the Spaniards are walking through the burning, fiery furnace. These men serve the tyrant whom they flatter, and are more truly and efficiently his agents, than the miserable wretches in his pay. They are never weary of exaggerating the wisdom and the power of Buonaparte. According to them, it is still the English who disturb the quiet of the continent. He is the regenerator and benefactor of Spain and Portugal, who reforms their laws, purifies their religion, and puts an end to the abuses of their governments. The Spanish chiefs "*have only a little hour to strut and fret*," and we ought to congratulate ourselves upon their fall. Callous and cowardly sophists! it is thus, that while they belie the feelings, they labour to deaden the courage, and sacrifice the honour of England.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Voyage de Découvertes, aux Terres Australes, exécuté par ordre de sa Majesté L'Empereur et Roi, sur les Corvettes Le Géographe, Le Naturaliste, et la Goëlette Le Casuarina, pendant les Années 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, et 1804, publié par Décret Impérial, et Rédigé, par M. F. Péron, Naturaliste, &c. &c. 4to. Tome premier avec Atlas. A Paris. 1807.

A FEW months after the retirement of Mr. Pitt, and the succession of Mr. Addington, that is, in June, 1800, M. Otto, the resident commissary for French prisoners of war, addressed an application to the lords of the admiralty, to obtain the necessary passports, for two armed vessels, *Le Géographe* and *Le Naturaliste*, which the French government had appointed for a voyage of discovery *round the world*, "pour mettre le capitaine Baudin á l'abri de toute attaque hostile, et lui procurer une reception favorable dans les établissemens Britanniques où il pourra être obligé de relâcher momentanément." In consequence of

this application, the good natured minister, without farther inquiry into the tenour of captain Baudin's instructions, or the particular object of his mission, obtained his majesty's commands, that the French vessels "should be permitted to put into any of his majesty's ports, in case of stress of weather, or to procure assistance, if necessary, to enable them to prosecute their voyage."

The perusal of M. Péron's book, has convinced us that M. Otto's application was grounded on false pretences, and that the passport was fraudulently obtained; that there never was any intention to send these vessels on a voyage of discovery round the world, as stated by M. Otto, but that the sole object of it was, to ascertain the real state of New Holland; to discover what our colonists were doing, and what was left for the French to do, on this great continent, in the event of a peace; to find some port in the neighbourhood of our settlements, which should be to them what Pondicherry was to Hindoostan; to rear the standard of Buonaparte, then first consul, on the first convenient spot; and, finally, that the only circumnavigation intended in this voyage *d'espionage*, was that of Australia.

If any doubt could be entertained, that such was the sole intention of the French government, the heads of captain Baudin's instructions, as stated by M. Péron, and, indeed, the whole proceedings of the voyage, are amply sufficient to set this point at rest. By these instructions, they were directed to touch, in the first instance, at the Isle of France; thence to proceed to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land; visit Dentrecasteaux's channel; examine the eastern coast; enter the strait of Bass, through that of Banks; complete the discovery of Hunter's islands; examine the southwest coast of New Holland; penetrate behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis; and visit that part of the continent concealed by those islands, where a strait was supposed to exist, by which a communication was opened with the great gulph of Carpentaria. This being accomplished, they were to direct their course to cape Leuwen; examine the unknown parts of the coast, to the northward; visit the coasts of the land of Edels and Endracht; make a particular survey of the island of Rottenest and Shark's bay; terminating their first campaign at the N. W. cape of New Holland.

From Timor, or Amboyna (at one of which places they were to winter) they were directed to proceed through Endeavour Strait, to the eastern point of the great gulph of Carpentaria; to examine the whole circuit of its coast, to the land of Arnheim, terminating the second campaign at the same northwest cape at which their first was completed. From hence they were to cross the Indian ocean to the Isle of France, and make the best of their way to Europe.

So much for the voyage of discovery *round the world*, of which M. Peron has been employed to write the history. The perusal of his book has certainly afforded us considerable pleasure, although, in the course of our examination of it, we shall feel ourselves called upon to reprobate, in the strongest manner, the mean and illiberal conduct into which he must have been betrayed, by superiour influence. Of M. Péron, as a man of general science, we are disposed to think highly; but, we repeat, that in the publication of the work before us, we do not, and cannot, consider him as a free agent. It is brought forward, in the first place, under the immediate sanction of Buonaparte, in consequence of a report of the imperial institute, which states:

"That more than one hundred thousand specimens of animals, great and small, compose the zoological collection, and that the number of new species, ac-

cording to the report of the professors of the museum, amounts to above two thousand five hundred. When it is recollected," continues the reporter, "that the second voyage of Cook, the most brilliant, in this respect, which has ever been made to this day, did not furnish more than two hundred and fifty new species, and that the combined voyages of Carteret, Wallis, Furneaux, Meares, and Vancouver, have not, altogether, produced so great a number; when it is observed, that the case is the same with regard to all the French expeditions, it will follow, that MM. Péron and Lesueur alone, have discovered more new animals, than all the natural historians who have travelled in these latter times."

As a reward for this great exertion, the institute accordingly resolves:

1. "That the class should testify, in an authentick manner, how much it is satisfied with the zeal shown by M. Péron, to fulfil the functions with which he was charged.

2. "That it should declare to government that he is deserving of those rewards usually granted to naturalists who travel; and that the works preparing by him must contribute to the progress of natural science."

The reward, we are told in a note, was an order of Buonaparte for his works to be published at the expense of government.

Before we proceed to the examination of M. Péron's book, we shall extract one part of the report of the institute, which, from the importance it attaches to the nascent colony in New South Wales, tends to corroborate what we have stated in regard to the real object of the voyage.

"In the midst of the regions which he has traversed, M. Péron has every where encountered the rivals of his country; in every place they have formed establishments which excite the greatest interest, of which we have hitherto, in Europe, received but imperfect and invariably false information. M. Péron has applied himself particularly to comprehend, in detail, this vastsystem of colonization in Australia, which is exhibited at the same time on a great continent, and over an immense ocean. You will be enabled to observe, by that part only of his memoir on the seal fishery, how far his researches on this subject are of importance, and with what sagacity the author of it has been able to develop them. His labours, in this respect, appear worthy, in every point of view, of the attention of the philosopher and the statesman. Never, perhaps, did a subject of greater interest or curiosity offer itself to their contemplation. Never, perhaps, was a more striking example afforded of the omnipotence of laws and institutions on the character of individuals and nations. To transform the most formidable robbers, and the most abandoned thieves of England, into honest and peaceable citizens, and into industrious planters; to operate the same revolution among the vilest prostitutes; to compel them, by infallible means, to become virtuous wives, and exemplary mothers; to bring under subordination and control a nascent population; to preserve it, by assiduous care, from the contagious example of its parents; and thus to lay the groundwork of a race more virtuous, than that which at present exists; such is the affecting picture that the new English colonies present. But the statesman, in the very constitution of this new empire, and in the detail of its organization, too surely discovers the real views of the founder, and the formidable germ of those revolutions, which must, of necessity, be produced." Page 12.

This "Voyage Historique" commences with observing, that the efforts which England has made in scientifick discoveries have been peculiarly distinguished in these latter times; and that, in this glorious struggle among nations for promoting science, France alone has been able to dispute, with advantage, her superiority and her triumphs: that, notwithstanding this, the numbers of enlightened Englishmen, placed on the immense theatre of a fifth part of the globe, might, perhaps, decide the opinion of Europe in favour of their country; that the national honour of France, therefore, called for an expedition of discovery to the South Seas, and that the institute felt it a duty to propose the measure to government.

"The war, at this period, appeared to have redoubled its fury; the political ex-

istence of France was menaced; its territory was invaded; but Buonaparte was now first consul. He received, with eagerness, the proposition of the institute, which, for many years before, had to boast of his name in the list of its members — And, at the very time when the army of reserve was put in motion to cross the Alps, he issued his orders to hasten the execution of this grand enterprise. In an instant, three and twenty persons, nominated by him, on the presentation of the institute, were destined for making scientifick researches. Never was a display so considerable, given to this department, of a voyage of discovery; never were means so amply prepared for securing success! Astronomers, geographers, mineralogists, botanists, zoologists, draftsmen, gardeners, all presented themselves in double, triple, and even quintuple numbers."— Page 4.

Fortunate, however, as it turned out, was it for those who were rejected. Of the twenty-three persons, selected for conducting the scientifick department, three only returned to their country.

The two ships appointed for this expedition left Havre on the 19th October, 1800, and anchored, on the 2d November, in the Bay of Santa Cruz, in Teneriffe. We shall not attempt to follow M. Péron through his long dissertations on the Canary islands, nor dispute with him respecting the gallant conduct of his countrymen, on the appearance of lord Nelson before Santa Cruz. We shall barely observe, that he must be mistaken in supposing that the English had any view of making a conquest of the Canaries, for the purpose of "freeing themselves from the heavy tribute which they pay annually to France, Spain, and Portugal, for the wines and brandies of those three powers." We are confident that no such consideration entered the brain of him who conceived this illfated and hopeless expedition, and could almost wish that the motive for sending lord Nelson on such a service had really been as harmless as that which he has stated. The island of Teneriffe would, in fact, be a useless conquest. As a colony of England, we should purchase its wines at twice their present rate. The Cape of Good Hope, also, according to M. Péron, was taken possession of solely for its supply of wines. Now, it unfortunately happens, that, excepting a little Constantia for the ladies, not a single pipe of Cape wine is consumed in this capital in the course of a year; and the reason is obvious: it is worse than the worst wines of Teneriffe, and dearer than the best. But M. Peron is not a political economist; he is, it seems, merely "a savant."

The passage to the Isle of France afforded the opportunity of making a number of observations on the temperature, moisture, and weight of the air; on the winds, &c. which are detailed at considerable length, and from which is deduced this general result:

"That all the grand phenomena of nature undergo the most important modifications, in proportion as one approaches the equator; that the pressure of the air, and the intensity of the magnetick quality are diminished; the barometer descends; the thermometer rises; the hygrometer stands at the point of saturation; the winds become weaker, and more constant; the movement of every kind of instrument is more regular, and the variations less."

Much of this is altogether vague and inconclusive. That the elasticity of the air is diminished at and near the equator; that the mercury in the barometer stands generally at a lower, and in the thermometer at a higher point than in other parts of the ocean; that the atmosphere is more loaded with moisture, are, indeed, facts so well ascertained, as not to admit of a doubt; but, so far from the winds being more faint and steady, there is not, perhaps, a spot on the ocean so subject to violent squalls and variable weather, as that belt on the Atlantick which is comprehended between the limits of

the northeast trade wind on one side, and the southeast on the other.

Few countries, we are persuaded, can be more delightful than the Isle of France. Though sometimes visited by tremendous hurricanes, the climate is, in general, friendly both to the animal and vegetable part of the creation. The catalogue of trees, shrubs, fruits, &c. which M. Péron contemplated growing on one spot, includes the most remarkable in the tropical regions of the globe. We suspect, however, that some of them have been set down by him at random. The Mangustan, for instance, erroneously said to be "originaire de la Chine," has never yet been met with beyond the 12th degree of latitude, and is supposed to be confined to the peninsula of Malacca, Sumatra, Java, and the neighbouring islands; indeed, we are perfectly certain, from its delicate habits, that it could not exist on the Isle of France.

On the 25th April, 1801, the two ships quitted the island, and, steering a course for New Holland, made Cape Leuwen, the southwest point of that great continent, on the 27th May. At the moment of their departure, the whole of the two ships' companies were put on short allowance, being reduced to half a pound of fresh bread to each man *par décade;* and, instead of wine, to a ration of three sixteenths of a bottle of execrable rum, distilled at the Isle of France. "Triste prelude," says M. Péron, "et principale source des malheurs qui devoient nous accabler dans la suite!"

From Cape Leuwen, M. Baudin, the commandant, thought proper to deviate from his instructions, and, instead of proceeding to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's Land, to skirt the western coast of New Holland, from the land of Leuwen to that of Endracht. To the northernmost point of the latter, which is, in fact, the N. W. cape of New Holland, he gave the name of Murat, and to the group of islands which lie before it, that of Rivoli; notwithstanding that both of them had been long laid down, in our best charts, under the names of N. W. Cape and Rosemary islands. In the same manner new names are bestowed on headlands and islands along this coast, named more than a century ago. The examination of Leuwen's Land occupied them from the 25th April to the 19th June, and of Endracht's Land from the latter period to the 12th July; and to this delay, and to the deviation of captain Baudin from his instructions, together with the short allowance of bad provisions, M. Péron attributes all their succeeding misfortunes.

The whole of the western coast of New Holland is described as a low, barren, dreary, and sandy shore, affording little interesting either in the animal, mineral, or vegetable creation. The few natives who were seen, are described as horribly ugly and repulsive; a set of human beings thrust to the extreme verge of stupidity and misery, and whose only covering consisted of a bit of kangaroo skin thrown carelessly over the shoulders; every other part of the body being entirely naked.

Having reached the N. W. cape of New Holland, captain Baudin determined to examine the coast which trends to the N. E. and which was discovered in 1616 by a Dutch navigator of the name of De Witt, after whom it is called. It was again visited by Dampier in 1699, and by three Dutch vessels in 1705; and chiefly from the observations of the last mentioned visiters, it has been laid down, perhaps not very accurately, in the ordinary charts of this country. The French, however, have thought fit, as usual, to assign new names to every group of islands, and to every promontory of this northern coast of New Holland.—Thus we have the bay of Berthoud, the Archipelago of Champagny, the Archipelago of Forrestier, and the

Archipelago of Buonaparte, the last of which is situated in lat. 13° 15′ S. and 123° 30′ E. of Paris. From this point captain Baudin stood for Timor, where he arrived on the 18th August, 1801.

It is impossible to conceive any thing more dreary and miserable than the aspect of these innumerable islands, interspersed along the whole coast of De Witt's Land.—They present themselves, says M. Péron, "avec le caractère de la stérilité la plus hideuse."

"In the midst of these numerous islands, nothing occurs that is pleasing to the imagination. The soil is naked; the burning sky shows itself always clear and devested of clouds; the sea is scarcely agitated, except by nocturnal squalls.—Man seems to have abandoned these ungrateful shores; no where is any vestige of his dwelling, or any trace of his presence to be distinguished. The navigator, shuddering at this hideous solitude, beset with dangers, unceasingly starting up, becomes confounded, and turns his back upon the illfated shore; and, when he reflects that these inhospitable islands border, as it were, upon those of the grand Archipelago of Asia, on which nature delights to pour its treasures, he feels a difficulty to conceive how a sterility so invincible can possibly be continued by the side of a fertility so abundant. In vain will he seek, in the ordinary laws of nature, the real principle of so extraordinary an opposition."—Page 138.

We are told, that on entering the bay of Coupang, on the island of Timor, they experienced considerable difficulty on the part of the Malay chiefs, who, not having as yet any knowledge of Frenchmen, and confounding them with their inveterate enemies, the English, objected to their approach towards the town. A superannuated French pilot, who had served the Dutch at this place for twelve years, in the capacity of gunner, let them into the secret of this animosity. He told them that, some years ago, the English, after conquering Timor, drove the inhabitants, by their violence and rapine, to take up arms; that Fort Concord, to which they retired, was taken by assault, when 70 or 80 Englishmen were cut in pieces, and eaten by the ferocious Malays; and that the most implacable hatred had subsisted ever since against the English, and against every object which recalled the memory of those invaders. p. 143.

That a doating old French pilot should have dreamt this ridiculous story, and told it for the amusement of his countrymen, does not in the least surprise us; but that a work, published by the authority of the government, on the recommendation of the institute, should gravely record such an idle fable, appears, we confess, somewhat astonishing. We ought to know, however, that nothing is too absurd for the belief of a modern Frenchman, when seasoned with a little calumny against our countrymen. The Malay nation is spread over thousands of islands, which cover ten times as many thousands of square leagues, on the great Indian and Pacifick oceans, and exceeds, perhaps, in it snumbers even those of *la grande nation*. They worship one God, and acknowledge Mohammed as his prophet; they have a regular language, written in the Arabick character; they are every where lodged in comfortable dwellings, and clothed with decent garments; they have communication with every part of the eastern world; yet we are to be told in the nineteenth century, on the authority of a drivelling Frenchman, that the Malays are cannibals, and that the whole nation bears an implacable hatred against the English!

The Naturaliste, which had parted from the Geographe on the coast of Leuwen's land, joined the latter in Coupang bay. Captain Hamelin had examined the river of Black Swans, which was discovered by Vlaming, in 1697; and on the coast of Endracht, among other subjects of natural history, met with the pearl oyster in considerable quantity. M. Pé-

son casts many severe reflections on the mismanagement of captain Baudin. The dysentery and scurvy, which prevailed in the Geographe, he attributes entirely to his negligence of those precautions which were so well known, and so universally in use; even the parting of the ships, he ascribes to the false calculations of the commandant

The two ships left Timor on the 13th November, made cape Leuwen the beginning of January, 1802, and proceeded to the southern extremity of Van Dieman's land. Here their operations were mostly confined to the coves and harbours of the great bay of Storms, and the channel of Dentrecasteaux. Nothing can be more beautiful than the surrounding scenery and accompaniments of this channel, of which M. Péron gives a very animated description.

"Crowded on the surface of the soil are seen, on every side, those beautiful mimosas; those superb metrosideros; those correas, unknown till of late to our country, but now become the pride of our shrubberies. From the banks of the ocean to the summits of the highest mountains, may be observed the mighty eucalyptus, those giant trees of Australian forests, many of which measure from 162 to 180 feet in height, and from 25 to 30, and even 36 feet in circumference. Banksia of different kinds, the protea, the embothium, the leptosperma, form an enchanting belt round the skirts of the forests. Here the casuarina exhibits its beautiful form; there, the elegant exocarpus throws into a hundred different places its negligent branches. Every where spring up the most delightful thickets of melaleuca, thesium, conchyum, evodia, all equally interesting, either from their graceful shape, the lovely verdure of their foliage, the singularity of their corollas, or the figure of their seed vessels." p. 233.

After the examination of Dentrecasteaux's channel, they proceeded round the southern point of the island Maria, and anchored in Oyster bay. The natives, unlike those on the shores just mentioned, were savage and ferocious. "Those actions," M. Péron observes, "which are to us so delightful and so natural, the bestowing of kisses and affectionate caresses, are utterly unknown to these gross and brutal islanders." The discovery, however, of human bones, which had evidently been in the fire, and apparently deposited within a monument erected for their reception, gives rise to many speculations on the origin of the custom of burning the dead, some of which are not strictly compatible with the character of the savage and ferocious people he had just described. p. 270.

Nothing particular occurred in skirting the eastern coast of Van Dieman's land, except parting a second time from the Naturaliste, which M. Péron attributes, as before, to the stupidity of M. Baudin. He considers the circumstances of a long and violent gale of wind, and the navigation along a dangerous coast, as trifling in the scale of their misfortunes.

"All those dangers, however, were nothing in comparison of the dreadful scurvy which carried death and destruction into our ranks. Already several of our people had been thrown into the sea; already more than half the ship's company were incapable of any duty; two only of our helmsmen could take their turn at the wheel. The progress of this disease was frightful. Three fourths of a bottle of putrid water composed our daily allowance; for more than a year we had not known the taste of wine, nor had a single drop of brandy passed our lips. In the place of these liquors, so indispensable to the European navigator, above all, on voyages such as ours, were substituted three sixteenths of a bottle of wretched rum, prepared at the Isle of France, and which none but the black slaves of that colony are in the habit of using. The biscuit was holed like a sieve by the larvæ of insects. All our salt provisions were rotten, in the strictest sense of the word; and so insupportable were both the smell and taste, that the most famished of the crew frequently chose rather to suffer all the agonies of hunger, than to eat them. Oftentimes, indeed, in the presence of the commandant, would they throw their allowance into the sea." p. 331.

Entering Bass's Strait, from the eastward, the Geographe stood di-

rectly towards cape Wilson, on the southern coast of New Holland. From this cape, or promontory, we are told, to cape Leuwen on the west, an extent of coast equal to 900 leagues, the interjacent country, is, in future, to be called *Terre Napoleon;* and, accordingly as they proceed, we have cape Richelieu, bay Talleyrand, cape Saffrein, cape Marengo, cape Dessaix, cape Volney, cape Buffon, bay Rivoli, cape Jaffa, the peninsula Fleurieu, and within it, a deep gulph, running a hundred miles into the interiour: "to which, in honour of our august empress," says M. Péron, "we gave the name of Josephine's gulph."* After these, come the island Decrés; the peninsula Cambacéres, cape Berthier, and the great gulph of Buonaparte, which runs 200 miles inland. Next follow port Champagny, and the archipelago of Jerôme. All those islands, scattered along the coast of Terre Napoleon, amounting to more than 160, present the same dreary picture as those of the archipelago of Buonaparte on the northern coast of this continent; they are low, arid, and sterile, producing neither tree nor shrub; a few sombre lichens only are found encrusting the parched surface. Not a human being is known to exist on them. On this inhospitable coast tremendous storms prevail mostly from the S. W. quarter. The Geographe was nearly wrecked in the gulph of Buonaparte, and the weather was so violent as to oblige them to return to the eastward, before they had completed their operations, and seek for refreshments at Port Jackson.

Before we proceed, we feel ourselves called upon to "unfold a tale," respecting this land of Napoleon, which will leave him, at once, without a shadow of the claim to which his flatterers would entitle him. In July, 1801, the Investigator sloop of war, commanded by captain Flinders, sailed from England, under orders to complete the nautical survey of the coasts of New Holland. In December, he made cape Leuwen, and, stretching along the land of Nuyts, with the coast close on board, by the 17th of March, 1802, he had verified all that Vancouver and Dentrecasteaux accomplished; and, in addition, completed the discovery of the deep gulph or inlet, within the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, which, as we said before, was conjectured to communicate with the gulph of Carpentaria.—Now, it appears, that, on this very day, the Geographe, for the first time, entered the *eastern* mouth of Bass's strait, near Furneaux's islands, and two days afterwards came opposite to Western Harbour, on the southern coast, "where," says M. Péron, "finish the labours of the English navigators, and where *our* long discoveries of the Land of Napoleon begin." It is true that, on the 19th of March, M. Péron could not know what had been effected by captain Flinders to the westward of Western Harbour; but he knew it before he published his book; he knew it, in fact, a few days after the Geographe first made this coast; for, "on the 9th of April, 1802," says captain Flinders, "in lat. 35° 42′ S. long. 139° 16′ E. we encountered M. Baudin, in the Geographe, who was prosecuting his examination of the same coast in the opposite direction." Every information was unreservedly communicated to captain Baudin; he was told that "the whole of the south coast of Australia, with the exception of ten or fifteen leagues to the west of cape Otway, had undergone an investigation, which was, generally, made at five or six miles distance from the shore, and frequently nearer." But M. Péron says that captain Flinders was *very reserved* on the subject of his operations; that, however,

* Buonaparte has since changed it for Louisa's gulph.

they learned from some of his people, how much they had suffered by contrary winds; which had driven him from the coast, and prevented his penetrating, as he had intended, behind the islands of St. Peter and St. Francis, &c. Now we will venture not only to assert, that all this is a direct falsehood (for we have seen both the journal and charts of captain Flinders, which are fortunately arrived safe in this country) but also to pledge ourselves that no such observations are to be found either in captain Baudin's journal, or in the log book of the Geographe. We know not much of captain Baudin's character, but we cannot think so ill of him as to suppose that he would lend his authority, in so wanton and unjustifiable a manner, "to pluck the laurels from a brother's brow." Let us hear what captain Flinders has observed on this occasion.

"On the 7th of December, 1801, I made cape Leuwen, the southwesternmost point of New Holland, and commenced the survey of the south coast. The examination of the French admiral, Dentrecasteaux, upon this coast, made in 1792, extended from cape Leuwen as far as the longitude 132° east of Greenwich; and I found the chart of M. Beautems Beaupré, his geographical engineer, so accurate, that the advantage to geography, resulting from my survey, will not consist in correcting what he has laid down, but in confirming, and adding to, the information before obtained."——[*Captain Flinders's M.S. Journal.*]

Again:

"It is known that the French admiral, Dentrecasteaux, did not pursue the coast of Nuyts's Land, so far as Nuyts himself had done; the isles of St. Peter and St. Francis, which terminated the Dutch discovery, were not seen by him, or any islands which could have been mistaken for them. The French then have *no claim to original discovery to the westward of these islands*, although Dentrecasteaux, and his geographer, Beaupré, deserve much praise for their accurate delineation of those parts. It is most probable, that Nuyts did not see the main coast so far to the east, as the islands which he named; be that as it may, it is certain that the *Investigator's discovery will commence where that of the Dutch ends, and it will terminate where she met with Le Geographe.* The *western* boundary of this space cannot be placed to the eastward of 135° east of Greenwich, and the place of meeting captain Baudin was 139° 10′ east. Within these limits are comprehended: 1st, The whole of that great projecting cape, of which Cape Catastrophe (so called, from the loss of a boat, with the master and nine men) is the south entrance, with the bays and neighbouring islands; 2dly, The great inlet [No. 12] up to its head; 3dly, The inlet [No. 14] and, 4thly, The large kangaroo island To all these, I apprehend, the Investigator has an undisputed claim to affix names; and, to her, and the British admiralty only, can this right belong, so far as relates to European nations. From the before mentioned longitude of 139° 10′ to Cape Northumberland, which I place in 140° 50′ *the claim of original discovery, so far as I am acquainted, is vested in captain Baudin and the French nation;* nor shall I presume to call the headlands contained in this space, by other names, than such as shall be assigned to them in the French chart." [*Capt. Flinders's M.S. Journal.*]

Thus, then, the nine hundred leagues of coast, comprehended under the name of *Terre Napoleon*, and including all the discoveries of Nuyts, Vancouver, Dentrecasteaux, Flinders, Bass and Grant, are reduced to less than 50 leagues of real discovery, or *one eighteenth part* of that which M. Péron and the imperial institute have, in so barefaced and unjust a manner, ascribed to M. Baudin. We have little doubt that Terre Napoleon will make a figure in the future charts published on the continent; but we are convinced that Messrs. Arrowsmith and Faden will feel too sensibly what is due to their countryman, to defraud him of his well earned reputation, by adopting the name of a usurper. Indeed, in coupling this transaction with the remaining part of captain Flinders's history, a strong suspicion arises, that the whole has been the effect of a premeditated design, to snatch the merit of the discovery from its rightful possessor, for the

purpose of setting up a claim, at some future day, to this part of New Holland. The circumstance of captain Flinders's unjust detention, as a prisoner, on the Isle of France, was an admirable incident to favour this design. Having lost his ship on a reef of coral rock, he was proceeding to Europe in a small schooner. He called at the Isle of France to refit his vessel, and refresh his crew. On some unfounded pretext, the ship was seized, his books and papers taken possession of, and himself made a close prisoner. Fortunately, however, he found means of forwarding to Europe copies of his charts, journals, and other papers. Six years have now elapsed since he was first detained on that island, and although the French government have sent out an order for his release, in triplicate or quadruplicate, at the particular intercession of sir Joseph Banks, and these orders are known to have been received at the Isle of France, still captain Flinders is detained there. We have, therefore, no hesitation in saying, that unless counter ones had gone out at the same time, the governour, De Caen, would not have dared to disobey the order for his release. Captain Flinders very justly and pathetically observes:

"The complete examination of Australia had been my darling project for years; and never was men overjoyed beyond what I was, on receiving the commission to undertake it. Two French ships had sailed, nine months before me, upon the same project, but, by assiduity and favourable circumstances, I had anticipated them in the most interesting parts. In the midst of my ardour, and after overcoming no trifling impediments, I saw myself arrested, imprisoned; the produce of all my risks and toils, from which I had promised myself advancement, and the approbation of my country, violently taken from me; and the pleasing ideas, which the being on return to a beloved family, after a long absence, naturally excite in the human heart, I saw blasted by the same violent hand; not for any crime committed, but from the *suspicion* of an *intention* only. Had the general's [De Caen's] character," he continues, "been that of a man of information, on literary subjects, I might have suspected that one of his objects, in prolonging my detention, was to give time for the *previous publication of the voyage of M. Baudin, to prepossess the world that it was to the French nation only the complete discovery and examination of the south coast of Australia was due.*" *M.S.*

He thinks, however, that in De Caen's estimation, voyages undertaken for the promotion of science, were held too low to justify such a suspicion. It may be so; but we are fully persuaded that he has hit upon the real cause of his long and unjust detention. The work is now published; the claims of the French promulgated; and captain Flinders, we doubt not, will be released. The western harbour, though discovered by Bass, and laid down by him from an eye sketch made in an open boat, as mentioned in a note on a published chart, is evidently the spot fixed upon, at a general peace, for the establishment of the Australian Pondicherry. This harbour, says M. Péron, is most incorrectly laid down, the peninsula being an island to which we gave the name of "Isle de François." The water was found to be sufficient for every purpose of navigation, the soil fertile, vegetation active, and the surrounding country abundant in wood. "In short," says M. Péron, "*Le Port Western* is one of the finest that could possibly be found, combining all the advantages which may one day make it a valuable settlement."

Having completed their operations as far as the boisterous state of the weather would permit, the winter setting in, and the men much debilitated by sickness, captain Baudin determined to run for Port Jackson, by again circumnavigating Van Dieman's land. In this passage they experienced dreadful and continued gales of wind, in consequence of which, and of bad provisions, the number of their sick increased daily. The first fifteen days of June brought

with them bad weather without any intermission; not more than four men were able to keep the deck, and the ship was almost abandoned to her fate. On arriving before Port Jackson, the crew was reduced to so feeble a state, as to be utterly unable to work the ship into the harbour, which being observed by the governour, a small vessel was sent out to their assistance. Here they found the Investigator, and learned that the Naturaliste, from which they had parted on the eastern coast of Van Dieman, had already called for refreshments at Port Jackson, and sailed for Europe. Meeting, however, with a severe gale of wind to the southward of Van Dieman's land, she found it expedient to return, and joined Le Geographe a few days afterwards.

The recovery of the sick, from the moment they found themselves on shore, is described as most rapid. The contempt of the commandant for all those precautions, indispensable to the health of men on long voyages; his disregard of the pointed orders of government on this subject; the unnecessary privations imposed by him on the sick, and the crew at large, repeatedly call forth the severe animadversions of M. Péron. How far his conduct was deserving of the unqualified reprehension it here meets with, we pretend not to determine; but we are of opinion, that a little more delicacy might have been observed towards the memory of an officer who fought bravely for his country at Trafalgar, where his ship, the Fougeux, went down after the action, and capt. Baudin, with every soul on board, perished.

The favourable reception which the officers and naturalists of the two ships met from the government of Port Jackson, far exceeded their expectations.

"The English received captain Hamelin (of the Naturaliste) from the first moment, with that great and polite generosity, which the perfection of European civilisation only can produce. The most distinguished houses in the colony were open to our companions; and during their whole stay there, they experienced that delicate and kind hospitality, which confers equal honour on him who practises it, and on him who is the object of it. All the resources of the colony were placed at the disposition of the French captain." [page 365] "In one word," says M. Péron, "the conduct of the English government, with regard to us, was so marked by magnificence and generosity, that we should be wanting in every principle of honour and justice, were we not to record, in this work, the expression of our gratitude."

The same kind attention appears to have been paid to them by the inhabitants. All, continues M. Péron, seemed to feel the important truth, "la cause des sciences est la cause des peuples."

It gives us pain to observe, after reading these and similar passages, that the gratitude of captain Hamelin scarcely survived the period of its record by M. Péron. This officer is at present commodore of a squadron of frigates in the East Indies. Last year they attacked and completely destroyed the small and defenceless settlement of Tappanooly, on the coast of Sumatra. Forgetful of that delicate and kind hospitality with which he was received at Port Jackson, captain Hamelin not only permitted, but assisted in the pillage of private property: he even stood by and saw the wardrobes of the ladies plundered, and was base and malicious enough to order his people to tear in pieces, in presence of the owners, several articles of dress which were not worth carrying away. He then compelled the whole of the civilians to embark for the Isle of France, leaving orders that every house in the settlement should be set on fire. When on ship-board, he called the English ladies upon deck, and with savage exultation, pointed out to them the glorious blaze which their houses exhibited. This is that very captain Hamelin, at whose disposition, even in the midst of war,

« all the resources of the English colony were placed!"

We have been induced to notice this infamous conduct in an officer of the old school, as it tends to prove, among a thousand other instances now before us, how totally the national character of France is altered and depraved by the military despotism which has sprung out of the revolution. Her age of chivalry is, indeed, gone—we fear for ever; and its place is supplied by a systematick ferociousness, a rancorous warfare wholly destitute of that urbanity of manners, that generosity of sentiment, which once served to soften the rigours of contention, and stripped it of half its terrours. The leading principle in the modern school of military France, is to renounce humanity altogether; to mortify, to insult, and trample in the dust a vanquished foe, not so much for the gratification of personal hatred, as for the unworthy purpose of ministring to the dark and stormy passions of the most malignant and revengeful of tyrants.

A very detailed, and, we doubt not, very accurate, view is given of the town of Sydney, accompanied with a neat plan, and followed by an animated description of the magnificent harbour of Port Jackson. We suspect, however, that the account of the bustling trade, and flourishing state of the colony, is a little exaggerated.

" A group of objects, not less interesting, forced themselves on our attention. In the harbour were re-assembled a multitude of vessels, recently arrived from different countries of the globe, the greater part of them destined for new and hazardous voyages. These, fitted out on the banks of the Thames and the Shannon, were proceeding to the whale fishery on the wintry coast of New Zealand; those intended for China, after landing their cargoes for the use of the colony, were preparing to sail towards the mouth of the Yellow river. Some laden with coal were about to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope and to India. Several smaller craft were preparing for a coasting voyage to Bass's strait; other vessels, of a stronger construction, manned by more adventurous sailors, and provided with arms, were fitting out for the western coast of America, stored with merchandise of various kinds. These vessels wereintended to establish, by force of arms, a contraband commerce with the inhabitants of Peru, extremely advantageous to both parties. Here an enterprise was preparing for the N. W. coast of America, to carry on a lucrative commerce in furs; there they were hastening an expedition of armed vessels for the Navigator, Friendly, and Society Islands, to import cargoes of salt provisions."—P. 375.

The account of the convicts is equally favourable, but we fear equally exaggerated. Robbers and highwaymen are here converted into good husbands and indulgent fathers, and the most abandoned thieves and prostitutes into intelligent and industrious mothers. At Paramatta several of the officers and the corps des savans took up their abode in the house of one Larra, a French Jew, who, from a convicted felon, was now become a freeman and a citizen, and married to a once abandoned, now reformed Jewess. Both of them being inclined to industrious habits, they soon raised a small capital; they cultivated land; they entered into commercial speculations; and, in short, M. Larra was now considered as one of the richest and most respectable inhabitants of the colony. Three French convicts served him as domesticks, all sensible of their former misconduct, and fully determined to lead, in future, virtuous and honest lives. Far different, however, were the feelings of another Frenchman, of the name of Morand, a jeweller and clock-maker in the town of Sydney, who had been transported for forging bank notes, or, as he pleased to state it: « d'avoir voulu s'associer à la banque d'Angleterre sans mise de fonds." The levity with which this wretch related his own villanies, and the delight he seemed to experience at

the recollection of the perpetration of crimes disgraceful to human nature, are certainly peculiar to Frenchmen of the very worst description. We shall give his history in his own words:

"The war," said Morand, "had just broken out between Great Britain and France; the forces of the two nations were already engaged; when it occurred to me that our rival might be more easily destroyed by financial operations than by force of arms. I resolved therefore *en bon patriote*, to undertake his destruction, and to effect it in the very heart of London—Had I succeeded (he exclaimed with eagerness) France would have erected altars to my name!—Scarcely had I set foot in England, when I commenced my operations, which succeeded beyond my utmost hopes. Assisted by an Irishman, not less expert than myself, I soon succeeded in counterfeiting bank of England notes to such a degree of perfection, that it became very difficult even for ourselves to distinguish those issued from our press, from those that were real. The moment of my triumph arrived; all my dispositions were made for deluging England with the product of our manufactory. Nothing was wanting but some little information concerning the mode of marking the numbers, when my partner, whom I had hitherto regarded as a gentleman, was induced to rob our depôt, and carry off some of the notes which wanted a few trifling though indispensable formalities. He was immediately taken up: and as he had not scrupled to commit a breach of honour, he did not hesitate, under his present situation, to conduct himself like a poltroon—he discovered the whole secret. I was arrested, and Great Britain was saved from the destruction prepared for her.

"However evident the proofs of our project might be made to appear, I did not, on that account, despair (thanks to the nature of the criminal laws of England!) to escape being hanged. But the pusillanimity and terrour of my companion were such as to leave no doubt of our common ruin, if I should be reduced to the necessity of being confronted at the bar with him. In order, therefore, to ward off my own fate, which could not retard his, I was resolved to make him the instrument of his own destruction. Besides, as he was the cause of all our disasters, it was perfectly just that he should suffer for it. In a pathetick harangue, therefore, I endeavoured to prove to him that our death being inevitable, we had nothing left to occupy our thoughts but the best means of escaping the gallows; and that it would be better to act like men of honour, than to expire under the hands of the hangman—The Irishman was moved, but not quite resolved. I then observed, that if his own infamy did not affect him, he ought to spare his children the calamity of hearing themselves stigmatized; and that if he could not leave them a fortune, he might, at least, by a generous self-devotion, snatch them from shame and disgrace.

"These last reflections kindled in the breast of the Irishman a spark of noble courage. We procured some corrosive sublimate. I pretended to swallow part of it—he actually swallowed it, and died. Thus disembarrassed, I avoided the gallows, which was ready for us both. I escaped it, however, to be transported into this colony, where I am condemned to pass the rest of my days. The time of my slavery is expired. I carry on to advantage my former occupations of a jeweller and clockmaker. The two wretches who work for me, and who would hang themselves for the sake of a watch, enable me to triple my profits. In a few years I shall be one of the richest proprietors in the settlement, and I should already be one of the happiest, were I not unceasingly tormented at the regret of having failed so miserably in an honourable project, and in seeing myself looked upon as a vile miscreant, even by you, my countrymen, who are not able to comprehend the noble principles of my conduct." p. 411.

Want of room will not permit us to follow M. Péron through his various observations on many important subjects relating to our settlements in New South Wales, nor to refute his speculations respecting the intentions of the British government in this quarter of the globe. His descriptions are animated, but, as we before observed, generally exaggerated. There are two subjects, however, with which he concludes this first volume of his work, and which, being new, we feel ourselves called upon to notice. The first is an account of some experiments made by him with a new instrument, invented by Regnier, which he calls a dynamometer, for the purpose of ascertaining the comparative strength which individuals

are capable of exerting. If it be meant, by such an instrument, to measure the quantity of strength that one man can exert, by pulling, more than another, we presume it will not answer the purpose for which it was invented. The idea seems to have been thrown out by M. Coulomb, in a memoir presented to the institute, which had for its object the ascertaining "the quantity of daily action which men are able to furnish by individual labour, according to the different mode in which they employ their strength." This problem M. Péron has by no means solved. A great many circumstances, besides those of climate, food, and stature, must be taken into consideration. There is, moreover, a knack acquired by long habit in calling forth muscular power to its utmost exertion, which often enables a weak man to supply a greater quantity of labour than a stronger man is capable of. A Chinese porter, for instance, who feeds on rice, the least nutritive, probably, of all grain, will carry a greater load than an English sailor, who lives on good beef, biscuit, and rum; but the same sailor will haul a rope, or drag a weight, with double the force of a Chinese porter. We cannot follow him through forty pages of dissertation on this subject, but must content ourselves with giving his conclusions from five series of experiments, though we attach little importance to them. Having found the inhabitants of Van Dieman's Land capable of a manual force equal to 50,6

Those of New Holland	51,8
Those of Timor	58,7
Frenchmen	69,2
Englishmen	71,4

he deduces the following general result:

"That the development of physical strength is not always in a direct ratio to the want of civilisation, nor a necessary consequence of the savage state." [p. 458.] "What then shall we think," continues he, "of those eloquent declamations against the perfection of social order, deduced from the extraordinary physical powers of 'the man of nature!'" And he concludes by congratulating himself on being the first to oppose, by direct experiment, an opinion too commonly admitted, *that the physical degeneracy of man proceeds from the perfection of civilisation.*

The second subject is a memoir on a new genus of Molusca, which is named *Pyrosoma*, and which is the only animal in the book that is scientifically described.

"PYROSOMA. *Corpus gelatinosum rigidiusculum, liberum, tuberculis asperatum, subconicum, extremitate ampliore apertum, vacuum aperturæ margine intus tuberculis cincto.*

"*Pyrosoma Atlanticum. Æquatorio-atlanticum, gregarié—pelage-vagum, vividissimé phosphorescens, coloribus eximiis tunc effulgens;* 10, 12, 14, 16 [3 1-2 to 6 inches] *centimetros æquans.*"

The discovery of this new genus is introduced in a manner sufficiently interesting to induce us to close the present article with it.

"On the evening of the 14th of December, we experienced a violent tropical squall. The horizon was loaded with heavy clouds, and the darkness was intense. The wind blew furiously, and the run of the ship was most rapid. We discovered, at a little distance ahead, a broad belt of phosphorick light spread upon the waves. This appearance had something in it romantick and imposing, and a general attention was fixed on it. We presently reached it, and found that the brilliancy was caused by an innumerable quantity of animals which, lifted by the waves, floated at different depths, appearing under a variety of shapes. The pieces that were more deeply immersed, presented the idea of masses of burning matter, or of enormous redhot balls, whilst those on the surface perfectly resembled large cylinders of iron, heated to whiteness." p. 488.

These were collective bodies of the Pyrosoma above described.

The atlas is of quarto size. It contains not a single chart, nor any

sketch or plan of a coast, island, bay, or harbour, though frequent references are made to such in the margin of the printed volume. It has, however, five or six plates, consisting of views of land, which can be of no use either to science or navigation, and which look like so many strips of coloured riband. The portraits and landscapes, relating to Van Dieman's Land, New Holland, and Timor, and the coloured engravings of animals, especially those which belong to the class of Moluscas and Zoophytes, are creditable to the talents of the artist; some of them, indeed, are executed in a manner peculiarly neat, and beautifully coloured.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Rural Sports. By the Rev. William B. Daniel. 3 Vols. 8vo. pp. 1627. *5l. 5s.* Boards.

SOME of our literary friends on the north of the Tweed will doubtless indulge a sarcastick smile at seeing a work on rural sports from the pen of an English clergyman. In Scotland, we believe, hunting is scarcely ever practised by the clergy, and even shooting is by no means a common amusement among gentlemen of that profession. In England, the case is very different. Here, *hunting parsons*, *shooting parsons*, and even *boxing parsons*, are by no means rare; and where the practice of those liberal and truly Christian recreations is so general, we must not be surprised that some one of their reverend professors should occasionally take pen in hand, and communicate instructions on such important topicks, both to his clerical and his lay brothers of the field. We have now before us, a system of hunting, fishing, and shooting, from one reverend gentleman; and, perhaps, at some future period, we may be favoured, from the same quarter, with a complete treatise on the *pugilistick art*.

We cannot say that we are fond of those sports, in which a harmless animal is put to unnecessary pain, for the sake of affording recreation to the country gentleman; and we do think, that a Christian divine might have employed his time and labour to much better purpose, than in recommending and promoting an amusement so incompatible with his sacred function. Though we readily admit, that those creatures, which are the object of this sport, must be slaughtered for our subsistence, and that foxes and other beasts of prey must be destroyed, for the havock which they commit among our domestick animals; yet we would so far extend the hand of mercy, even to our enemies, as to put them to death by the speediest and least painful means. In fact, however, the destruction of these animals is altogether a secondary object with hunters, and the *preservation* of foxes is promoted by every possible means. Witness the following extract of a letter from a nobleman in London, to his agent in the country, which we copy from the work before us:

"I must desire that all those tenants who have shown themselves friends to the several fox hunts in your neighbouring counties, may have the offer and refusal of their farms, upon easy and moderate terms; and, on the other hand, that you will take care and make very particular inquiry into the conduct of those tenants who shall have shown a contrary disposition, by destroying foxes, or encouraging others so to do, or otherwise interrupting gentlemen's diversion, and will transmit me their names, and places of abode, as it is my absolute determination, that such

persons shall not be treated with in future by me, upon any terms or consideration whatever. I am convinced, that land owners, as well as farmers and labourers, of every description, if they knew their own interest, would perceive, that they owe much of their prosperity to those popular hunts, by the great influx of money that is annually brought into the country. I shall, therefore, use my utmost endeavours to induce all persons of my acquaintance, to adopt similar measures; and, I am already happy to find, that three gentlemen, of very extensive landed property, in Leicestershire, and on the borders of Northamptonshire, have positively sent, within these few days, similar directions to their stewards, which their tenants will be apprised of, before they retake their farms at next Lady Day." vol. i. p. 233.

We will venture to say, that this association, against the liberty and property of one of the most useful and industrious classes of the community, has scarcely been equalled, for illiberality, in any age or country. Giving the noble landlords full credit for the object professed in this letter, "the good of the community," we may, at least, hint a suspicion, that they have mistaken the means of attaining that object; and that the greater consumption of hay and corn, and the increased influx of money, which his lordship, and the reverend editor regard as the natural consequences of these popular hunts, are more than balanced by the havock committed by the protected foxes, among their protectors' lambs and poultry, and by the mischief done by the members of the hunt, to the fields, fences, and crops of the tenants.

To come now to the author's object, in the present performance. It is stated to be, to impart a certain degree of previous knowledge, which is requisite, to enable sportsmen to prosecute the pastimes of the field with facility and success. We willingly allow, that he has attained this end; and, had it not been for the unfortunate word *reverend*, displayed in the engraved title page, which naturally attracted our peculiar attention, and led us to expect something above the common style of writing, we should have been disposed to view the work in a favourable light; but, keeping the profession of the author in the back ground, and considering the volumes as the performance of a sportsman, possessing rather more intellectual endowment than most of his brethren, we think that they form an interesting publication. Mr. D. however, has shown himself to be an industrious, rather than a judicious, compiler. He has brought together a great mass of valuable and entertaining matter, respecting the natural history of beasts, birds, and fishes; the mode of breeding, training, and feeding dogs; with a complete body of instruction for pursuing the various sports of which he treats; and a digest of the game, forest, and other sporting laws and statutes. But these subjects are by no means well arranged, and are interspersed with much useless or irrelevant digression. In estimating his merits, we may consider him in three different points of view; as a naturalist, a sportsman, and a lawyer.

First, as a writer on the natural history of the animals, which are either the agents or the objects of rural sports, Mr. Daniel appears in the most amiable and most favourable light; and we have derived much pleasure, and some information, from this part of his work. He has, indeed, copied largely, and not always very judiciously, from Pennant, Buffon, White, and other eminent naturalists. But he has done more than this; for, though he modestly styles his work a compilation, and always speaks of himself as the "compiler," he has introduced several interesting facts and anecdotes from his own observation, or that of his sporting friends. We shall select a few of these, both because they will be new to many of our readers, and because they afford good specimens

of Mr. Daniel's manner, as an original writer.

Much of the first volume, and part of the third, are occupied with the natural history of the dog; and, in particular, with an account of the fox hound, the terrier, the harrier, the beagle, the gray hound, the pointer, the setter, and the spaniel. Speaking of the great capability of dogs to support life, under very long abstinence from food, he presents us with the following affecting narrative:

"In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's, for the reception of his majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome. Here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling was to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard, amongst the timbers which support the dome, a faint noise. Thinking it might be some unfortunate human being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near the place whence the sound came. At the bottom, he found a dog, lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe, half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up, much emaciated, and scarce able to stand. The workmen placed it in the porch of the church, to die, or live, as it might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. Some time after, the dog was seen, endeavouring to cross the street, at the top of Ludgate hill; but its weakness was so great, that, unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The miserable appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses, he was enabled to get to Fleet market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn bridge; and about eight o'clock in the evening, it reached its master's house in Red Lion street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours on its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head, as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh 20 lbs. and now only weighed 3 lbs. 14oz. The first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging the tail, when he mentioned the name of Phillis. For a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea spoon. At length it recovered." vol. i. p. 28.

We have seldom seen a more remarkable instance of *unnatural* affection between animals which are the declared enemies of each other, than is contained in the subsequent paragraph:

"A singular instance of ferocity and affection, in a terrier bitch, which occurred some years since, may be here mentioned. After a very severe burst of upwards of an hour, a fox was, by my own hounds, run to earth, at Heney Dovehouse, near Sudbury, in Suffolk. The terriers were lost; but, as the fox went to ground in view of the headmost hounds, and it was the concluding day of the season, it was resolved to dig him, and two men from Sudbury brought a couple of terriers for that purpose. After considerable labour, the hunted fox was got, and given to the hounds. Whilst they were breaking the fox, one of the terriers slipt back into the earth, and again laid. After more digging, a bitch fox was taken out, and the terrier killed two cubs in the earth, three others were saved from her fury, and which were begged by the owner of the bitch, who said he should make her suckle them. This was laughed at, as impossible. However, the man was positive, and had the cubs. The bitch fox was carried away, and turned into an earth in another county. The terrier had behaved so well at earth, that I, some days afterwards, bought her, with the cubs she had fostered. The bitch continued regularly to suckle, and reared them, until able to shift for themselves. What adds to this singularity, is, that the terrier's whelp was near five weeks old, and the cubs could just see, when this *exchange* of progeny was made." vol. i. p. 122.

It is, we believe, a novelty in the natural history of the fox, that the female should deposit its young within the hollow of a tree, at a considerable distance from the ground. Hence the ensuing circumstance, observed by Mr. Daniel, merits attention.

"In April, 1784, the compiler's hounds found at Bromfield-Hallwood; by some accident the whipper-in was thrown out,

and, after following the track two or three miles, gave up the pursuit. In returning home, he came through the fields near the cover where the fox was found. A terrier that was with him whined, and was very busy at the foot of an oak pollard tree. This induced the man to dismount, and examine if there was any hole at the bottom, supposing it might be the harbour of a polecat, or some small vermin. Upon examination he could discern no hole; but the dog was still anxious to get up the tree, which was covered with twigs from the stem to the crown, and upon which was plainly to be seen the dirt left by something that had gone up and down the boughs. He lifted the terrier as high as he could, and the dog's eagerness increased. He then climbed the tree, putting up the dog before him. The instant the dog reached the top, the man heard him seize something, and, to his great surprise, found him fast chapped with a bitch fox, which he secured, and four cubs. The height of the tree was 23 feet, and from the top there was a hole about 3 feet down, in which the fox had littered; so that the height from the ground to where the cubs *laid* was 20 feet. There was no mode of the fox getting to or from her young, but by the outside boughs, and the tree had no bend to render that path an easy one. It was considered, by numbers of people who inspected the tree, to be a most extraordinary incident, and the cubs were begged, and three of them reared up tame to commemorate it. One of them the late Mr. Leigh had, and which is well remembered at Wood's Hotel, in Covent Garden, where he used frequently to run tame about the coffee room."—Vol. I. P. 231.

Mr. Daniel has given a rather full account of the diseases incident to dogs, with a large catalogue of their usual remedies. In particular, he describes, at considerable length, chiefly from Mr. Blane's pamphlet, that affection which is called *the distemper;* and he treats at large on canine madness. On this last disease he has collected a voluminous mass of heterogeneous matter, both from sporting and from medical writers; and he has given the opinions of Drs. Bardsley, Darwin, Mede, Tissot, Rowley, Thornton, Arnold, and several other physicians, on the symptoms, causes, and cure of hydrophobia in the human body. In this farrago we particularly notice the observations of Mr. Meynell, communicated to Dr. Arnold, and published by him in his "Case of Hydrophobia," which seem to convey the most accurate ideas of the symptoms of this terrible disease, as it occurs in dogs. Perhaps the most valuable part of the author's miscellaneous observations on hydrophobia is that which relates to the practice and effects of *worming* dogs, though he evidently does not understand the nature of the operation:

"The prevention of the direful effects of canine madness," says Mr. Daniel, "seems to have been attempted in the early ages. To accomplish this, Pliny recommends the *worming* of dogs; and, from his time to the present, it has most deservedly had its advocates. Very strong proofs have been adduced of its utility; nor is it natural to imagine so easy and effective an operation would have been omitted, had not more virtue been attributed to it than it really possesses, and wherein it failed. The absolute *prevention* of madness was said to be the consequence; whereas the fact was, and is, that taking out the *worm* has nothing to do with annihilating the disorder, although it will most certainly hinder the dog seized with it, from doing any hurt to man or beast. A late author asserts he had three dogs that were *wormed*, bit by mad dogs, at three several periods; yet, notwithstanding they all died mad, they did not bite nor do any mischief; that, being determined to make a full experiment, he shut one of the mad dogs up in a kennel, and put to him a dog he did not value. The mad dog often *run* at the other, to bite him; but his tongue was so swelled that he could not make his teeth meet. The dog was kept in the kennel until the mad one died, and was purposely preserved for two years afterwards, to note the effect; but he never ailed any thing, although no remedies were applied to check any infection that might have been received from the contact of the mad dog.

"The compiler has had various opportunities of proving the usefulness of *worming*, and inserts three of the most striking instances, under the hope of inducing its general practice.

"A terrier bitch went mad, that was kept in the kennel with forty couple of hounds. Not a single hound was bitten, nor

was she seen to offer to bite. The bitch being of a peculiar sort, every attention was paid to her, and the gradations of the disease (which were extremely rapid) minutely noted. The hydrophobia was fast approaching before she was separated from the hounds, and she died the second day after. At first warm milk was placed before her, which she attempted to lap; but the throat refused its functions. From this period she never tried to eat or drink, seldom rose up, or even moved, the *tongue* swelled very much, and, long before her death, the *jaws* were distended by it.

"A spaniel was observed to be seized by a strange dog, and was bit in the lip. The servant, who ran up to part them, narrowly escaped, as the dog twice flew at him. A few minutes afte rthe dog had quitted the yard, the people who had pursued gave notice of the dog's madness, who had made terrible havock in the course of ten miles, from whence he had set off.—The spaniel was a great favourite, had medicine applied, and every precaution taken. Upon the 14th day he appeared to loath his food, and his eyes looked unusually heavy. The day following he endeavoured to lap milk, but could swallow none. From that time the *tongue* began to swell, he moved himself very seldom, and on the third day he died. For many hours previous to his death, the tongue was so enlarged that the fangs, or canine teeth, could not meet each other by upwards of an inch.

"The hounds were, some years after, parted with, and were sold in lots. A madness broke out in the kennel of the gentleman who purchased many of them; and although several of these hounds were bitten and went mad, only one of them ever attempted to bite, and that was a hound from the duke of Portland's, who, in the operation of *worming*, had the worm *broke* by his struggling, and he was so troublesome that one half of it was suffered to remain. The others all died with symptoms similar to the terrier and the spaniel, viz. a violent swelling of the tongue, and a stupor rendering them nearly motionless, and both which symptoms seemed to increase with the disease." Vol. I. p. 159.

Whatever we may think of the style of the above paragraphs, we consider the facts which they contain as of great importance. We pretend not to determine what is the nature of the operation of worming; but if repeated experience shall ascertain its constant, or even frequent effect, to be the security of the human species from that direful malady, the cure of which medicine has so often attempted in vain, the operation ought, certainly, to be performed, at an early age, on every dog. According to Mr. Daniel, "the worming of whelps should be previous to their being sent out to quarters. This operation is to be performed with a *lancet*, to slit the thin skin which immediately covers the *worm;* a small awl is then to be introduced under the centre of the worm, to raise it up; the further end of the worm will, with very little force, make its appearance, and with a cloth taking hold of that end, the other will be drawn out easily. Care must be taken that the whole of the worm comes away without breaking, and it rarely breaks unless cut into by the lancet, or wounded by the awl." p. 202.

2dly. As a practical *sportsman*, Mr. Daniel is quite at home; and though many years have passed since we partook of the *pleasures* of the chase, we have no doubt that the ample code of instructions which he has drawn up, may be implicitly followed. These instructions respect fox hunting, stag hunting, hare hunting, coursing, and the pursuit of rabbits, martins, badgers, and otters, in the first volume; *sea fishing*, angling for all the various fresh water and river fish, with the construction of flies, nets, and other fishing tackle, and the management of fish ponds, in the second; and shooting the various species of game, with the breeding and training of spaniels and pointers, and the choice and management of fowling pieces, in the third. We could have wished that the author had entirely omitted the *diversion* of badger hunting, and we do not clearly perceive what *sea fishing* has to do in a work of *rural sports;* but, in general, this part of the work is well executed, and abounds with interesting anecdotes.

Among others, he has given an account of a sow that was trained and employed as a pointer, which we quoted in our last volume, from Mr. Bingley's "Natural History of Quadrupeds."*

Lastly. Mr. Daniel's digest of the game and other sporting laws, compiled chiefly from *Blackstone's Commentaries*, *Burn's Justice*, and (if we mistake not) from the *Sporting Magazine*, (in the early numbers of which we remember to have seen a very similar digest) appears to be complete, though faulty in point of arrangement. We had expected to find the author a strenuous advocate for the game laws; but were pleased at seeing some very judicious and impartial observations on this unpopular branch of our statutes.—With a quotation from this part, we shall close our specimens of Mr. Daniel's labours:

"No admirer of a manly, liberal, well regulated system of publick freedom, will be forward to assert, that the *laws* for the preservation of *game* do not require to be very thoroughly revised. They certainly depart more widely from the line of genuine, political justice, and expose the humble, unqualified classes of the community more to the hazard of punishment, and the oppression of power, than any rational advocate of *moral* equality can consistently approve. They are greatly imperfect, inasmuch as their penalties are infinitely too severe. That the punishment of death should, in any case, be inflicted on an act which in itself violates no rule of religion, justice, or morality, is a reflection from which the mind revolts with pain and horrour. Where is the wrong to individuals that demands such an atonement? Where is the injury to society which requires such an example? That the act of destroying game is not *malum in se*, is evident; for if it were the legislature could not license it. Not only the want of true wisdom, but the want of common justice in these statutes, requires the most earnest and attentive consideration in those who administer in the government of the state.—Every amendment, however minute, in the defective part of its legislative system, is an immense acquisition of strength to our constitution. It takes a weapon from the armoury of its enemies, and knits still more closely the union of its friends. Unwise laws are the worst foes of a state. It is the publick statutes that should perpetuate and keep alive the great principles of practical freedom." Vol. I. p. 295.

In a production of this kind, a great variety of style must, in course, appear; but we are sorry to say that the style of Mr. Daniel, as far as we can judge from what are given as his original observations, is considerably below mediocrity. It abounds with inelegancies, provincialisms, and even grammatical errours; faults which we should not have expected in a writer of his profession. On the whole, however, the work is certainly calculated to form an acceptable companion for the sportsman and the country gentleman; and it is rendered highly interesting, also, to general readers, by the numerous and well executed engravings with which it is embellished.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Instructive Tales. By Mrs. Trimmer. Collected from the Family Magazine. 8vo. pp. 290. Price 4*s*. London. 1810.

A PLEASING collection of stories, in which the prevailing *practical* errours of the humbler class in life are reprehended, and the parties guilty of them are reformed.—We cannot but wish that reformation were as easy in fact as it is on paper; but, so far as our opportunities of inspecting mankind have extended, we have found a greater proportion than (as in these tales) one in twenty incorrigible. Mrs. Trimmer's purpose may, however, be best answered, in general, by de-

* See Select Reviews, Vol. II. p 174.

scribing the progress from vice to virtue as easy and pleasant, not as rugged or impracticable. We forgive the benevolent errour which seduces an individual into virtue.—We commend the solicitude of the squire to improve the morals of his villagers, by giving employment and favour as encouragement to the most deserving. Not less exemplary is the humanity of his lady, in contriving to amend the tempers of the wives, in order to make home comfortable to the husbands. This, at least, shows an intimate acquaintance with human nature; for a man will naturally frequent most constantly that spot where he enjoys the greatest satisfaction.—If that be his wife's fireside, there will be his abode; but if his wife's fireside be the station of torment, from whatever cause arising, he may relinquish all hopes of happiness, but he will seek gratification elsewhere.—Let this be formed into habit, and farewell virtue, comfort, prosperity; farewell the attachments of the heart, and the thousand tender ties which bind an individual to his own, with bands incomparably stronger than those of iron or brass. The affections are vitiated; on what can advice or persuasion act? This volume is extremely well fitted for the persons for whom it is designed; and we shall be happy to hear, that the villagers throughout our country emulate the example of the villagers before us; and that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews are patterns to our rural squires, and their ladies. The appendix, containing rules, monitions, and advice, adds essentially to its value.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Martin Luther, &c. *i. e.* Martin Luther, or the Consecration of Energy, a Tragedy, by the Author of the "Sons of the Valley." 12mo. pp. 380. Berlin.

IN consequence of the passion of the great king of Prussia, for French literature, the German poets of his time were employed to translate for the theatre at Berlin the best tragedies of the French dramatists. Weisse, in particular, with great felicity, transferred into German Alexandrine rhymes, several master pieces of Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire. The leading theatres of the country, of Dresden, Manheim, Frankfort, and Hamburgh, were eager to flatter the taste of an admired monarch, and to diffuse the celebrity of such noble works of art. In native productions, the German drama was at that time scanty, and the tragedies of the French were received with universal applause.

Criticks then arose, deeply versed in ancient and modern literature, such as Sulzer and Lessing, who examined the theory of the dramatick art with more completeness, and with not less elegance, than had been displayed in the *firefaces* of Dryden, or the *Poesie Dramatique* of Diderot. Warned by judges so sagacious, against real imprudence, and invited by fashion to lean towards French models, what have the subsequent German poets done? They have forsaken the forms of French, for those of English art; the patent moulds of Racine, for those of Shakspeare; the Grecian for the Gothick drama. From theory, and from experience, the Germans have, finally, awarded the preference to our native, northern, historick tragedy.

The unity of time, they find, is needless, and the unity of place is hostile to illusion. By prolonging the implied duration of the piece, it

becomes possible to dramatize with probability, events of greater moment, interest, and complexity, than can be squeezed into the limits of any Parisian play, that is confined to twenty four hours; no one of which could unfold the conspiracy of Venice, or the usurpation and dethronement of Macbeth. By frequently shifting the scene, the spectator's eye is delighted; his flagging attention is aroused; and his imagination is assisted to wander on the wings of the words, and is silently provided with numberless instructive particulars, about the costume of the age, and the localities of the incidents. Where the course of the plot does not compel a change of place, the wise dramatist will seek pretences for repeated removals of his personages.

Unity of action or design, however, is, in the historick tragedy, of indisputable value; and the great art of adopting a fragment of history, or an individual hero, to this form of delineation, is to seize, in the event, or in the person, on the characteristick feature; and to direct attention with singleness of view, towards this principal point. Thus Schiller, in his tragedy of Wilhelm Tell, having undertaken to draw the portrait of a meritorious tyrannicide, keeps this aim in his eye, throughout every apparent episode; and introduces, really for a purpose of instructive contrast, the other and culpable tyrannicide, Johannes Parricida, of Swabia, whose appearance seems, at first sight, so needless.

The author of Martin Luther certainly possesses not the loftiness and pathetick force of Schiller, nor that perpetual concentration of attention on the main purpose, which distinguished the later productions of this lamented genius. But he manifests skill in the art of painting the spirit of the times in a short dialogue between boors, and in the art of characterizing eminent men with striking likeness by little significant traits. His scenery, like that of Schiller, is well imagined, not merely for picturesque effect, but for emblematick operation on the spectator; and his dialogue, though much too diffuse, has at least not the French fault of sinking into epic poetry; but is uniformly dramatick. Still his piece tires before it closes; and this defect principally results from a breach of unity of action.

Luther's burning of the pope's bull, and his consequent citation to Worms, form the original points of interest. His heroick determination to go to the place where he might expect the fate of Huss; his danger while he was there; the collection of the votes of the diet; and the casting vote of the emperour, which grants him a safe return, constitute a complete series of action. But the untired author, instead of concluding his play with the rejoicings of the populace, on the discharge of Luther, proceeds to paint the reformer *in love*, and diverts his audience with a religious courtship of the nun Catherine Bore; which, though not borrowed out of the book of Defoe, is nearly as ludicrous, from the analogous attempt to veil the desires of nature, in the forms of spiritual aspiration.

The composition of historick tragedy deserves to be revived in this country. Dramas, on that plan, are apt to be too long; but they might be given without any afterpiece; especially if the poet, as in this instance, would contrive a conclusion full of musick, show, pageantry, bustle, song, and machinery. The biography of Luther is interesting in all protestant countries; sufficiently so, perhaps, for the transplantation of this very piece, into our own theatres. We, therefore, give an analysis of it, scene by scene.

Act I. Scene 1. Miners are at work in the caverns of Freiberg in Saxony. They converse about the commotion which Luther is causing; his father is one of the workmen, and is

questioned concerning his son. Thus the popular operation of his opinions, and the outlines of his early biography, are unaffectedly brought out.

Scene 2. A convent of nuns at Wittenberg is exhibited. They are seen in the chapel, through a grate, performing their devotions; and a *miserere*, accompanied by an organ, is sung in chorus. The chancellor of Saxony, and other attendants, arrive, to announce the sequestration of the holy property, and the dismissal of the nuns, on a pension, into private life. Interesting contrasts of character are displayed between the grief of the elderly and the subdued joy of the younger nuns. While the formal process is going on, a mob of youths break into the holy precincts, and more than one snatches his beloved from imprisonment. The dignified indignation of Catherine Bore overawes the rudest. An officer, who was in love with her is vainly a suitor; and she reproves him for his attachment to Luther.

Scene 3. The college-square at Wittenberg is displayed. Students are assembled to witness the burning of the pope's bull by Luther. The daring character of this step is painted by the alarm of Melanchthon, by the hesitation of the people, and by the intrusive protest of the disbanded nuns, who are marched past at the time. Luther makes his speech, and burns the bull. Catherine Bore feels her abhorrence overcome by an involuntary veneration.

Act II. Scene 1. The *famulus*, or apprentice-student, of Luther, by name Theobald, is waiting in Luther's anti-room, and is visited by Melanchthon, whose cautious, timid, scrupulous virtue is accurately portrayed. Luther is locked within his study. His father and mother come from Freiberg to visit him. The door is burst open. He is found half entranced, from want of food, and from excess of literary labour. He has been translating psalms into rhyme; the door is spotted with ink; and, on being questioned, he relates the story of his throwing an inkstand at the celebrated apparition of the devil. Much nature, much historick fidelity, and much philosophy, are exhibited in this delineation. Melanchthon informs Luther of the citation to Worms, and advises him not to go, lest he should be burnt alive. The father and mother concur in the dissuasion: but the noble firmness of Luther prevails. This scene is too long: but it contains affecting displays of character.

Scene 2. The disbanded nuns are again produced, for little purpose; unless to reveal the progress of Catherine's attachment, who determines, in the dress of a pilgrim, to follow Luther to Worms.

Act III. Scene 1. A hall in the imperial palace exhibits the assembled majesty of the German empire; the electors, the knights, the cardinals, the bishops, the emperour Charles V. and his fool, *Bossu*. The debate turns on the protestant troubles; the several characters are brought forwards in exact proportion to their historick importance; and to each his individual learning is assigned with solicitous precision: but we have too much of the emperour's fool.

Scene 2. Luther has arrived at Worms, accompanied by Melanchthon. The cardinal Aleander practises with him, and offers preferment if he will retract: but Luther remains firm, and wanders through the streets, singing with a chorus of the people his own psalms. The emperour passes on horseback, and, being curious to see Luther, slackens his pace. While he is gazing, the sceptre drops from his hand; and this emblematick or ominous incident is well managed by the poet. The dialogue is affectedly insipid, while the page picks up the sceptre, and the emperour desires the elector of Saxony to carry it for

him. But Luther, looking calmly and silently at the incident, and continuing his psalmody, excites an indescribable thrill, arising from a recollection of the mass of depending events, which reveals the use and the place of omens in dramatick historiography.

Act IV. Scene 1. Luther is called before the diet, is exhorted to retract, and refuses. When he has retired, a deliberation commences whether he shall be burnt for heresy. The votes are divided: but the emperour's casting vote decides in favour of Luther, who retires with the acclamations of the people.

Scene 2. A forest near Worms. Here Luther is benighted, with his famulus; and here Catherine Bore, in her pilgrim's dress, with the fair novice who accompanies her, is benighted also. Certain soldiers attend as an escort. The parties meet, and club their suppers, spread themselves on the ground, and sing in concert. The spectacle may be imagined to be picturesque; and the soldier's bugle, with the voices of the performers, alternately sounding, to be very melodious: yet the dialogue itself is vile and ludicrous, and abolishes all that reverence for Luther and Catherine, which had previously been excited. After having fallen in love, they fall asleep; and their dreams are exhibited in the air, in pleasing illuminated machines. Theobald and the fair novice also fall in love, as well as their master and mistress.

In the fifth act, still grosser absurdities occur. The fair novice dies, in order to exhibit a funeral at the convent, and to reintroduce the chorus of nuns, who are allowed to reunite on this occasion. During the service, protestant iconoclasts rush in, tear down the pictures, and carry off the candlesticks; and thus the reformation, hitherto so important, is degraded into a church-robbery, hostile to the fine arts! An opportunity is seized for exhibiting Luther in lay-apparel, when he makes his offer, and is accepted by Catherine Bore; occasion is also taken to *kill off* two personages, now become supernumerary, the boy-widower Theobald, and the discarded lover of Catherine;—and thus the tragedy terminates.

The merits of this poem must be sought, first, in the author's happy portraiture of character and manners, and in ethick discrimination; secondly, in his wise choice of the interviews, so as to teach a large portion of historick truth, with a moderate number of agitating scenes; thirdly, in decorative contrivance, an opportunity being skilfully afforded for various and magnificent scenery and pageantry; yet in this department of art, the law of climax is not sufficiently observed; and fourthly, in historick fidelity.—Its faults will be found; first, in the trailing and sentimental style of the dialogue; secondly, in exuberance of personage, incident, anecdote, and parade; thirdly, in repetitions of situation, such as that of the nuns at worship; and fourthly, in the decaying character of the interest, which, from being originally of the *heroick*, becomes finally of the *comick* kind.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

FEMALE HEROISM, AS EVINCED DURING THE REIGN OF TERROUR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[*Concluded from page* 137.]

Mademoiselle de Bussy and Mademoiselle de Brion, one aged 15, and the other 19, had both accompanied their mothers to a prison. They were not prisoners, and might have gone out; but they preferred to share their captivity, and the decree ordering the expulsion of the nobility from Paris, forced them to part from them. They shed tears, and every day, in the country where they breathed pure air, they were heard to regret the insalubrity of that horrid abode, out of which they had been violently driven away.

Madame Grimoard, now Madame Potier, showed also a most affecting anxiety for her mother, Madame Lachabeaussiere. She had been sent to another prison. She begged, though she was pregnant, to be carried to Port Libre, to accompany her mother and take care of her; but she found her in close confinement, and treated with the greatest cruelty. She was so shocked at it, that at intervals her mind was deranged. She neglected her dress, and in her delirium, at which every heart was moved, she stood for some time on a spot, looking around her without seeing any body. Sighs heaved her bosom, and her face and body were distorted with convulsions. Then she arose suddenly, darted through the passages, and sat down on the stairs, near the door of the dungeon where her mother was. There she listened a long while, and when she heard nothing, she sighed, shed tears, and in a low tone said sorrowfully: *O my mother, my fond, my unfortunate mother!* When she heard her walk or move, she conversed with her, and to prolong the dire pleasure of such an intercourse, she remained for several hours on the landing place. She was not satisfied with talking; she carried, every day, to her mother, some of her own victuals, which was giving her life, as they sometimes forgot to feed the unfortunate woman. But when she came to request the turnkeys to open the dungeon to her, how many brutal refusals, disgusting interrogations, and indecent jokes, had she not to endure to obtain the favour? She disregarded them, and suffered every thing, in order to carry food to her mother, and to embrace her for a few moments. It seemed as if maternal anxiety were wholly transfused into the bosom of this affectionate daughter!

The same praise is due to Mademoiselle Delleglan. Her father, who was ordered to be removed from a dungeon in Lyons, to the *Conciergerie*, was setting out for Paris.

She had not left him; she asked leave to travel in the same coach with him; she could not obtain it; but does the heart acknowledge any obstacles? Although her constitution was very weak, she walked all the way, following the cart upon which her father was, the whole journey of more than 100 leagues, and never losing sight of him, but to prepare his victuals, or to fetch a blanket for him to sleep on, when he arrived at the different prisons on the roads. She never ceased to accompany him, and to supply all his wants, till he reached the *Conciergerie;* when she was separated from him. As she had been used to inspire the jailers with compassion, she did not despair of being able to disarm the oppressors. For three months she applied every morning to the most powerful members of the committee of publick safety, and at last prevailed on them to release her father. She set off with him for Lyons, glorying in having delivered him; but Heaven did not allow her to reap the fruit of her exertions. She was taken ill on the road, being exhausted by fatigue, and lost her own life, after having saved that of her father.

Mademoiselle de la Rochefoucauld displayed no less courage in behalf of her father. She had been sentenced with him, in the Vendean war; but she contrived his escape. She hid him in the house of a workman, who had been their servant, and concealed herself somewhere else. Thus they lived, free from the persecutors; but as their property had been confiscated, and pity was easily tired, their resources were soon exhausted. Mlle. de la Rochefoucauld was informed that her father was nearly perishing for want. Being reduced to the same extremity, and unable to assist him, she devoted herself for him. A republican general happened to pass through the town where she had retired. She informs him, in a most affecting letter, of the lamentable situation of her father, and offers to appear and undergo the execution of the sentence pronounced against her, provided he engages immediately to assist the expiring old man. The warriour hastens to her, not as an enemy, but as a protector.* He gave assistance to the father; saved the daughter; and after the 9th of Thermidor, he had them reinstated in their property, by obtaining the revision of their trial.

The action of the young Mlle. Bois-Berenger is no less admirable, and, perhaps, still more affecting. Her father, mother, and sister, had been served with a warrant of accusation. She alone appeared to have been forgotten by the murderers of her family. How many tears did this sad distinction cost her? In her despair she exclaimed: *I am then doomed to survive you! We shall not die together!* She tore her hair, she embraced, successively, her father, her mother, and sister, and bitterly repeated: *We shall not then die together!* The wished for warrant against her comes; no more grief, no more tears; transported with joy, she embraces again her parents, exclaiming: *We shall die together!* It seemed as if she had in her hands their liberty and her own. She put on a handsome dress, as if she was going to an entertainment, and with her own hands cut off the locks of her charming hair. When they left the *Conciergerie*, she was pressing in her arms her unfortunate mother, whose dejection was her only affliction; and she supported her

* Why M. le Gouvé has not gratified laudable curiosity, by distinguishing, beyond mistake, this honour to humanity, we know not, unless the fear of incurring the displeasure of his Corsican master. We, however, will supply his deficiency, and are proud to boast, that it was one of our friends who performed this meritorious act, at Ancenis, in Brittanny. It was general Danican, author of a work, entitled, *Les Brigands démasqués.*

sinking heart till they were on the scaffold. "Be comforted," said she, "you do not leave the least regret behind; your whole family goes with you, and you will soon receive the reward of your virtue."

With the same fortitude Mlle. de Malesey, whose graces equalled her beauty, acted towards her father when he was condemned. She constantly attended him; she comforted him till he received the fatal blow, and then willingly laid her own head under the same axe.

There were many women whom humanity alone inspired with this noble contempt of life, which others manifested from attachment to a sacred affinity.

Some time after the 31st of May, citizen Lanjuinais, an outlaw, went to Rennes, to shelter himself in the house of his mother, who had no other servant at that time than an old chambermaid. He thought it necessary to conceal the truth from the latter; but one day reading in the newspapers that Guadet had been executed at Bordeaux, and that the same proscription attached to those of his friends who had received him, and even to the servants who had not made known his retreat, Lanjuinais perceives the danger to which his presence might expose his mother's servant. He, therefore, resolves, at the risk of his own life, to guard her against it. He reveals his situation to her; and warning her of what she has to apprehend, recommends her to go away, and to be silent. Her answer is, that she will never leave him while he is in danger; and that she cares not for death, if she must lose him. In vain does he remonstrate. She earnestly solicits the happiness to stay with her master to the last moment. Lanjuinais, deeply affected, yielded, and contrived, with the help of this woman's dexterity, to stay there till the overthrow of Robespierre; when the safety of her mistress's son was the reward of her virtuous obstinacy.

Mary, a servant in one of the gaols in Bordeaux, inspired two young men with confidence, by her kind behaviour towards those who were detained there. They applied to her to make their escape, and she agreed to facilitate it. When they were going away, they offered her an assignat of 500 livres each, as a token of their gratitude. She felt affronted, and said: "*You do not deserve my assistance, since you esteem me so little as to think I am prompted by motives of vile interest.*" They observed, in vain, that the offer was made simply to enable her to fly, without being exposed to want, if she was suspected of having been privy to their escape; but they soon perceived they must speak no more of money. They therefore yielded, kissed her, and departed.

Mad. Boyer, a milliner in Marseilles, was brought before the commission, to give evidence on the trial of a culprit who had actually committed the revolutionary crime which he was charged with. Thinking she might save him, she deposed in his favour, and lost her life for this generous perjury.

In Brest, a man unknown to Mad. Ruvilly, entered her house, to ask a shelter against proscription. He was 80 years old. Endowed with a tender heart, she made no inquiry, and did not consider the danger connected with his visit. He was unhappy; that was sufficient; she readily hid him, and paid him every attention. Two days after, the old man came to take his leave of her. Mad. Ruvilly, who delicately had refrained from putting any question to him, shows some astonishment. He confesses that he is a priest, and on that account only, devoted to proscription; but he is fearful lest a longer stay might bring it upon her also: "*Allow me,*" says he, "*by going away, to preserve you from the danger you are exposed to, for having received me, and to spare myself the grief of having brought ruin upon*

you." "*But where will you go?*" "*God knows!*" "*What! you have no place to go to, and yet you wish me to let you go away! No! The more your situation is dangerous to me, the more I am interested in it. I beg you will wait in this house till the times become more settled.*" The old man refused; and, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, was the conqueror in this generous struggle. Mad. Desmarets, Mad. Ruvilly's sister, was then with her. She witnessed the affecting scene, and kept the secret. But the eyes of tyranny are always watchful, and she was soon informed against, on account of that hospitable action. Mad. Ruvilly, before her judges, gloried in the service she had rendered; and her only affliction was to see her sister condemned for not having denounced her. These two women underwent their fate, proud of being punished for an act of generosity.

Mad. Payssac, who lived in Paris, did more than grant hospitality; she offered it. The respectable Rabaud de Saint Etienne, was outlawed in consequence of the events of the 31st of May. Mad. Payssac offered him a shelter in her house; his remonstrances respecting the danger to which his acceptance would expose her, were useless; she insisted, and overcame Rabaud's reluctance. He was afterwards discovered in her house, and she soon followed him to the scaffold, no less courageously than she had braved the peril.

The celebrated Condorcet was proceeded against at the same period. A female friend offered to hide him. He refused, saying: *You would be deprived of the benefit of the law! Oh!* said she, *am I to be deprived of the benefit of humanity?* This answer did not shake his determination; and, some time after, he was found murdered by his own hands,* in a village near Paris.

Mad. Le Jai, a bookseller in Paris, was more successful. She gave shelter to citizen Doulcet Pontecoulant, and so effectual was her zeal, that she saved his life and her own.

The niece of a sexton in Brussels succeeded, likewise, in giving assistance to a Frenchman who had fled to that city during those bloody days. It was after the battle of Fleurus, when the French troops entered Belgium. Fearful of being apprehended in Brussels, he was leaving it. A young girl, who was sitting at a door, prompted by a sympathy for the unfortunate, stopt him, exclaiming: *You are lost if you go further! If I go back, I am lost also! Then come in here.* He went in. After informing him, that they were in the house of her uncle, who would not permit her to save him, if he knew it, she conducted him to a barn, where he concealed himself. Scarcely was it night, when a party of soldiers came to sleep there. The niece followed them unperceived; and, as soon as they were asleep, she tried to extricate the Frenchman from such a perilous place; but, as he was escaping, one of the soldiers awoke and took him by the hand. On this she stepped between them, saying: *Let me go, it is I who am come.* She needed not say more. The soldier, deceived by the female voice, let his captive go. She conducted the latter to her own room, from whence, taking the keys of the church, and carrying a lamp in her hand, she opened that building to him. They came to a chapel, which the ravage of war had despoiled of its ornaments; behind the altar was a trapdoor, not easily perceivable. She lifted it up, and said; "You see this dark staircase; it leads to a vault, in which the remains of an illustrious family are deposited. It is very likely that nobody will so much as suspect that you are there. Have fortitude enough to remain there, till a favourable opportunity offers for your escape."

* See his Memoirs.

The Frenchman entered without hesitation. What was his surprise, when the first objects he perceived, by the light of the lamp, were the armorial bearings of his own family, originally of this country! He recognises the tombs of his forefathers! He salutes them respectfully, and with the most lively emotions, lays his hands upon these venerated marbles. His conductress left him under those impressions. The delight they imparted, and particularly the hope of seeing again a fond wife, rendered him, for some time, unmindful of his abode. Two days had elapsed, and his deliverer had not returned. He knew not what to think. At one moment he was terrified, lest she had fallen a victim to her generosity. At another, he feared lest she had forgotten him. These painful feelings were quickened by those of hunger; and he had no other prospect than that of a death still more dreadful than what he had avoided. His strength failed, and he sunk almost senseless on the tomb of one of his ancestors. Suddenly, he heard a noise. It was the voice of his kind deliverer, who was calling him. Overcome with joy, as well as with weakness, he could not answer. She believed he was dead, and sighing, she let the trap door fall down again. The unfortunate young man, exceedingly terrified, made an exertion, and screamed aloud. She heard it, and came back. She immediately gave him food, and explained the cause of her delay; adding, that precautions were now so well taken, that the same should not happen again. She was leaving him, when she heard the noise of arms She precipitately went down again, bidding the Frenchman be silent. In fact, a number of armed men were at that moment conducted there by the sexton, who had been charged with having secreted an emigrant in the church, that they might search for him. They examined every where; they even trod upon the trap door. What a moment for the two prisoners! Every step resounded in their hearts, and was felt as a forerunner of their fate. But the noise by degrees diminished, and at length was heard no more. The niece ventured out with the greatest caution and anxiety. After informing her guest, to make him easy, she withdrew. On the ensuing days she regularly carried food to him. He remained a long time in the vault, under the care of this benevolent girl. More quiet days arrived; and she informed him of the change. He bid a tender and respectful farewell to the remains of his ancestors, which had protected him; quitted the vault, reached his country, and soon joined a wife, whose society and affection made him still more grateful for the service rendered him by his generous deliverer.

The sublime action of Mlle. de Sombreuil, amid the massacres of September, is too well known, for me to dwell long upon it. Nevertheless, it is but just that I record here, another proof of her magnanimity. One of the murderers, as the condition of her father's deliverance, insisted on her drinking a glass of blood. Filial love gave her strength to submit to this horrid proposal. She afterwards experienced frequent fits, which returned at regular periods. She persevered in her constant attention to her father, and shared his captivity, when, in the days of terrour, he was incarcerated again. When she first appeared among the other prisoners, all fixed their eyes upon her, and all wept. Every heart paid her the tribute due to virtue. A sentiment addressed to her by Mad. de Rosambe, is creditable to both. She was going out of the prison with the venerable Malesherbes, to appear before the court; when she perceived Mlle. de Sombreuil. "You have had the glory of saving your father," said

she, "and I have the comfort of going to die with mine."*

The daughter of the respectable Cazotte† saved him, also, from the hands of the murderers in the prisons. Her action is less known than the other, but the particulars of it are not less interesting. Some days before the 2d of September, Mlle. Cazotte, who had been imprisoned with her father, in the abbey, was acquitted; but she would not leave him there alone, and without assistance. She was allowed to stay with him. Those days came, in which fell so many Frenchmen. On the eve preceding, Mademoiselle Cazotte's lovely face, innocent mind, and lively discourse, had raised feelings of sympathy in some of the Marseillois, who guarded the interiour of the abbey. They assisted her in saving Cazotte. This old man, being condemned, after thirty hours of massacre, was about to fall beneath the blows of a crowd of assassins. His daughter rushes among them, her countenance pale, but still more lovely in her disorder and tears; exclaiming: "You shall not reach my father, but after piercing through my heart." A single voice cries out: "*pardon;*" a hundred voices repeat the exclamation; the Marseillois open a passage for Mlle. Cazotte, who carries off her father, and restores him to his family. Her triumph did not last long. On the 12th of September, Cazotte was again thrown into a prison. His daughter accompanies him to the *Conciergerie;* but the door, opened to admit her father, is rudely shut against her. She applies to the municipality, and to the minister of the interiour. After many tears and entreaties, she at last obtains leave to attend on her father. She remained night and day near him, leaving him only to supplicate the judges in his favour, or to prepare his defence. She had already secured the assistance of those Marseillois, to whom she had been so greatly indebted, in the former danger. She had already assembled many women, who had engaged to support her; she was beginning to indulge some hopes, when she was ordered into close confinement. Cazotte's enemies dreaded so much her zeal, that they considered this as absolutely necessary, to prevent his escaping a second time. In fact, during the absence of his daughter, they murdered that man, whose old age and talents they should have respected; they should have respected, too, the terrours of that dreadful scene of death, which, during the horrours of September, hung over his head for six and thirty hours. Mademoiselle Cazotte had then no other comfort left, but that of soothing the sorrows of her mother; a duty which she now fulfils with all the nice and tender feelings which nature has bestowed on her.

In the course of these anecdotes, M. le Gouvé informs us, that no obstacle prevented the women from attending at the prisons. Every day, and in every season, the garden of the Luxembourg was crowded with women, who, in spite of excessive heat or cold, rain or wind, were spending the morning there, in expectation of seeing, for a single moment, either at a window, or on the roof of the building, their fathers, brothers, or husbands, retained there,

* See more particulars in the memoirs of M. de Malesherbes, who, with his daughter and grandchild, were guillotined, merely because he had been one of the counsel to Louis XVI. The exalted conduct of this venerable old man was an honour to human nature. His expression of fidelity to his sovereign ought to be written in letters of gold: "They will never forgive me for defending the hapless Louis XVI! Nevertheless, I solemnly protest, that I glory in sacrificing my life for him; and, far from repenting that act, would again do the same, were it again to be done."

† The author of several very pleasing works, such as *Olivier, le Diable Amoureux,* &c.

to direct towards them, or to receive from them, a look, a gesture, or any token of affection or concern. Some of them did more. On the outside of prisons from which sewers issued, they stooped over these infectious streams, to converse with a friend or relative, and remove from their minds a distrust too natural in misfortune. Who, then, can refrain from joining in unison with the last four lines of M. le Gouvé's poem, *la Mérite des Femmes*, as a just tribute to the fair sex?

Reviens de ton erreur, Toi qui veux les flétrir;
Sache les respecter autant que les chérir;
Et, si la voix du sang n'est point une chimère,
Tombe aux pieds de CE SEXE à qui tu dois TA MERE!

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF PRINCE EUGENE, OF SAVOY. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Concluded from page 57.]

1711—I went to Utrecht, to see how the negotiations proceeded. England, Savoy, Portugal, and Prussia, were ready to sign their treaties; and Holland hung only by a thread.

I set out for Vienna to report this to the emperour. On my arrival, Charles VI. said to me: "You are right; Holland has just signed too. So Zinzendorf informs me; and he has sent me the proposals of France, to which you will certainly not advise me to agree." "Your majesty does me justice," I replied. "We will obtain neutrality for the Low Countries; and with the troops which you will order thence, as well as from Naples and Lombardy, we shall be able to keep the French in check on the Rhine."

I hastened to all the states and courts of the empire to collect men and money. I procured three millions of crowns in one quarter, and a million of florins in another. But the tardiness of the princes and circles in marching from their quarters, prevented me from anticipating the French on the Upper Rhine. Charles VI. manifested a desire to command his army in person. I represented to him that he could gain no honour by it. My opinion was but too well founded, as I clearly perceived that Villars meant to make an attempt on Landau. I ordered lines to be formed at Etlingen, within which I sent one half of my army, and posted the other at Mühlberg, where I hoped my reenforcements would arrive before the fall of Landau; but the prince of Würtemberg was obliged to capitulate.

Still I was in hopes of preventing the French from besieging Friburg. I took possession of all the defiles of the mountains. I threw up intrenchments, formed *abattis*, and erected redoubts at all the principal points. The inferiority of my force made me fear that the peace, which must necessarily be soon concluded, would be detestable. I called in all my troops, leaving only 18,000 with Aubonne, to defend the passage of the mountains. Villars attacked the heights with his grenadiers. The troops of the circles, which I had placed behind the *abattis*, behaved like the Dutch at Denain, and ran away at the first fire. The duke of Bourbon and the prince of Conti began the attack of the defiles at seven in the evening. Aubonne, hurried away by the fugitives, could not rally them till they were at such a distance that he could not regain his intrenchments, and contented himself with throwing twelve battalions into Friburg. After so many battles during a period of thirteen years,

the emperour's troops themselves were but raw recruits. The best of my intrenchments at Hohlgraben being forced, there was nothing to check Villars in his march across the Black Forest, and he opened the trenches before Friburg on the 1st of October. Harsch disputed every inch of ground. In the night between the 14th and 15th, the covered way was taken by assault; and he there lost 1700 men. When the inhabitants saw that Harsch was determined not to surrender till the assault of the body of the place, which was battered down with balls, the oldest priest carrying the host, the magistrates, women, and children, all thronged to him. The fire from the ramparts continued as before; and when the breach was wide enough to enter in companies, on the 1st of November, he abandoned the town and retired into the citadel. This was followed by defending, fighting, writing, demanding, refusing, granting, prolonging suspensions of hostilities till the 21st, and then by capitulating.

Farewell to the empire! farewell to its two bulwarks! was the general cry at all the courts of Germany, which were dying of fear. Why are they incorrigible? If little ministers, and great or little mistresses, were not gained by France, they might raise 100,000 men, to defend, in the first place, the passage of the Rhine; and then the fortresses erected, and to be erected. There are very bad Germans in Germany.

The same courts and states of the empire having crossed me, as some years before, they had done prince Louis of Baden, had rendered it impossible for me to relieve those two places. This, I confess, horribly disgusted me of the war; so that I was one of the first to advise the emperour to make peace. France had been making prodigious efforts. Her resources are infinite. 'Tis the will of one individual, and of one nation. The Austrian monarchy is composed of five or six, which have different constitutions. What a difference in civilisation, population, and importance! The title of emperour does not bring in a single man, or a single kreutzer. He must even negotiate with his empire, that it may not be French; with the Bohemians, that they may not run away into Prussia and Saxony, for fear of becoming soldiers; with his Lombards, who are ready to turn Savoyards; with his Hungarians, ready to turn Turks; and with his Flemings, ready to become Dutchmen.

[Soon after the disasters related above, the prince was appointed by the emperour to negotiate a peace with France. M. Villars was the ambassadour of Louis XIV. The preliminaries were signed at Rastadt on the 16th of March, 1714.]

I could not help laughing at the titles assumed by the emperour. Such, for instance, as king of Corsica, of Algiers, of Jaen, and of the Canaries; duke of Athens, and Neopatri; lord of Tripoli, &c. and by the side of these, the most serene prince and lord Louis XIV. then my titles in abundance; and beside them, the general of the French army, named de Villars; and I admired the impertinence of our chanceries.

1715.—When I heard of the death of Louis XIV. I confess, it produced upon me the same effect as an old majestick oak, uprooted and overthrown by a hurricane. He had been standing so long! Death, before it erases great recollections, recalls them all at the first moment. History is always indulgent towards beginnings. The commencement of the reign of this great king, had no need of any. But now age had blunted the claws of the lion.

1719.—The emperour made me his vicar general in Italy, with a salary of 150,000 florins.

Alberoni, our inveterate enemy, being dismissed, and his Philip IV. having acceded to the quadruple alliance, I had time to think of my

pleasure. It was my fancy to build my palace in the suburbs, somewhat in the Turkish or Arabick taste, with my four towers, which, I well know, were not in any genuine style of architecture; but they called to mind a great event. It was the spot where, in 1529, the grand vizier had pitched his tent; and I constructed my menagerie at Beugebey, exactly like the mufti's camp, with towers, in which there had been tents for prayer.

The arrangement of my maps, plans, and fine editions, which I had bought in London, and of the excellent French, Latin, and Italian works, well bound, afforded me occupation, as well as my cascades, large *jets d'eau*, and superb basins. To return to my towers, for which I was censured, I replied to those who found fault with them: "I am as well acquainted, as you are, with the five Grecian orders, and also with the seven orders of battle of Vegetius. I like to have an order of my own, in both sciences, and I have invented one."

A very agreeable moment for me, was occasioned by a Turkish embassy. The grand signior sent me the two finest Arabian horses I ever saw, a scymetar, and a turban, with this message: "The one is a symbol of thy valour, the other of thy genius and of thy wisdom." I like this eastern compliment, and distrust those of Christians.

1722.—I had not much to say, and very little to do. Charles VI. displayed his magnificence, at the marriage of his niece. I gave entertainments too, and must confess, that I was delighted with my military court, and my old comrades. That of the emperour was, naturally, more illustrious, in point of rank, but not in merit. All the most distinguished persons in the empire were there. But the situation of La Favorita, in a street of the suburbs, was not favourable, either to diversions or dignity. The dresses were all superb; but, taking no pleasure in parade of that kind, I often wore my uniform, and some of the generals followed my example.

I received a great deal of company, at my house, between dinner and the play; because, I find that more business may be done in a drawing room than in a closet. I walked about with some foreign ministers, or sat down in a corner with one of our own people; and a communicative air makes others talkative. On the other hand, I often see the reserve of others repel every body; and, concealing their mediocrity, under the cloak of gravity and discretion, these gentlemen know no one; they are unacquainted with publick and private opinion; and less secret than discreet, they are strangers to all that is passing. 'Tis thus that sovereigns are often deceived, for want of mixing with society.

1723.—Charles VI. went to be crowned king of Bohemia. More pleasures and ceremonies. Charles had a reserved, Spanish air; and took but little pains to laugh, though he was fond of buffoons. This is always the case, with people who are not, naturally, cheerful. He was good and just.

Leopold, in my opinion, had more understanding. But Joseph, who possessed still more than either, was amiable, and would have governed in his own person. I said to him, shortly before his death: "Employ, sire, none but honest men; but if you sometimes find a scoundrel, willing to undertake the dirty work of intrigues, and not ashamed to have his conduct disavowed, make use of such a one, without esteeming him. The honour of states is not so ticklish as that of individuals. Bad faith and meanness, independently of the abhorrence which they excite, are not sound policy. But address and dissimulation are allowable. You do not love France; that I think perfectly natural, for, though beaten by us at present, she

possesses more resources than your majesty. If we continue successful, notwithstanding the change which is preparing in England, after you have made peace, do not begin again; and never threaten any power, till you are ready to strike. A young and ambitious monarch at the head of that, would conquer the world. Fortunately, when Louis XIV. was young, he speedily returned to Versailles, to dance *l'amiable vainqueur*, and to hear an opera by his panegyrist, Quinault; and, at present, he has not long to live." Though Joseph was not a bigot, like his successour, he would never have deceived the share holders of the company of Ostend; and, with his magnanimous character, he would not have crouched, like him, to the maritime powers. He, one day, said to me: "Had I been in my father's place, I should not have run away to Lintz, when you entered into our service. I would not have suffered myself to be shut up in Vienna; but would have acted as aid de camp to the duke of Lorraine, at the battle of Vienna. I know what courtiers are. I saw enough of them at the siege of Landau. They pretend to tremble for us; and it is for themselves they tremble all the while." The severe and frigid Leopold was not fond of Joseph. He was more partial to Charles, his younger brother, who was less petulent, and more of a Spaniard in every respect, and could not forgive his love of pleasure, and his bursts of passion. It is true, he was once guilty of great indecorum, in beating, in his presence, and that of a large company, at a publick entertainment, one of his people, who did not pay proper attention to him.

1724.—I applied myself a good deal to internal affairs. I said to the ministers: "Cannot you disband this host of underlings, who prevent the money from reaching the pocket of the sovereign? Contrive a tax, proportionate to the income or earnings of each individual; provide habitations for paupers, and set them to work; consult the English, the Dutch, the bankers, for a good system of finance and manufactures; invite Flemings, to improve our agriculture; bring our heaths into cultivation, by means of the monks or the soldiers, for whom villages might be built on them; borrow of the clergy, at two per cent. dig a bed for the river Wien, to carry off the filth of the esplanade, which infects the city, and construct a fine quay, planted with four alleys of plantain trees, or acacias; join the rivers by canals; cause the roads to be repaired by the proprietors of the adjacent lands, without ruining the government by constructing them; double our population by the Huguenots of France, and the emigrants from the empire, who are ill used by their petty tyrants of sovereigns?

I said to our generals: "Cannot you, to spare the emperour's subjects, raise regiments of Turks, Poles, Prussians, Saxons, and Italians, by inducing them to desert, and enlisting deserters; raise a Hungarian, Austrian, Bohemian, and Walloon army, with none but officers of their respective nations, to keep alive emulation? Give furloughs to native subjects; keep up strong garrisons at Vienna, Presburgh, Olmutz, Gratz, Lintz, Brussels, Luxemburgh, and Milan; form an intrenched camp on each frontier, since fortresses are too expensive; and encourage the breeding of horses, that money may not be carried out of the country?"

Report has given a mistress to Charles VI. as to any other person; the Spanish Altheim, though she was no more his mistress, than the Italian lady was mine formerly, or than Bathiany is now. But, as his friend, I said to her: "Cannot you persuade the emperour to gain the love of the electors and first princes of the empire; to draw them to Vi-

enna by magnificent *fêtes;* to give them the order of the fleece, or some other to their ministers, or colours to their bastards, and pensions, or handsome recruiting officers, to their mistresses?"

To the emperour, I said: "Prevent the Prussians, sire, from rising; the Russians, from forming and acquainting themselves with our affairs; and the French, from gaining the preponderance. Your monarchy is rather straggling; but, for that very reason, it adjoins the north, the south, and the east. It is, moreover, in the centre of Europe, to which your majesty ought to give law."

1726.—After having been a soldier, minister, grand vizier, financier, postilion, negotiator, I was at last made a merchant. I established the Ostend company, which the gold and jealousy of the maritime powers, caused afterwards to be suppressed; and another at Vienna, to traffick, export, and navigate, upon the Danube and Adriatick sea, where I converted Trieste into a port, capable of containing two squadrons of men of war, to escort and protect the merchant vessels. I directed other small ports, or at least shelters, to be formed in the gulph of Venice, the advantages of which were acknowledged by the whole monarchy.

1727.—I spent the whole year in consulting merchants, bankers, and men of business; in drawing them over from foreign countries; in writing to England and Holland, for the purpose of establishing good commercial houses at Ostend and Antwerp; and to Spain, Italy, and even Turkey, with a view to establish others at Trieste and Vienna. This interested, amused, and occupied me exceedingly. I frustrated the miserable plans of our ministers of finance, who had never studied or travelled. I occasioned the settlement among us of consuls, a kind of people, to whom we, alone, were before strangers. I formed studs in Hungary and Bohemia, for breeding horses, that money might not be sent out of the country. And I can affirm, that the emperour's affairs never went on so well, and perhaps never will again, as they did during these ten years.

1729.—To complete my work (at Trieste) I had to battle a good deal with the too-righteous catholicks and large wigs of this country. The jesuits are indulgent, when you know how to manage them. They were very useful to me, in procuring a cessation of the persecutions practised upon the protestants in my fleet, who were forbidden the exercise of their religion. The only sailors left me, were those who had none at all, or hypocrites. This was still worse; for how could I trust these two classes of people, who had no fear of God, but only feared the emperour? The honest Swedish, Danish, Hamburgh, and Lubeck sailors, and merchants, returned or remained. Thanks to a couple of protestant ministers, whom I kept on board of our ships.

1730.—At length I enjoyed the pleasure of having the first fair at Trieste; and, after some labour upon the finances, to find money enough to raise 36,000 men, with whom the emperour resolved to augment his army. He was right to hold himself in readiness for all events. 'Tis the way to preserve peace. But I thought I could perceive, that certain intriguers, for their own private interest, or certain zealous, but shallow persons, would not be displeased to produce a rupture, on the first opportunity. The French are clever in discovering what passes; and, by these means, are always in a better condition than others.

1732.—The court of Versailles, for example, was not duped by the journey to Carlsbad, whither I accompanied the emperour, who gave out, that he was going for the benefit of the waters. It is obvious, that

some interview was in contemplation. The king of Prussia was waiting for us at Prague; and the moment I had dressed myself, to pay my respects to him, who should enter but his majesty. "No ceremony," said he to me, "I am come to chat with my master." He was a Charles XII. of peace; he dreamt of nothing but military matters; but these were only parades, exercises, short coats, little hats, and tall men. I was obliged to hear him talk on all these subjects, of the fine order of his troops, and of his economy. Here I took him up, and advised him to amass plenty of money, and plenty of men, to defend us, if we were attacked; for my system, as may be perceived, was not to make war, but to create a barrier against France, in order to take from her all inclination to attack us. Preferring friends to allies, who are often troublesome, and a kind of tutors, I only engaged him not to declare against us; knowing his avarice, I was apprehensive, lest we should not prevail so far. I persuaded Charles VI. to descend a step from his Spanish haughtiness, and, at least, to give him a friendly reception. He gave him a handsome entertainment, which cost a good deal of money. I prevailed upon all the Bohemian nobility to pay the highest honour and respect to the king. He would have preferred a review to a ball, but that was not our forte. I was so well satisfied with the higher tacticks, as to care nothing about wheeling to the right and left, and the handling of arms. The contrast of the dignity and magnificence of our emperour, in a mantle of gold, with his royal corporal, was very amusing. He returned to Potzdam, and we to Vienna.

1733.—It was about this time that I clearly perceived the diminution of my influence. The king of Poland died in the month of February. Russia proposed to assist us, in securing the election of his son, Augustus III. in spite of France, who was desirous of again setting Stanislaus upon the throne. A great conference at court; scarcely any division of opinion. That for making war, belongs, principally, to those who take no part in war; as the ministers, the priests, the women, and the loungers of a great city. I said, one day, in a company where they were clamouring on the subject: "I wish that your excellencies, and you ladies, were each obliged, by the emperour, to pay 4000 ducats; and that you, fine gentlemen, had to march immediately, with muskets on your shoulders." This reminds me of two lines, which I read some time ago, I know not where:

Et pour un soufflet qui ne se battrait pas,
A la mort fait courir pour l'honneur des états.

At length, it was asserted, that the so-called honour of the state was compromised, if we did not go to war. "I recognise it not," said I to the ministers, "except when it is supported by powerful means: those of France never were so strong as at present. Her finances are in the best possible state, in consequence of twenty years of peace. We have had scarcely ten, since the peace of Westphalia; that is to say, for a period of near eighty years. Her administration is wise." I would not roundly declare that ours was not; but I hinted as much. "What have we to do with a war, so foreign to the Germanick body, which will make this reflection, and send us no assistance? The Russians are too distant to afford any; and, before they arrive, the empire and Italy will be overrun. Recollect the versatility of England, in my better days. She is ever ready to begin again. A mercantile policy is always to be heard at the doors of parliament. The Englishman, just, noble, upright, and generous, on his private account, is the contrary in behalf of his country. 'Tis a land of

contradiction, whose constitution the ocean alone supports; as bad faith in speeches, and a desire to shine, support the opposition.

"The haughtiness and unskilfulness often manifested by the emperour's envoys at foreign courts, frequently cause them to slip away from him, and render it impossible to reckon upon any thing; and, notwithstanding my conversations with Liria and Robinson, I would lay a wager, that Spain will declare for France, and England will remain neuter."

Good as were the reasons which I alleged, to prove that France would be very glad to find a pretext for a war with us, and bad as were those that were employed to refute them, the latter, nevertheless, prevailed. It was, perhaps, supposed, that I should refuse the command of the army, which was offered me out of compliment; but this was a mistake, for I accepted it. For my own part, individually, I am fond of war; and, in this, I wished to meet the fate of Turenne.

Before I had time to assemble the army, the command of which, till my arrival, was given to the duke of Bevern; and, while I was making all my arrangements with the council of war, what I had foreseen, happened. On the 28th October, the French had taken the fortress of Kehl, levied contributions throughout the whole empire, and overrun the Milanese. Sardinia and Spain had declared against us. In vain I represented to the empire, till I was tired, that the aggression of France ought to make it declare in our favour. Three electors protested against such declaration, alleging, that this invasion concerned only the head of the empire; that it was only a passage through, for the purpose of attacking Austria, and that France had promised to restore all she had taken, as soon as the emperour should dissolve his connexion with the elector of Saxony.

1734.—I arrived on the 25th of April at Heilbron. On the 27th I reviewed the army a few leagues from Philipsburg. I still shed tears of joy, tenderness, and gratitude, whenever I recollect how I was received with repeated shouts of "long live our father!" and thousands of hats thrown into the air. The old companions of my campaigns in Hungary, Italy, Flanders, and Bavaria, crowded to embrace the tops of my boots; they surrounded me, embraced my horse, and even pulled me down with their caresses. This moment was certainly the most delicious of my life; but it was embittered by the reflection that I had only 35,000 men, that the enemy had 80,000, and announced his determination to march to Vienna. I conducted them into the lines of Ettlingen; but these were calculated for 100,000 men, and I had no inclination to repeat the affair of Denain. I abandoned them, but I made so many marches and countermarches, and played off so many stratagems, that I prevented Berwick from penetrating into the interiour of the country. He had nothing else to do than to lay siege to Philipsburg. This was what I wanted, in order to gain time. His head was there carried off by a cannon-ball, eight days after the opening of the trenches. I was envious on this occasion, and it was for the first time in my life. I was disappointed in this plan, as well as in that of attacking the French in their lines. I thought I had discovered a place badly fortified, and with a small quantity of artillery; they had neglected it because it was covered by a morass which I had been told was passable, but which I found it impossible to get across, for I went myself to reconnoitre it: one cannot implicitly rely on any report. This has been my practice all my life; I have found the benefit of it, as well as of constantly having a pencil in my pocket, to write down, in an officer's tablets, the order which I give him to carry.

I had received some Hessian, Ha-

noverian, and Prussian reenforcements: among whom I distinguished the prince royal,* who appeared a young man of infinite promise.—D'Asfeld has surpassed himself. Never did I see any thing so strong; for instance, his ditches, or *trous des loups*, were conical, and superiour to those of Condé at Arras: it was from this reconnoitering that I formed my opinion of the young prince whom I have just mentioned. When I resolved to fight, I never assembled a council of war; but this time I was sure that every one would be of my opinion. I determined to cross the Rhine, and to recross it higher up to attack D'Asfeld. For this service I had destined 3000 cavalry and 10,000 Swiss.

This devil of a fellow had all his wits about him, and at length took Philipsburg, in spite of my cannonade of his camp, in which I acted the grand vizier of Belgrade, for my batteries and parapets were elevated to fire down upon it, and the water, besides, was still more terrible than the fire. I relied more upon the effect of the one than of the other. But what a nation! capable of every thing. Richelieu, whom I had known a Sybarite so delicate and voluptuous, the young courtiers, the Duras, and the La Vallieres, were metamorphosed. They only want a leader. D'Asfeld was a rigid Spartan, and set a good example; and before him Berwick held them in awe. They threw up trenches in boats, and endured every hardship with unequalled patience. I never had any, for my part, under mental sufferings. The first that had attacked the other would have been beaten, and had that been my lot, the French might have gone to Vienna, for there was no fortified place on the way, or upon the flanks: and the elector of Bavaria, who had subject of complaint, only waited for this to delare against Austria, whose haughtiness or awkwardness made it friends no where. We should have lost the few we had. There was no Sobieski to save the capital; I should have retired within the lines which I constructed in 1705; but meanwhile *Te Deum* would have been sung at Versailles, and in the chapels of some of my enemies at Vienna. People there at length became sensible of the justice of my reasons against the war, for they then perceived the inferiority of our means with which the barkers and firebrands of society cannot be acquainted.

Philipsburg being taken, I retired to my old camp at Bruchsal. D'Asfeld would have laid siege to Mentz, but this intention I obliged him to relinquish, for I hastened to cover that place. My marches, to prevent the French from penetrating into Swabia by the Black Forest, have, it seems, been sufficiently extolled. I covered Wirtemberg, and they found me every where except in a field of battle: for really I could not fight. More fatigued than we, but able to refresh themselves whenever they pleased, they entered into winter-quarters; and I, innocent in my own eyes, deserving neither the praise nor the censure with which I am honoured, satisfied with a kind of petty, passive glory, set out for Vienna.

I had left my nephew, the only remaining shoot of my branch of Savoy, sick at Mannheim: he died of a fever, as I have been told; but I suspect of something else. 'Tis a pity; he possessed understanding and courage. Though only twenty years of age, he was a major-general, but too much of a libertine. I allow a man to be a little disposed that way. I love the indiscreet, and detest Catos; they scarcely ever stand fire well: but my little Eugene was fond of bad company and bad friends; and these are enough to ruin any body.

At the end of April I set off for

* Afterwards the great Frederick.

Heilbron, and took up my excellent camp at Bruchsal, as I had done the year before; but as the enemy was much stronger, I had nothing to do but to cover all the places and the country on this side of the Rhine.

In order to render the possession of Philipsburg useless to him, I turned the course of three small rivers, which, instead of discharging themselves into the Rhine, produced me a superb inundation from that fortress to Ettlingen, the lines of which thus covered, were unassailable.

Had I been able to leave them, having no longer to do with D'Asfeld, who had been succeeded by Coigny, I should have finished my military career better than by the same passive kind of glory as the preceding year. I gave it some degree of activity by taking Trarbach, and delivering the electorate of Treves. Seeing that there was nothing more to be done, nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, as I had told Charles VI. fifty times, I was very glad at first to be recalled to Vienna, though I shrewdly suspected that this was my last campaign. It would be difficult for me to express what I felt on taking leave of my army. It was a painful scene I assure you. An old soldier only can know what it is to bid a last farewell to such brave fellows, whom he has so often led to death, which I was desirous of meeting in so happy, speedy, and glorious a manner: 'tis the only favour that God has refused me. With tears in my eyes I resigned the command to the duke of Würtemberg; and on my arrival at Vienna I luckily found La Baume, the agent sent by cardinal Fleury, to make very reasonable proposals. France had been rather humbled in Poland. Her garrison of 15,000 men had surrendered at Dantzick, and the father-in-law of Louis XV. had withdrawn himself, nobody knew whither. The Russians and Augustus III. triumphed, as might be expected; and I, taking advantage of the desire of Charles VI. to restore the extinguished house of Austria, by marrying his daughter Maria Theresa to prince Francis of Lorraine, we soon came to an understanding, and the preliminaries were signed.

——Now I have nearly withdrawn from publick life. I play at picquet every evening at Madame de Bathiany's with Taroca, Windischgratz, and Tessin, the Swedish ambassadour. It is rather for the sake of conversation. People are more talkative when they do not say *let us talk*, and round a card-table they are more at their ease; otherwise games of commerce are extinguishers of society. In war, I prefer games of chance. At my head-quarters, those who won were put into high spirits, and those who lost fought better: 'tis soon over, and time is more valuable than money. I am fond of the company of young people; they are more pure, not having been corrupted by intrigue. I often see the commander Zinzendorf, a man of enlarged understanding, and of the world; and Frederick Harrach, who adds to these qualities, considerable talents for business. I foresee that he will be raised to important posts, as will, in war, Dhaun and Brown. The first possesses most merit; the second will have boldness; and the last, superiour talents for discipline and the essential details, without being trifling. Joseph Wenzl Lichtenstein is likewise a brave general, a good citizen, and a genuine noble man. Seckendorf and Schmettau, with military qualities, depend rather too much on circumstances.

Young Cobentzl, a man of great intelligence, often visits at Madame de Bathiany's. He one day said to her: "It is generally believed, madam, that you have married prince Eugene." "I love him much too well for that," replied she; "I would rather have a bad reputation, than take away his."

"If you were not religious, and I was five-and-twenty, what would be the consequence!" said I one day to Madame de Bathiany. "Nothing," replied she, "things would be just as they are. I am religious, in the first place, because I love God, and because I believe and put my trust in him; in the next place, because this is the safe-guard of my peace, which comes to the aid of my wounded self-love, if I were to be forsaken; and then, that I may be able to scoff at women who have lovers. I am religious, because I have neither fear, nor hope, nor desire, in this life; and because the good which I do for the poor, from humanity, is of benefit to my soul. I am religious, because the wicked fear me, and are disgusting to me. I am religious, that I may not have occasion to be continually watchful of my reputation; women who are not, dare not say or do any thing: they are like thieves who think themselves pursued by the police wherever they go. But I detest those who assume the mask of piety, or are religious only on account of the immortality of the soul. Were mine to perish with me, I would nevertheless endeavour to be virtuous as I do at present. It is not so much for fear of God, as out of gratitude for his favours, and love to him, that I am religious, without publickly proclaiming it like those ladies who make a trade of the thing to please the court, rather than to please heaven."

I have been happy in this life, and I wish to be so in the other. There are old dragoons who will pray to heaven for me, and I have more faith in their prayers than in those of all the old women of the court and of the city clergy. The fine musick, whether simple or more obstreperous, of the divine service, delights me. The one has something religious, which awes the soul; the other reminds me, by the flourishes of trumpets and kettledrums, which have so often led my soldiers to victory, of the God of hosts who has blessed our arms. I have scarcely had time to sin; but I have set a bad example, perhaps, without knowing it, by my negligence of the forms of religion, in which I have, however, invariably believed. I have sometimes spoken evil of people, but only when I thought myself obliged to do so; and have said: Such a one is a coward, and such a one a scoundrel. I have sometimes given way to passion; but who could help swearing to see a general or a regiment that did not do their duty, or an adjutant who did not understand you! I have been too careless as a soldier, and lived like a philosopher. I wish to die as a Christian. I never liked swaggerers either in war or in religion, and it is, perhaps, from having seen ridiculous impieties like those of certain Frenchmen on the one hand, and Spanish bigotries on the other, that I have always kept myself aloof from both. I have so often beheld death near at hand, that I had become familiar with him. But now it is no longer the same thing. Then I sought him, now I wait for him; and meanwhile I live in peace. I look upon the past as a pleasing dream. I go to court only on gala days, and to the theatre when there is an Italian opera, serious or comick, or a fine ballet. If we had a French company, I would go to see *Athalie*, *Esther* and *Polyeucte*. I am delighted with the eloquence of the pulpit. When Bourdaloue inspires me with terrour, Massillon fills me with hope. We were born in the same year, and I knew him on his entrance into the world—a perfectly amiable man. Bossuet astonishes—Fenelon affects me. I saw them also in my youth; and Marlborough and I paid the latter all possible honours when we took Cambrai. I have forgotten the epigrams of Rousseau, and even his ode for me; but I read his psalms and hymns over and over again. I

still retain my memory, as it appears; and I think I have forgotten nothing except my enemies in this country, whom I forgive with all my heart. A foreigner, and successful!—This was too much for them. My health is very good, considering my age of seventy-two years, the fatigues of I know not how many campaigns, and the effects of I can't tell how many wounds. The chevalier Carelli, my physician and friend, furnishes me with a sure remedy for curing what he calls the radical humidity, which he says is somewhat wasted. I have yet many things to do for the embellishment of my gardens and palace; for instance, I mean to buy all the ground in front of that in which I live, and at which I have employed 1500 workmen (because it was a time of dearth, and this was beneficial to the city of Vienna) to form a fine square, with a splendid fountain in the middle. If I should live a little longer, I shall not fail to write down whatever I recollect, and what comes into my head, which is still pretty strong, though, to annoy me, people have asserted that my faculties were considerably decayed. It was once strong enough to prevent me from dying of vexation, as my friend, prince Louis of Baden did about thirty years ago. I shrugged my shoulders at it, and kept on my usual course. For instance, if I were to interfere in publick affairs, I would say to the emperour: "Take all possible precautions respecting your succession; it will be involved in dreadful confusion. Two or three powers will lay claim to it. Prevent all this in your life-time. Here is an occasion for driving about as I did in my time to Munich, Berlin, London, the Hague," &c. The army and artillery are neglected. We shall not be capable of resistance, unless we contrive to prevent all that is likely to happen; and unless, above all things, on the death of Charles VI. we refuse to go to war with the Turks. I wish prosperity to the house of Austria, and hope that it will extricate itself from this embarrassment. I have written enough to day, and will now mount my horse to go and look at a lion which has just arrived at my menagerie, on the road to Schweikelt. * * *

EXCURSION OF THE BRITISH AERONAUTS, SADLER AND CLAYFIELD.

ON Monday, September 24, about 40 minutes past one, Mr. Sadler, of Oxford, and Mr. Clayfield, of Castle-street, Bristol, ascended in an air-balloon from a field near Bristol, and after twice crossing the Bristol channel, from England to Wales, and from Wales to England, and going the distance of 150 miles, came down on the Bristol channel, three miles off the Valley of Rocks, at 20 minutes past four, in sight of a great number of people. A boat put off immediately from Lymouth, and at 20 minutes past five, the boat got to the balloon, and brought Mr. Sadler and Mr. Clayfield safe on shore, with the balloon, at the Valley of Rocks, Linton, in Devonshire, to the great joy of the spectators. The apparatus for performing the process of filling, consisted of two large vessels, containing upwards of 1500 gallons each, into which there were introduced 2 1-2 tons of iron filings and water; the sulphurick acid was afterwards conveyed by a leaden syphon into the vessel, and from thence the gas was conveyed, by means of two large tubes, terminating in nine other pipes in each vessel, which passed through caustick potash and water, into the balloon, by a large silk conductor, prepared for the purpose. The following account has been published:—"Mr.

Sadler (being his sixteenth time of ascension) accompanied by Mr. William Clayfield, entered the car at about twenty minutes after one o'clock, the wind blowing fresh from north east, and commenced one of the most daring enterprises ever undertaken by any aërial voyager. Mr. Sadler was well aware of the consequence of the wind continuing to blow from the quarter in which it was at the time of ascension; for if they escaped being blown into the western ocean, they would have been compelled to traverse great part of the channel, with every probability of descending at a distance from the shore; but his zeal to gratify the publick curiosity, which had been greatly excited, surmounted every obstacle, and determined him to make the attempt. The ascent of the balloon was rapid, and yet so still, that all sense of motion was lost to the aëronauts. The balloon, about half a mile high, entered a thick black cloud, when Bristol and its neighbourhood were no longer visible. The cloud did not the least incommode them. From the rapid ascent, the cloud was soon passed through, when the grandeur and sublimity of the view, exceeded the power of description. On looking back on the cloud from which the aëronauts had emerged, the most beautiful appearance exhibited itself. The shadow of the balloon was observed in its centre, surrounded with a most beautiful halo (circular rainbow). The balloon still ascended rapidly, and soon entered a second cloud. At two o'clock the thermometer was at 47. Passing over the river, nearly perpendicular with lady Smyth's, at Redcliff, the parachute was launched, with a cat in a basket attached to it, which descended rapidly for a considerable time before it expanded, when its motion was slow and peculiarly graceful. At a quarter past two o'clock, perpendicular with Woodspring, on the Somerset coast, near Clevdeon, left England, and passed over the channel. At mid-channel, opened the valve, and nearing Cardiff, about twenty-five minutes past two o'clock, the thermometer 55, descended so low as to hear the shouts of the people and the breakers between Barry and Scilly islands. Fearing the main land could not be reached, and a current of air impelling the balloon towards the sea, more ballast was thrown out, in doing which Mr. Sadler lost his hat. At half past two the balloon was about mid-channel, and continued descending till forty minutes past two o'clock, when it was perpendicular with the Flat Holmes; the light-house very visible. Still continuing to descend most rapidly towards the sea, a quantity of sand was shaken from one of the bags: but the balloon continuing rapidly to descend, several other bags were thrown over, which instantaneously caused an ascent so rapid, as to bring the balloon in contact with the sand from the first mentioned bag, which fell into the car in a profuse shower. The balloon continued to ascend until about forty minutes past three o'clock, when it approached the Devon coast, the Bideford and Barnstaple rivers being very easily distinguished. The thermometer now at 27. At fifty minutes past three, off Linton, a small town on the coast of Devon, between Ilfracombe and Porlock. After having crossed the Bristol channel twice, at ten minutes past four o'clock, being desirous of reaching the coast, threw out every thing that could be parted with, including a great coat, a valuable barometer, a thermometer, a speaking trumpet, the grappling-iron, and even part of the interiour covering of the car, in the hope of reaching the main land about Barnstaple; but, owing to the exhaustion of the gas, the balloon would not rise sufficiently to clear the high cliffs of Watermouth, near Combe-Martin. The balloon still

descending, and seeing no prospect but of contending with the sea, the aëronauts put on their life-preservers. A few minutes afterwards, the car, with violent agitation, came in contact with the waves, about four miles from the shore." At this critical moment, their perilous situation was descried from the cliffs of Lymouth, by Mr. Sanford, of Ninehead, Mr. Rowe, and some other gentlemen, whose zealous and well-directed efforts, did them great credit. They sent out a well-manned boat to their immediate assistance, which, when first discovered by the aëronauts, appeared about the size of a bird floating on the water. The car, nearly filled with water (the aëronauts being up to their knees) was dragged along, the balloon skimming the surface, and acting as a sail, when the cords of the balloon pointed out that they were drifting very rapidly from shore up channel. After being in this state a full hour, the water increasing very fast, the boat approached; when every effort was made to secure and exhaust the balloon. Here a point of honour was disputed between the two aëronauts, which should quit the car first; it being then in a sinking state; but Mr. Sadler insisting that Mr. Clayfield should first leave the car, it was agreed to, under the impression that Mr. Sadler had more experience in securing the balloon, which took nearly two hours to accomplish; when Mr. Sadler stepped into the boat. About nine o'clock at night, the party, unable, from the roughness of the beach, to walk without assistance, arrived at the pier of Lymouth, a small romantick seaport, under Linton, where refreshments were most hospitably supplied, and they were enabled to reach the town of Linton, on the top of the hill. Congratulations accompanied the aeronauts through every town on their way to Bristol, where they arrived about 12 o'clock on Wednesday 26th, to the great satisfaction, and amidst the heart-felt cheerings of the citizens of Bristol; after having passed over, in their aërial flight, upwards of eighty miles of water, and about twenty miles of land. The barometer having met with an accident, which rendered it useless, no accurate account of the height to which the balloon ascended, could be taken; but the aëronauts conceive that they must have risen full two miles and a half.

[FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.]

THE SUROKE OR MARMOT, THE BIROKE, AND THE SUSLICKS.

AMONG the innumerable inhabitants of the immense plains of the territory of the Don Cossacks, is an animal, which the natives call *suroke*, the marmot of the Alps. I have seen Savoyards at Paris, leading them about for show. They grow here to the size of a large badger; and so much resemble the bear, in their manner and appearance, that, until we became acquainted with the true history of the *suroke*, we considered it as a nondescript animal, and called it *ursa minima subterranea*. Such mistakes are not uncommon in zoology; naturalists frequently add to the nomenclature of animals, by superfluous appellations. A beautiful little quadruped, called *jerboa*, in Egypt, has been described, in other countries, as a distinct animal, under the various names of *mus jaculus*, *subterraneous hare*, *vaulting rat*, *leaper*, &c. &c. but it is the same creature every where, and bears to the kangaroo the degree of relationship, which a lizard has to the crocodile. I

shall describe it more minutely hereafter. Our present business is with the *suroke*, which is seen in all parts of the steppes, sitting erect, near its burrow, on the slightest alarm, whistling very loud, and observing all around. It makes such extensive subterraneous chambers, that the ground is perforated in all directions, and the land destroyed, wherever the animal is found. Its colour is a grayish brown. It has five fingers upon each of its paws, which very much resemble human hands, and are used after the same manner. The mouth, teeth, and head, are like those of the squirrel; but the ears are shorter. Its fine eyes are round, full, dark, and bright; the tail is short; the belly generally protuberant, and very large. It devours whatever it finds, with the greatest voracity; and remains in a state of torpor half the time of its existence. Many of the peasants keep these creatures tame in their houses. We purchased no less than four, which lived, and travelled with us, in our carriage, and gave us an opportunity to study their natural history. They were always playing or sleeping, beneath our feet, to the great annoyance of our little pug dog, who felt much insulted by the liberties they took with him. The peasants, universally, gave them the name of *waski*. They assured me, they always lost them in the month of September, and that they did not make their reappearance until the beginning of April. They either descended into a burrow, or concealed themselves in some place, where they might remain least liable to observation, and there slept during the whole winter. To awaken them during that season, materially injures their health, and sometimes kills them. They are most destructive animals, for they will gnaw every thing which falls into their way; as shoes, boots, wooden planks, and all kinds of roots, fruit, and vegetables. They made sad havock with the lining of our carriage, which was of leather. As soon as they have done eating, they become so somnolent, as even to fall asleep in your hands, in any posture or situation, or under any circumstance of jolting, noise, or motion. While awake they are very active, and surpass every other animal in the quickness with which they will bury themselves in the earth. They resemble guinea pigs in making a grunting noise; and whenever surprised, or much pleased, or in any degree frightened, they utter loud and short squeaks, which have the tone of a person whistling.

Having mentioned our little pug dog, it may be well to say something of the importance of its presence with us, for the advantage of other travellers. The precaution was first recommended to us by a Polish traveller in Denmark. Any small dog (the more diminutive the better; because the more portable, and generally the more petulant) will prove a valuable guardian, in countries where the traveller is liable to attacks from midnight robbers, and especially from pirates by water, as in the Archipelago. They generally sleep during the day, and sound their shrill alarum, upon the most distant approach of danger, during the night. I recollect an instance of one, who enabled a party of mariners to steer clear of some shallows, by barking at a buoy, which, in the darkness of the night, they had not perceived. The instances in which our little dog was useful, it is needless to relate. But it may gratify curiosity to be informed, that, naturally afraid of water, and always averse from entering it, he crossed all the rivers and lakes of Lapland, Sweden, and Norway, after his masters; accompanied them, during three years, in different climates, yet detesting bodily exercise; and ultimately performed a journey on foot, keeping up with horses, from Athens, through all Greece, Macedo-

nia, and Thrace; making the tour of the Archipelago, to Constantinople; and thence, in the same manner, through Bulgaria and Wallachia, to Bucharest.

Other animals, common in the steppes (or plains) are wolves and bears; also, a quadruped, called *biroke*, of a gray colour, something like a wolf, very ferocious, and daring enough to attack a man. The Cossack peasants, armed with their lances, sally forth, on horseback, to the chase of this animal. It has a long, full tail, which it drags on the ground. From the accounts given of it by the peasants, I suspected it to be the same animal described by professor Pallas, as found in the environs of Astrachan, under the appellation of *chakal*, and which is said to be between a wolf and a dog; but whether it answers to the jackal of Egypt or not, I did not learn.

The most numerous of all the quadrupeds of the steppes, the whole way from Woronetz to Tscherchaskoy, are the *suslicks;* by which name they are called throughout the country. As you draw near the Don, they absolutely swarm, and may be taken in any number. This interesting little animal is supposed to be the *mus citullus* of Buffon; but the description of it will prove whether this be really the case or not. We procured several, one of which we stuffed; but it has not been preserved; and, therefore, I prefer making reference to the notes taken on the spot, rather than to any thing connected with its present appearance. It makes a whistling noise, like the *suroke;* but is much smaller, not being larger than a small weasel. It constructs its habitation under ground, with incredible quickness; excavating, first of all, a small cylindrical hole or well, perpendicularly, to the depth of three feet; thence, like a correct miner, it shoots out a level, although rather in an ascending direction, to prevent being incommoded by water. At the extremity of this little gallery, it forms a very spacious chamber, to which, as to a granary, it brings, every morning and evening, all it can collect of favourite herbage, of corn, if it can be found, of roots, and other food. Nothing is more amusing than to observe its habits. If any one approaches, it is seen sitting, at the entrance of its little dwelling, erect, upon its hind feet, like the *suroke*, carefully noticing whatever is going on around it. In the beginning of winter, previous to retiring for the season, it carefully closes up the entrance to its subterraneous abode with sand, in order to keep out the snow; as nothing annoys it so much as water, which is all the Calmucks and Cossacks make use of in taking them; for the instant that water is poured into their burrows, they run out, and are easily caught. The Calmucks are very fond of them; but I believe they are rarely eaten by the Cossacks. Their greatest enemy is the falcon, who makes a constant breakfast and supper of *suslicks*. They have from two to ten young ones at a time; and, it is supposed, from the hoard prepared, that the *suslick* does not sleep, like the *suroke*, during winter. All the upper part of its body is of a deep yellow, spotted with white. Its neck is beautifully white; the breast yellowish, and the belly a mixed colour of yellow and gray. It has, moreover, a black forehead, reddish, white temples, and a white chin. The rest of its head is of an ashcoloured yellow; and the ears are remarkably small. Among the feathered tribe in the steppes, we noticed, particularly in this part of our journey, birds called *staritchi*, or *the elders;* which are seen in flocks, and held by the people in superstitious veneration. They are about the size of a snipe, with a very elegant form, a brown colour, and white breast.

[FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS IN RUSSIA, &c.]

THE JERBOA, OR JUMPING HARE.

A few days after we took up our residence with professor Pallas (at Akmetchet, in the Crimea) some Tartars brought him a beautiful little animal, which has been called the *jumping hare*, and born a variety of names, but is in fact the same as the African jerboa. We saw it afterwards in Egypt; and it is not common either there or in the Crimea. It may be called the kangaroo in miniature; as it has the same form, although it is smaller than a rabbit, and it assists itself, like the kangaroo, with its tail, in leaping. That which professor Pallas received, was a pregnant female, containing two young ones. Its colour was light gray, except the belly, which was almost white. The fore feet of this animal are attached to its breast, without any legs; so that in all its motions it makes use only of its hind quarters, bounding and making surprising leaps, whenever it is disturbed. Afterwards we caught one in the steppes, which we stuffed and brought to England. Professor Pallas himself did not seem to be aware that the *mus jaculus*, which was the name he gave it, is the animal mentioned by Shaw, in his account of Barbary; nor was it until we became enabled to make the comparison ourselves in Africa, that we discovered the jerboa to be the same kind of quadruped we had before known in the Crimea. Bochart supposes this little animal to be the *saphan* of the scriptures. "The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and so are the stony rocks for the saphannim;" which our translation renders "conies." Shaw is, however, undecided upon this point; but supposes the jerboa, from the remarkable disproportion of his fore and hinder legs, may be taken for one of the two footed rats mentioned by Herodotus and other authors The whole merit of either of these observations, if there be any, is due, first to the learned Bochart, and afterwards to the labours of Haym, in the illustration of a medal of Cyrene, upon which this animal appears; although Shaw, after the introduction of these observations in his work, not only does not acknowledge whence he derived the information, but even asserts that the animal described by Haym was not the jerboa. It seems pretty clear that it was, although in the engraving published by Haym the fore feet are represented rather too long. A century ago, they did not pay the attention to minute accuracy in such representations, which they do now, and nearly that time has elapsed, since the work of Haym appeared. His mode of expressing himself is, to be sure, somewhat equivocal, because he says: "When it ran, it went hopping like a bird;" but the words "e sempre camina sopra due piedi solamente," as well as "salta molt' alto quand', è spavurito," when added to the engraved representation, plainly prove what it was. It is generally esteemed as an article of food in all countries where it is found. It burrows in the ground like a rabbit; but seems more to resemble the squirrel, than either that animal or the rat. Its fine dark eyes have all the lustre of the antelope's. Haym says, the smell of it is never offensive when kept domestick; and, indeed, it may be considered one of the most pleasing, harmless, little quadrupeds of which we have any knowledge. Gmelin observed it in the neighbourhood of Woronetz, in 1768; Messerschmied, in Siberia; and Hasselquist, in Egypt. When our army was encamped near Alexandria, in the late expedition to

Egypt, the soldiers preserved some of these animals in boxes, and fed them like rabbits.

In another place, speaking of this curious animal, Dr. Clarke says:

"We travelled all night; and in the morning, at sunrise, were roused by our interpreter, a Greek, who begged we would observe an animal half flying and half running among the herbs. It was a jerboa, the quadruped already noticed. We caught it with some difficulty, and should not have succeeded, but for the cracking of a large whip, the noise of which terrified it so much, that it lost all recollection of its burrow. Its leaps were extraordinary for so small an animal; sometimes to the distance of six or eight yards, but in no determinate direction. It bounded backwards and forwards, without ever quitting the vicinity of the place where it was found. The most singular circumstance in its nature is, the power it possesses of altering its course when in the air. It first leaps perpendicularly from the ground to the height of four feet or more; and then, by a motion of its tail, with a clicking noise, strikes off in whatever direction it chooses."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF THE EFFECTS OF FEAR.

George Groehantzy, a Polander, who had enlisted as a soldier in the service of the king of Prussia, deserted during the last war. A small party was sent in pursuit of him; and, when he least expected it, they surrounded him, singing and dancing among a company of peasants, who were got together at an inn, and were making merry. This event, so sudden and unforseen, and at the same time, so dreadful in its consequences, struck him in such a manner, that, giving a great cry, he became, at once, altogether stupid and insensible, and was seized, without the least resistance. They carried him away to Glosau, where he was brought before the council of war, and received sentence, as a deserter. He suffered himself to be led and disposed of, at the will of those about him, without uttering a word, or giving the least sign, that he knew what had happened, or would happen to him. He remained immovable as a statue, wherever he was placed, and was wholly passive with respect to all that was done to him, or about him. During all the time he was in custody, he neither ate, drank, nor slept, nor had any evacuation. After some time, they knocked off his fetters, and left him at liberty to go whither he would. He received his liberty with the same insensibility that he had showed upon other occasions. He remained fixed and immovable; his eyes turned wildly here and there, without taking cognizance of any object, and the muscles of his face were fallen, and fixed, like those of a dead body. Being left to himself, he passed nineteen days in this condition, without eating, drinking, or any evacuation, and died on the twentieth day.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

Among the numerous votaries of *light* literature, there have not been wanting some possessed of leisure to inquire into the meaning of horns being usually ascribed to those who are unhappy enough to have wives of over-accommodating dispositions.—A writer (who must certainly be termed learned, since he expresses himself in Latin) informs us that none but horned animals are gregarious, and intermingle in common, and that thence originates the gibe under consideration. But, it is evident, that this author is mistaken,

both in regard to his presumed fact of natural history, and the application of it. There is no room for doubt, as to the foundation of the custom. The ancient soldiers wore, during military excursions, the horns of such animals as had been sacrificed to the god of battles; and it was in allusion to the prevalent levity of their helpmates, during the separation, that every unfortunate husband was first said to be one *who wore the horns.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Queen Elizabeth is well known to have been parsimonious in every particular. The following instance of this saving knowledge, in her majesty, is not, I believe, to be seen in any other work than the life of sir Thomas Smith, the secretary; a book published in the sixteenth century, and almost unknown at the present day. When the earl of Desmond (that potent instigator of rebellion among the Irish) was prisoner in England, A. D. 1572, the queen consented to a political reconciliation; and, in observance of the rank and immense power of the earl, and, in consideration of his promising to drive the rebels entirely out of Ireland, she informed the secretary of her graciously intending to confer some tokens of her regard on Desmond, before he left the metropolis. Sir Thomas applauded this intention, and then the queen professed her readiness to bestow on the demi monarch *a piece of silk for his apparel*, together with some of the current coin of her kingdom. "Upon which sir Thomas's judgment was, that, seeing the queen would tie the earl to her service with a benefit, it should be done liberally and largely, not grudgingly and meanly. Which, as he added, did so disgrace the benefit, that, instead of love, it many times left a grudge behind, in the heart of him that received it, which marred the whole benefit." The queen was proud of her frugality, and therefore was not offended with the secretary's advice.

The abovementioned sir Thomas Smith wrote a long conversational disquisition on the propriety of his royal mistress entering into that holy state, against which her love of sway adduced stronger arguments than any opposed by the well-meaning zeal of the secretary. Sir Thomas was a warm advocate for her majesty's marrying with an Englishman; and some idea of his style, and of the manner in which it was usual to address the sovereign, may be formed from the following passage of his work: "Then, if there be any qualities and perfection in any of our nation which her majesty can like, were it not more to be wished for her highness to make her choice there, where her own self is judge, than to build upon hearsay, and, in so weighty a matter (by marrying an alien-prince) *to buy, as the common proverb is, a pig in the poke.*"

Merited and Mercantile Nobility.

One of the former kings of France used sometimes to admit a merchant to his presence, in consequence of his ability in his profession. At length the latter thought it convenient to solicit a patent of nobility, which was granted him. This new nobleman soon after presented himself at court; but his majesty did not deign to pay him the least attention. Upon his inquiring into the cause of it, he was told that the king had observed, that whilst he was a merchant, he was the *first* of his profession; but that, since he had been made a nobleman, he was of course the *last*, and no longer worthy of that preference he had formerly enjoyed.

ANAGRAM

On the name of Horatio Nelson.

The following anagram is, perhaps, the neatest and most pointed one extant, and cannot be too generally known. The christian and surname of the late hero of the Nile and Trafalgar, make exactly the following Latin words:

Honor est a Nilo.
Honour is from the Nile.

Thirteen letters, exactly the same as in the name of Horatio Nelson, which forms a happy coincidence and allusion; for had he been christened Horace, or Horatius, the anagram could not obtain; and farther, had he not gained the victory of the Nile, it still would have been defective; but as it is, it is, perhaps, the happiest and most complete that ever was produced; and it is justly attributed to the ingenious and learned Dr. Burney, of Greenwich. Had this anagram been previously discovered, it would have been a motto for his lordship's arms, equally, if not more in point than the present:

"Palmam qui meruit ferat."

"Let him bear the palm who has deserved it."

ANECDOTE OF REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt, being in want of money, and finding his works of heavy vent, put into the newspapers that he was dead, and advertised a publick sale of the finished and unfinished paintings in his house. Crowds flocked to the auction, eager to possess one of the last efforts of so great a master. The meanest sketch sold at a price, which entire pictures had never fetched before. After collecting the proceeds, Rembrandt came to life again; but the Dutch, who resent improbity even in genius, never would employ him after his resurrection.

Anecdote of sir Christopher Wren and king Charles II.

Sir Christopher Wren was a man of small stature. When king Charles II. came to see the hunting palace he had built at Newmarket, he thought the rooms too low. Sir Christopher walked about them, and looking up, replied: "Sir, and please your majesty, I think they are high enough." The king squatted down to sir Christopher's height, and creeping about in that posture, cried: "Aye, sir Christopher, I think they are high enough."

THE MASKED JEW.

At one of the masquerades lately given at the Margate theatre, a gentleman, who appeared in the character of a *Jew*, came up to an officer, and asked to purchase his sword. The officer indignantly replied: "Be careful, sir: that sword will *fight of itself.*" The humorous Israelite rejoined: "*That is the sword that just suits you.*"

MILANESE PHYSICIAN.

A physician at Milan, who took care of insane persons, on their being guilty of any irregularity, used to have them placed up to the chin, or knees, in a stinking pond, according to the degrees of their fault. One of these persons who had undergone this discipline, and was allowed to walk about the yard, meeting a gentleman with his hounds coming through, he addressed the sportsman: "What are those dogs for?" "To catch hares," replied the gentleman. "And what do they cost you by the year?" "Two hundred pounds, including servants and horses." "And what is the value of the hares you kill in a twelvemonth?" "About forty pounds, perhaps, or less," replied the gentleman. "Ride away, then, as fast as you can," said the madman, "for if the doctor finds you here, you will soon be in that pond up to your chin."

FOX-CHASE IN THE STREETS OF WHITEHAVEN.

A brace of American foxes, much admired for their handsome figure, and particularly on account of their enormous bushy tails, have, for some time, been kept in Fox-lane, where they were properly attended. One morning lately, in order that they might the more freely receive some sustenance that was offered to them, they were uncoupled. At this opportunity, one of them conceived the desire to *take an airing;* he sprang past his keeper, and in less than half a minute cleared a wall twelve feet high. He made a rapid excursion through Scotch street, Church street, Lowther street, and Cross street, where he sought refuge; but was opposed in his design by a host of damsels, who ever-and-anon brandished both *mops* and *brooms* at him. Twice he made the *tour* of Church street—at last, with about a hundred people at his heels. Thus closely pursued, he returned into Mr. Furnass's leather-shop, secreting himself underneath a bale of leather—where he was taken. On being restored to his *den*, he was received with great joy, *and even congratulation*, by his companion.

POETRY.

HOME.

[*By James Montgomery.*]

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age; and love-exalted youth:
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breaths the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strows with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestick duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

A BALLAD,

UPON THE LOSS OF SIR THOMAS TROWBRIDGE, IN THE BLENHEIM.

[*By James Montgomery.*]

A vessel sailed from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound;
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crowned
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foiled on that Egyptian night,
When Gallia's host was drowned,
And NELSON o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warriour-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare:

But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep, that, like a cradled child,
In breathing, slumber lay,
More warmly blushed, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day;
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected skies and clouds appear
In morning's rich array;
The land is lost, the waters glow,
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestick o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings, in shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind;
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Britannia's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanished from her sight.

Oft had she hailed its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And bannered masts, that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warned, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbbed with prophetick wo,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omened show!
Thus views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectick beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew;
Peril and death they spurned;
Like full-fledged eaglets forth they flew;
Jove's birds, that proudly burned,
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turned
O'er the blue waste of wave to spy
A Gallick ensign in the sky.

But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate;
—That story would the muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In Ocean's deepest, darkest bed
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furled;
Never on known or friendly land,
By storms their keel was hurled;
Their native soil no more they trod;
They rest beneath no hallowed sod;
Throughout the living world,
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The Spirit of the Cape* pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean solitude,
He sprang upon his prey,
"Havock!" the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play:
The abyss recoiled before the blast,
Firm stood the seaman till the last.

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They marked the high mast head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost;
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar;
—At length they saw, they heard no more.

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of rumour hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache;
Still doomed in sad suspense, to bear
The hope that keeps alive despair.

TWO OF A TRADE.

A Fisherman one morn displayed
Upon the Steine his net;
Corinna could not promenade,
And 'gan to fume and fret.

The fisher cried: "Give o'er the spleen,
We both are in one line:
You spread your nets upon the Steine,
Why may not I spread mine?

Two of a Trade can ne'er agree,
'Tis that which makes you sore;
I fish for *flat-fish* in the sea,
And you upon the shore."

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms. *See* Camoens's *Lusiad*, book V.

A MODERN LOVE SONNET.

MORE fragrant far than musk or bergamot,
Or Seville's golden fruit the sense that draws,
Or May dew in the morning early got,
Or milk of roses in a China vase,
Is Mary's balmy breath!—more passing sweet
Her mien; her air more sprightly is and gay
Than Champagne sparkling, or sweet Lisbon wine;
Than nectar of the gods—a choicer treat
Than rich deserts when we at Bentley's dine;
Or all the odours of perfumer's shop
Which hail the sense while passing each gay street;
And still more delicate than mutton chop,
The neck, the lips, the cheeks of her I claim
My beauteous fair; and yet plain Poll's her name.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

☞ COMMUNICATIONS for this head, from authors and booksellers, post paid, will be inserted free of expense. Literary advertisements will be printed upon the covers at the usual price.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the United States' Gazette, will be copied into this Magazine, without further order.

WE have witnessed, with very great pleasure, the taste and judgment with which the three volumes of the "American Law Journal," by John E. Hall, Esquire, of Baltimore, have been produced. We have no doubt that the subsequent volumes will furnish additional reasons to applaud this very useful publication. It has been justly valued by the lawyers of our country; has been quoted as authority in the several professional publications, which Messrs. Day, Condy, Story, Ingersoll, and Duponceau,* have issued from the American press; and is frequently cited on the trial of causes before our highest tribunals. It is also gradually making its way among those other classes of readers, to whom some knowledge of the improvements and changes in the law is either incidentally useful in their avocations, or desirable, in order to fill up the stock of general information. It is not merely a compilation, but embraces original articles, with which it will, doubtless, be more frequently enriched, as the task becomes more familiar to the editor, and his professional friends shall be more generally engaged to contribute to its variety and advance its utility by studies of their own. Its use is not confined to any state in the union. It contains decisions of the judicial tribunals of every state, and copious extracts from those of their laws, which, being founded on general principles, it is important should be consulted by all our lawyers. No work of the kind has appeared before in the United States, and assuredly no work is calculated for practical utility, more than this, if the industrious and meritorious author shall be patronised, as he deserves, by those for whom he has laboured.

The "American Law Journal" is published in quarterly numbers, at a very moderate price. It commenced in 1808, and three volumes have been published.

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Propose publishing—Letters from America. By William Eddis, Surveyor of the Customs in Maryland, during the administration of governour Eden.

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Southey's History of Brazil, volume the second, is at press.

Mr. Joseph Murphy, of Leeds, has in the press, a History of the Human Teeth, with a treatise on their diseases from infancy to age, adapted for general information.

Mr. Southey's Poem of Kehama is nearly finished printing by the Ballantynes, of Edinburgh.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR APRIL, 1811.

ORIGINAL.

[FOR THE SELECT REVIEWS.]

The American Review of History and Politicks, and General Repository of Literature and State Papers. 8vo. pp. 260. Farrand and Nicholas. Philadelphia. 1811.

THE powerful abilities with which the Edinburgh Review is supported, has given an importance to works of that description, which they never before enjoyed. Literary reputation, at least of the higher orders, was heretofore sought in the publication of some elaborate production, and nothing more than a temporary fame was expected from occasional essays in periodical journals. The Edinburgh reviewers, and, since them, some others, have taken much more commanding ground; assuming a jurisdiction over the political, as well as the literary world; undertaking, indeed, to direct publick opinion upon every subject interesting to man or society. These gentlemen boast, whether vainly or not, I cannot decide, that their efforts had much effect in producing the abolition of slavery in Great Britain; and pledge themselves, by similar exertion, to procure, what is there called, *parliamentary reform*. The immense circulation of that work, and one or two others of the same kind, with the extraordinary talents by which they are supported and directed, cannot fail to have a most impressive influence on publick opinion. Their manner of treating a subject, and their captivating and popular style, are calculated to seize upon the attention, and carry with them, on a sudden, the understanding of their readers. Whether a deliberate judgment, formed by cool reflection, may not, in many instances, detect fallacies at first concealed by artifice, or recommended by wit, is another question.

In the literary department, too, these reviewers have taken a range heretofore unknown. Their remarks are not confined to the mere criticism of the work under consideration, or a limited examination of its facts, principles, and manner of execution. The review is rather an occasion seized upon to introduce some original essay, very often much more instructing and entertaining than that which gives birth to it.

This mode of exercising the highest talents and conveying the most important information, having had

such unequivocal success in Great Britain, an attempt of the same kind in this country should be received by every American with pleasure, and the most zealous co-operation. It is, indeed, peculiarly suited to our state of society, where men are too much engaged in action and necessary occupations to write, or very generally to read, *great books*, and yet where there is both talent and leisure enough for occasional and ingenious lucubrations. While we are indignant at the contempt with which foreigners treat the American genius and intellect, let us cherish every opportunity to refute the calumny, not by vain anger and acrimonious reproach, but by a strenuous exertion and display of the powers of our country, and the encouragement of every means to bring them into active operation. It is thus we shall be judged by the world and not by self praise, unsupported by *good works;* not by angry complaints of injustice, without any evidence of better deserts.

The American Review will, in some measure, put our pretensions to the test; and discover whether the talents we lay claim to, really exist among us; or, at least, whether there is liberality enough in the American community to foster and encourage them. Our men of money are too apt to think that scholars may take care of themselves, and to feel no obligation to aid their efforts. This sentiment, so fatal to our improvement, so degrading to our character, must be corrected; and the man who has any pride of country, must feel it as much a duty to uphold its literature and science by a moderate contribution of his means, as to support its government by a just proportion of its taxes. The political power and prosperity of the nation depend upon the one, and its moral estimation and improvement upon the other.

We can never attain any high degree of literary excellence until we have a *class of men of letters;* scholars and students by profession; who will devote themselves exclusively to the acquirement of knowledge and the cultivation of their genius. While the literature of the country depends upon men, however fond of it, who must make it subordinate to those occupations by which they live, and who can resort to it only as an amusement in their few hours of leisure; as a relief to a mind almost exhausted by labour and exertion in another direction, what can be expected but superficial knowledge, unsatisfactory investigations, and meagre productions? Not indeed, to the discredit of those who do even thus much, for, in their circumstances, it is wonderful they afford any attention to such pursuits, but to the discredit of the country, which should liberally sustain a class of men on whom she should build her reputation in literature, and from whom she would then have a right to demand it—and such a class we certainly shall have. The citizens of the United States are a reading people; there is no deficiency of judgment or taste in them in deciding upon the merits of foreign productions. The number of books sold here is immense in proportion to our population. But this is not enough; the honest pride of country will not be satisfied until we are as independent in letters and science as we are in government. We must have our authors, whose writings will accord with our situation, our wants, our views, and interests, and not for ever resort for every intellectual enjoyment to an importation from abroad.

A periodical work is now presented to the publick patronage, which, if received with the kindness and courtesy it merits, will bear honourable testimony to the world of our claims to erudition and genius; and, if suffered to fall neglected, will testify as loudly to our condemnation and disgrace. The complete ability

of Mr. Walsh, the editor, to conduct and enrich this work; to make it not only a most interesting and useful manual at home, but a respectable witness of American literature abroad, cannot be called in question. He is not now upon trial; his sufficiency has been amply and proudly proved, before a tribunal where no flimsy pretension can impose, no pedantick affectation deceive. The star that was conspicuous in the Edinburgh constellation, needs no other evidence of its lustre.

But there are some, a very few I hope, who, not doubting the abilities of the editor, have, or affect to have, some fears of his principles; and suggest that his opinions and feelings are not sufficiently American; but have received an unfortunate biass from his residence for a short time in Great Britain. If this objection had any foundation in truth, there is no man with whom it would have more weight than myself. I would certainly cease to admire, or at least to encourage talents, however rare and brilliant, which were preparing their powers to vilify and degrade my country. If the knife is whetted to go to my heart, I cannot gaze with much rapture on the polish of the blade. But where is the proof by which this charge is supported? We look for it in vain in the birth, the education, the hopes, and prospects of Mr. W. These are all American; purely so. He has planted his happiness and fortunes in his native soil; and there is no feeling in his heart that is not interested in American prosperity and honour. There being nothing, then, in the situation of this gentleman that should make him an object of this suspicion, can it be verified from any of his publications. His Letter on the Genius and Dispositions of the French Government, is before the publick, and while it has added so much to his literary fame, has taken nothing from his patriotism. If it were admitted that he exaggerates the corruption and misery of France (which I fear is impossible) and paints in deceptive colours, the strength, wealth, and happiness of Britain, is he the less an American on this account. He may be a prejudiced enthusiast; he may, while in France, have mistaken Paradise for Pandemonium, and has reversed the delusion in England, but still he is not the less a true member of his own country. We may doubt his judgment, or, if you please, the soundness of his intellects, but not the honesty of his principles, or the purity of his patriotism. I do not know that an American is, *as such*, bound to be in love with French rapine and murder, or to think Napoleon the most delectable tyrant that ever scourged the earth.

It is urged against the editor, that, both in his prospectus, and throughout the Inquiry into the past and present Relations of France and the United States, he speaks with frequent indignation and contempt of some of our own *great men*, and severely taxes the conduct of the administration. This may be a reason why, to the particular adherents and dependants upon that administration, he should not be very acceptable; but it is no reason why he should not be greeted by every American who is independent of the government, and of its offices and patronage; and bends not with a blind faith before its infallibility; who desires truly and honestly to be informed of the course, situation, and prospects of our publick affairs, and who has understanding and liberality enough to judge for himself, whether they be fairly represented or not, in the Review. Is it any evidence of the want of American feelings in Mr. W. that he does not approve of the ruling administration? On the contrary, would he have the feelings of an American if he did not express himself decidedly and independently upon their conduct. Is not this the first and most valued right of the

citizen of every free government? and if it be conscientiously exercised with an honest view to publick information, with a just regard to the general honour and prosperity of the country, we must not be too nice about the selection of terms in which a man, having a right to do so, expresses his opinions of what he considers ruinous imbecility and disgraceful misconduct. If in these, too, he is mistaken, it is his judgment and not his patriotism, that should meet condemnation. This right, and the free exercise of it, constitute the soil and base of our constitution. Shall we have a right to choose our rulers, and shall we not be informed of their management of our affairs? and shall the man who would give us that information be driven from his task, be hunted from the service by absurd suspicions of his integrity, and unsupported charges against his patriotism? It is the interest of a few to attempt this politick game; but it is the interest of many more to defeat it.

It is not expected that the *leaders* of that party, whose administration is condemned, will have any fond affection for the work that exposes its weakness. But it is hoped and believed, that many, very many, who honestly follow the predominant party from a belief in its wisdom and virtue, will not avert their eyes from those pages which fairly examine its pretensions. There is no witchcraft in the book, that men should fear to trust their senses with it. Read it patiently, and judge it candidly. The importance of the subject, and the character of the author, at least, merit so much attention; and if he fails to convince, he will not corrupt.

Whether the manner in which he makes his assault upon those who administer the publick affairs, has in it too much of acrimony and violence or not, is a question on which there will naturally be a difference of opinion. A man will judge of it, in some degree, by his own temperament and maxims. But even those who may be disposed to disapprove of this feature in the Review must admit that the objection is a very limited one, and by no means impairs the general integrity and utility of the work. Besides, decorum is perfectly preserved; and however cutting the sarcasm, it is untainted with vulgar abuse. Men whose tempers are unusually mild and forbearing, may desire that even the guilty should be touched with a tender hand; while others may imagine that in our perilous times, becoming daily more perilous, the plain truth may be told in plain language; and that the man who undertakes to be a publick monitor should sacrifice no part of his duty to the feelings of those to whom we owe all our calamity. Listen to the wailings of distress, mingled with the indignant reproaches of honour, which resound through our country, and say if those who cause them have very strong claims to tenderness in rebuke. Our merchants, after exerting, in vain, every effort to save themselves; after struggling against destruction assailing them from every quarter, and in every shape, are seen dropping, in melancholy succession, in the abyss of ruin, like exhausted mariners from the floating wreck. A floating wreck, indeed, is our commerce; abandoned and abused by those who were sworn to protect her; beaten by conflicting tempests, and existing by precarious accidents. How is our character changed and fallen! So long since as 1775, Burke, speaking of our country, said it was an object "not to be considered as one of those *minima* which is out of the eye and consideration of the law; not a paltry excrescence of state; not a mere dependant, who may be neglected with little damage, and provoked with little danger"—that "some degree of care and caution was required in the handling such an object"—that, "to trifle with

the interests and feelings of so large a mass of the human race, could not be done with impunity." How has this glowing picture faded? With four times the population we then had, and a much larger increase of strength and resources, we no longer deserve his eulogium. It has not heretofore been exacted of political writers to treat with any ceremonious respect those whose inability or depravity is, in their opinion, sinking the state. While the attack avoids every point of private character or misfortune; every weapon of personal and malevolent abuse, the whole *publick man* has ever been thought to be a fair object of assault, with all the energy which talent, without malignity, can give; and all the powers of persuasion, which genius can supply. The examples of ancient, as well as modern days, amply justify the war, and, when the motive is pure, it is a solemn duty. The warning prophets of a people have ever been permitted to discharge their high functions in tones of authority; in the language of truth. Junius, at least a *popular* writer, especially among fierce republicans, whatever his other merits may be, has not thought an attention to the courtesy of his phrases necessary to the propriety of his demeanour, or the proof of his patriotism. Surely the friends of the existing powers will not dare to complain of harshness or disrespect, when they recollect by what torrents of the grossest and most vile calumnies, they overwhelmed the principles and policy of the Washington administration.

I repeat, that it is not expected that the *leaders* of the party, whose administration is condemned, will have any fond affection for a work which exposes its weakness, and points to the awful results that wait upon its measures. But it is hoped that many, very many, who follow the predominant sect under an honest belief of its wisdom and virtues, will not avert their eyes from the page which examines, with a master-spirit, the truth of its pretensions. If their condemnation be rash or unjust, the reader will have his faith strengthened by the investigation; his friends will become more firm in his affection by passing the ordeal, and his confidence in them be more rational and satisfactory. But if from a condensed view and fair analysis of undoubted facts, and a clear exposition of their causes and consequences, he shall find he has trusted too far and too blindly; he will be thankful for his deliverance from so dangerous a delusion, and use all his power to dispel it from others. Converts, assuredly, will not be made from those who feed and fatten on publick employment, and exist by keeping "things as they are;" who have an interest directly opposite to that of the nation: But surely those who supply the treasure, may inquire whether it be honestly and beneficially distributed; whether those who are paid for their services are really useful; whether those who have been honoured and exalted for their virtue and wisdom, are really virtuous and wise. Let it always be kept in mind too, that it is the *official, political conduct* of the administration, that is the object of Mr. W's animadversions, and not the *persons* who compose it. Mr. Madison appears no where but as president of the United States; and the members of his cabinet are treated with the same decorum. Has not then this work a commanding claim to the attention and patronage of every American, who has the will, the ability, and the courage, to look into the conduct of his rulers, to judge for himself of their wisdom and capacity, and to anticipate by sound reasoning, and fair deductions, the probable consequences of their measures. If such inquiries are to be stifled by power, or withered with coldness, we may, indeed, con-

clude, with dean Swift, "that it is safer for a man's interest to blaspheme God, than to be of a party out of power, or even to be thought so."

It is hoped that these general remarks upon the spirit and character of the American Review, will have so much influence in removing the charge of *anti-Americanism*, as to induce those who have entertained this prejudice, at least, to read and judge for themselves. Whatever latitude there may have been for conjecture about the character of this journal before its publication, such anticipations must now be at an end. It is before the publick to answer for itself; and is, undoubtedly, its own best defender. Calumny will be refuted, and cautious doubt removed more effectually by perusing its pages, than by any panegyrick. A short notice of the articles contained in the first number, shall conclude my observations.

This number commences with An Inquiry into the past and present Relations of France and the United States. We venture to pronounce this one of the most lucid, elegant, and argumentative political articles ever published. The facts are stated with so much candour, supported by such evidence, and grouped with so much propriety and judgment, that they present to the mind, at one view, and with the irresistable conviction of truth, the various occurrences which have taken place between the two countries for several years past. When the author reasons from his facts, his powers of combination, analysis, deduction, and carry conviction to the understanding, and admiration to the heart. The man who doubts after he has read, must be incorrigible in obstinacy or dullness. The great object of this article is to demonstrate from publick documents and unquestioned facts, that Napoleon, the mammoth devourer of nations, is bent upon our destruction in common with the rest of the world, or as auxiliary to the downfall of Great Britain—that he hates us, either *as a part of the human species*, against which he wages a war of extermination, or because we are a commercial people. Those nations which deserve to live and thrive by the arts of peace are the natural objects of hate to one which exists by rapine and bloodshed; that avows itself a military power, and confessedly puts all its hopes upon conquest. The writer solemnly warns us, that Bonaparte has hitherto sought our ruin by plundering and oppressive decrees; by the most provoking arrogance and insult; and by profound and artful efforts to excite a quarrel between Great Britain and the United States. Having failed in the full accomplishment of his wishes, by these means, he has changed his plan of hostility, and now strives by hypocritical caresses; by false professions of affection, to draw us to his embrace, and involve us in war with Great Britain, which he well knows will sink us into calamities, he cannot in any other way inflict.

We have in this article a masterly exposition of the principles and policy, as well as of the practical effects of the French decrees; and so clear a view is given of the designs of the emperour upon this country, and of our "past and present relations" with France; that the American who will not read, is a traitor to himself. Let the man who doubts Mr. W's Americanism, turn to these pages; let him observe the knowledge displayed there of our best interests, the anxious solicitude for their preservation, the ardent love of country, the rational respect for the American people, their character, power, and resources, and his doubts must give way to admiration and affection for such a defender of our rights.

In the true spirit of honest impartiality, Mr. W. applies his powers to the British orders in council, which he pronounces, "in the high-

est degree, ill-timed, impolitick, and unjust." Indeed, he considers the British as the dupes of France in this business.

The following is an elegant and grateful tribute to our revolutionary worthies:—"We hold in the highest veneration, the memories of those who swayed the councils, and fought the battles of this country, in the war of our independence. There was a loftiness of spirit about them, as well as energy of deliberation and of action, which never can be too much admired or too warmly applauded. Their's were

"Virtues that shine the light of human kind,
"And, rayed through story, warm remotest time."

I shall not be pardoned by those who may read these remarks, for having so much extended them as to preclude me from introducing copious extracts from the work, I would recommend to attention. In truth, it cannot be fairly judged of by parts. It is only by a view of the whole that its symmetry, its elegance, and strength, can be seen. The firm statement of facts; the lucid arrangement of the proofs; and the logical precision of the deductions, must be all taken together, before their excellence can be comprehended. I will, however, indulge in one further extract, as being particularly applicable to my purpose.

"We cannot conclude," says Mr. W. "this article, to which the importance of the subject has induced us to give an extension not contemplated by our general plan, without repelling an accusation which will, in all likelihood, be preferred against us. We expect to be called the blind apologists of Great Britain, and the zealots of a party. These epithets we disclaim, because we know that in denouncing the views of France, and in reprobating the measures of our administration, we have but one object;—and that is,—the good of this country—to the institutions of which we are as ardently attached as any of those who may think fit to asperse our motives. We bear no enmity or malice to the men in power; but we will protest against their ability to manage the affairs of this nation, and must express our fears for her safety and publish our warnings,

'While such as these
'Presume to lay their hands upon the ark
'Of her magnificent and awful cause.'

"Great Britain, we know, has heretofore often abused her power in her relations with the United States, and may, hereafter, abuse it. At any other time, we should be as vehement in our opposition to her, and as indignant at her injustice as the most clamorous of her revilers are now. But we are overpowered by the sense of evils impending from another quarter more formidable and pressing than any which she is either able or disposed to inflict upon us."

The miscellaneous department of the American Review is filled with materials prepared and chosen with the finest judgment and taste. The Letters on France and England, the productions of Mr. W's fertile pen, hold a foremost place; and for interesting matter and spirited description, are not surpassed in the same line of composition. A Sketch of Palestine, translated by the editor, from Mr. de Chateaubriand, is full of the characteristick eloquence and vivacity of the Frenchman; and takes us to scenes that touch the scholar's heart. Sympathies and associations rush upon us "pleasant but mournful to the soul." The account of the first night passed in Athens, is uncommonly vivid and beautiful. It forced upon my recollection the fine lines in Dyer's "Ruins in Rome."

"The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, mid his oraison, hears
Aghast the voice of time; disparting towers
Tumbling all precipitate, down dashed,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon;
While murmurs sooth each awful interval,
Of ever falling waters."

We have also, in this number, a Character of Fisher Ames;—Review of the Lady of the Lake—of the Fight of Falkirk—notice of an

Italian History of the war of the Independence of the United States —notice of an Historical Essay on the temporal power of the Popes— Kotzebue's ancient history of Prussia—and notices of a number of interesting foreign publications.

We may safely aver, that in extent, interest, variety, and excellence of matter, this journal need affect no diffidence in claiming a rank with any similar production abroad.

To the whole is added, as an appendix, a copious and valuable selection of state papers.

Whether a work, at once so honourable and so useful to our country, shall continue, must depend upon the patronage it shall receive; the patronage, not only of those who read, but of those, also, who can write. It is idle to imagine, that the labour of any individual can, alone, sustain for any great length of time, the weight of such a work; and men, who have either pride or interest in the character and concerns of the United States, are bound by potent obligations to give their utmost aid to an undertaking which has commenced its career so brilliantly, and given such pledges for repaying, four fold, all they can do for it.

I address myself to no party, as a distinction arising from domestick dissensions, but to the AMERICAN PARTY, as regards our great national interests and policy, in relation to foreign powers, about which we should be wholly and indivisibly united. To *that party*, to Americans, as distinguished from foreign intruders, the doctrines of this journal cannot be offensive or unacceptable. They are truly and ardently American; and whatever preference Mr. W. gives to Great Britain in relation to her conflict with the "homicide despotism," he gives her none over his own country; on the contrary, he grounds his preference very much on the belief that our safety waits on her success.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A second Journey in Spain, in the Spring of 1809; from Lisbon, through the Western Skirts of the Sierra Morena, to Sevilla, Cordova, Granada, Malaga and Gibraltar; and thence to Tetuan and Tangiers. With plates, containing 24 figures, illustrative of the Costume and Manners of the Inhabitants of several of the Spanish Provinces. By Robert Semple, author of Observations in a Journey through Spain and Italy to Naples, and thence to Smyrna and Constantinople, in 1805; also of Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope; and of Charles Ellis. Crown 8vo. pp. 304. 8s. boards. London.

THE present is the third time that Mr. Semple has come under our jurisdiction in the capacity of a traveller; the first occasion having been, as a describer of the Cape, and the next as a tourist in Spain. The interest excited in the publick mind by the situation of that country induced him, during the last year, to resume his travels; and he has lost no time in bringing before his readers the fruit of his researches. In our former criticisms, we took occasion to censure his inelegancies and inaccuracies of style, while we paid a tribute of commendation to the fidelity of his descriptions. These impressions have been recalled to our recollection by the perusal of the work before us. It possesses an equal degree of merit with its predecessors, in regard to candour of delineation; and it continues to betray the traces of the same false

taste in composition, particularly in a disposition to launch out too frequently into sentimental effusions. We have remarked also, several errours in regard to local circumstances, the result of too hasty observation, and of too rapid a progress in travelling.

After a tedious passage of nearly a month, Mr. Semple arrived at Lisbon, in the packet from Falmouth, on the 29th January, 1809. He found that capital in alarm at the recent successes of the French over the Spaniards, and the spirit of the people depressed by the retreat of general Moore. The government paper was at a depreciation of 30 per cent. the eagerness to transfer property to England caused a high premium on bills. And so impatient were our countrymen in Lisbon to return, that nine places for the home passage were engaged before Mr. Semple left the packet to step on shore. The appeals of government, however, roused the Portuguese to the appearance, at least, of resistance; and the squares and streets were lined with motley groups of volunteers. After having descanted on the inefficacy of such a force for the defence of a country against regular troops, Mr. Semple proceeds to give a distressing example of the disorders which men, who had been long subjected to bad government, and were armed on a sudden, are liable to commit.

"The mob of Lisbon was armed, and determined to show that it was so. Every night, at least one Frenchman, or one suspected to be so, was discovered and dragged to prison, where, generally, his dead body alone arrived. I myself was witness to an Englishman being murdered in this manner, and strove in vain to save his life. An Englishman! you exclaim. Yes, reader, an Englishman. It was on a Sunday evening, and I was proceeding up the principal street, when, having advanced a little beyond the head-quarters of the English general, I heard the shoutings of a great mob. They drew nearer, and I presently found myself involved in a furious crowd, dragging along a poor wretch in the English dress; his countenance disfigured with blood, and hardly able to stagger along from the blows which he had received. I demanded his crime. They told me he was a Frenchman: but an English officer, who was in the crowd, exclaimed, that it was his servant, and endeavoured to reason with some who appeared as leaders of the mob. At this intelligence I made my utmost efforts to get near the unfortunate man, and just arrived in time to seize, with both my hands, a pike, which some *brave* Portuguese from behind was endeavouring to thrust into his back. I called out to the officer to assist me. He replied, it was the positive order of the general that in all such cases no Englishman should interfere, and advised me to take care of my own life. I was in the midst of pikes, swords, and daggers, which seemed to be thrust about in all directions, as if through madness or intoxication. In spite of all my struggles, I was thrown down and nearly trampled upon by the mob; and at length, with difficulty escaped from amongst them. Next morning I was informed that the poor wretch had been murdered in the course of the night. And this passed within one hundred yards of the English head-quarters!

"Because they were armed, and the enemy was not at their gates, the Portuguese already began to utter rhodomontades. Every man finding a weapon in his hands, perhaps for the first time, performed with it a thousand deeds of heroism. But not merely what they were going to do, what they had already done against the common enemies of Europe, was the topick of their discourses. They had gained, in conjunction with their English allies, the battle of Vimeira. It was a Portuguese soldier who made general Brenier prisoner, and they had beaten the French at Oporto. Lest there should be any doubt of these facts, an engraving of the battle of Vimeira, to be found in every shop, represented the dreadful Portuguese dragoons charging the enemy, and bearing away, at least, one half of the palm of victory

"The English have supported a regency odious to the people, and have lost more by that, and the convention of Cintra, than they gained at Vimeira. The French are attacking, in all directions, old and corrupted establishments, ready to fall by their own weight. We fly to prop them up with the whole of England's strength. The natural consequence is, that the people of most countries execrate the

French, but find it hard to condemn many of their measures; while, on the contrary, the English are very generally beloved, and their measures execrated. The former government of Portugal, of which the present regency is the representative, was a very bad one. Its oppressions and its ignorance were alike notorious. Yet we have linked ourselves to this government, and not to the people. We make no appeals, as it were, directly from nation to nation. All that we say comes to the people through the medium of magistrates, not beloved nor respected, further than that they hold an arbitrary power in their hands.

"I beheld at Lisbon a government, hated, yet implicitly obeyed; and this was to me a kind of clue to the national character, where the hereditary rights of tyrannizing in the great, and long habits of servitude in the multitude, compose the principal traits. But the people are awakened; they are appealed to; they are armed! and habits of freedom will, by degrees, arise among them.—Never. This nation, with all its old rites, its superstitions, and its prejudices of three centuries, is in its decrepitude. To produce any good the whole race must be renewed. Their present enthusiasm, produced by the pressure and the concurrence of wonderful circumstances, proves to me nothing."

From Lisbon, the author set out to travel post to Seville, by the way of Badajoz and the Sierra Morena; and, notwithstanding the forebodings of his friends, who endeavoured to dissuade him from the undertaking, he accomplished the journey, and reached Seville in safety. He passed a week in this ancient city, and devotes a chapter to a description of the remarkable objects contained in it. He then prosecuted his journey to Cordova and Granada, not, as hitherto on horseback, but in a muleteer's train; which mode of travelling was slow, but afforded him an undisguised view of the manners of the Spaniards in humble life. We extract a few of the passages in which he seems to have been most successful in conveying an impression of their customs and dispositions.

"On the afternoon of the 16th of February, I repaired to the gate of Carmona, where I found the muleteers and their cattle already collected. My portmanteau was placed on one side of the back of a mule, and balanced on the other with a large bundle of bacalao, or salt fish. I rode upon an ass without a bridle, with my pistols, my cloak, and my leathern wine-bottle, fastened to the pummel of my saddle. A woman, who was also going to Cordoba, sat in a kind of chair on the back of another ass; and about three o'clock, the principal carrier having given the signal, the whole procession, consisting of five or six men, and nearly forty mules and asses, moved on along the road of Carmona."—

"At this season, nothing could surpass the beautiful appearance of the plain of Sevilla, covered with fields of rising corn and olive plantations. Here and there some of the later kinds of trees stood, yet bare of leaves, and presented striking contrasts to the universal green which surrounded them. As we proceeded, the fields became less cultivated, and the hedges were, in general, of aloes mixed with pines. It was dark before we reached Ervizo, a stage of four leagues from Sevilla, and a place of about five hundred houses. The mules were all unloaded, and their burthens piled up together at one end of a hall, paved with rough stones, which occupied the whole length of the house. At the other end was the fireplace, where the mistress of the house, expecting our arrival, was already busy in preparing our supper of salt fish, eggs, and oil. After supper, each of the muleteers spread out the furniture and saddles of his mules for a bed; whilst, for me, a few bundles of straw were laid side by side over the stones, on which, wrapped up in my cloak, I slept soundly till the morning.

"It was 8 o'clock on the 17th, before our caravan was completely in motion. The first part of our road was through a country of continued hills and dales, cultivated in patches of beautiful green, amid vast tracts of wild and barren land. As we approach Carmona, a stage of two long leagues, the soil is in general of a sandier nature, but more extensively cultivated. This part of the country appeared to be remarkably destitute of water; I did not observe a single brook all this morning. Near the road side was a peasant girl selling water; and a Spanish soldier being drinking at the same time, I went up to follow his example. Having drank a goblet full, I was proceeding to pay for it, but the girl informed me that the senior who had just walked on, had paid for me,

This is a custom very common among all ranks in Spain, towards those whom they perceive to be strangers. It is meant to give an exalted idea of the generosity and magnificence of the Spanish character; and the traveller will sometimes be surprised to find his dinner paid for at a publick table by some unknown, who has left the house, whom he most probably will never see again, and whose very name is concealed from him. In the present instance, however, I did not long remain indebted to my bare-legged benefactor; he being on foot, I speedily overtook him; and, although he positively refused to accept of money, he allowed me to discharge the obligation, by a long draught out of my leathern bottle, which came away very lank from his embrace."—

"I was surrounded, at the village of Posadas, by people of all classes, who, under various pretences, asked me a hundred questions, and examined minutely my cloak, my dress, and my English saddle. On my account a better supper was prepared than I had met with since leaving Sevilla. Five or six rabbits were broiled upon the embers, then pulled to pieces, put into a large wooden bowl, and over all was poured hot water, mixed with oil, vinegar, garlick, pimento, and salt. As usual we all sat down together, a large leathern bottle, holding about three quarts, was filled with tolerable wine, and being intrusted to one of the company to act as our Ganymede, the repast began. For some time, hunger prevented all conversation, but our cupbearer performed his office with such dexterity, that before supper was finished, our bottle was emptied, and the Andalusian peasant began to show himself in all his vivacity. It was voted unanimously that the bottle should be replenished. They talked loud, they laughed, they sang, they cursed the French, and swore that even should all the rest of Spain be overrun, Andalusia was sufficient to protect itself from every invader. On a sudden a fierce quarrel arose; high words passed, knives were drawn, and I expected to see our supper end in bloodshed; when the hostess, after various vain attempts to allay the storm, began to repeat the evening service to the virgin. Immediately all was calm, the knives were sheathed, all hats were off, and at each pause the whole assembly murmured forth the response, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. As often as the quarrel seemed likely to be renewed, the good woman had recourse to the same expedient, and always with the same success, until the anger of the parties being wearied out, rather than assuaged, we broke up in silence, if not in friendship. These Andalusians are certainly a strange, good natured, irascible, fickle, lively kind of a race. On the ensuing morning I expected to see some traces of a quarrel so violent and so recent; but far from it, the parties were now the best friends in the world, and, although it was Sunday, were very busily engaged at a game of cards."—

"Our protracted stay at Posadas enabled me to witness one of those scenes which mark, as it were, the very outskirts of war, and affect us more than those of greater horrour. A poor woman of the place had been informed that her only son was killed in battle, and she, of course, had given herself up to grief; but this very morning a peasant arrived with certain intelligence, not only that her son was living, but that he was actually approaching the village, and not above a league distant from it. The first shock of these good tidings overpowered the mother's feelings; she ran out into the street, uttering screams of joy, and telling every one she met that he was not dead, that he was living, that he was approaching, that he would soon be in his dear mother's house. After some time, she exclaimed: 'But why do I stop here? come away, come away, and meet him,' and so saying, attired as she was, she hurried into the road, and soon disappeared. But what can describe her return? Her son lived, but, alas! how changed since last she saw him! His arm had been carried away by a cannon ball, the bandages of his wound were died with blood, he was pale and emaciated, and so weak that he was with difficulty supported on his ass, in a kind of cradle, by the help of a peasant who walked by his side. On the other side walked his mother—now looking down on the ground—now up to heaven—but chiefly on her son, with anxious eyes, and a countenance in which joy and grief, exultation and despondency, reigned by turns."

On arriving at Granada, Mr. Semple is so forcibly struck with the beauty of the prospect, as to cease to wonder, that the Moors on the Barbary coast should continue to pray for the reestablishment of their empire in this seat of magnificence and luxuriance. The ruins of the Alhambra engaged, in course, his particular attention; and he admired

its beauties in detail: but when he viewed it as a whole, he experienced the same disappointment in this as in other Moorish monuments. Being so near the Sierra Nevada, Mr. Semple determined to ascend towards its summit as far as its condition at that season [the beginning of March] would permit his approach; but the enterprise was attended with considerable hazard, at least on the second day, when his progress is thus described:

"We rose by dawn of day. The morning was charming, but my companions were shivering with cold, although not exceeding that often experienced in England, on a fine morning in autumn. As soon as the shadow of the peak became visible on the snow to the westward we set out. The deep chasm or valley on our right led directly to the bottom of the peak, but other chasms from the heights on our left opening into this principal one, intersected our path at every interval of five or six hundred yards; and occasioned us infinite trouble in passing them. By degrees the sides and bottoms of these chasms became covered with snow, fragments of broken ice, and rocks smooth with the dew frozen on their surface, to which the sun had not yet reached. At length we arrived where all traces of vegetation were lost and buried beneath the snow, which extended in every direction to the summit of the peak. Here my guide, fatigued and alarmed, would proceed no further, but pointed out some broken rocks on the left, called the Heights of Saint Francisco, at the foot of which he promised to watch my progress and await my return. I ascended now alone, more cautiously and slowly, along the summit of a ridge which appeared to terminate at the bottom of the very highest part of the peak. Sometimes the surface of the snow was softened, and I sunk up to the midleg, not without occasional apprehensions, until I found myself uniformly stopped by a frozen bank beneath. At other times my progress was along so slippery a surface, that I proceeded with the utmost difficulty, being frequently obliged to break small holes with my stick, and crawl upon my hands and knees. In this manner, however, I surmounted all the neighbouring peaks and ridges of mountains, an elevation of which I was made fully sensible by the sudden change of the atmosphere. Bathed as I was in perspiration, an extremely cold wind all at once blew upon me, and caused an instant chill over my whole frame, the effects of which I felt long afterwards. But the sight of the highest peak, to which I was now so near, inspired me with fresh courage, and after great exertions I arrived to within two hundred yards at farthest of perpendicular height from the summit. Here all farther progress became impossible. I had now got to the end of the ridge on which I had proceeded so long, and nearly to its junction with the highest part of the peak, which rose before me exceedingly steep, and entirely covered with frozen snow. I endeavoured to make holes with my stick, and to ascend in a slanting direction; but having proceeded twenty or thirty paces, and stopping to take breath, on casting my eyes downwards, I was not a little alarmed to find, that from the moment of leaving the summit of the ridge, I had incurred the danger of slipping down into a tremendous valley on one side of it. I almost turned giddy with the sight. The pieces of frozen snow which I had broken off slid down with astonishing rapidity, and clearly showed me what my fate must be should I make a single false step. Having stopped a few minutes to recover myself, and become familiarized with the sight of the deep valley of ice, I retraced my footsteps, and never felt more thankful than when I regained the summit of the ridge. I was not before aware, that in so short a distance I could have incurred so great a danger. From this point I was fain to content myself with the views of the surrounding mountains, which appeared every where tossed in great confusion, although all apparently connected with, or branching from the high mountain on which I stood. It did not appear possible even if provided with proper instruments, to group them under any form, so strangely did they intersect each other. Towards the east, the view was intercepted by the peak and its slope in that direction, but on every other side it was a stormy sea of mountains. I was able clearly to distinguish the mountains which separate the province of Granada from that of Andalusia, those towards the northern parts of Murcia, the Sierra of Malaga, and the mountains towards Gibraltar. On some of these ridges immense white clouds rested as if immovable; on others dark storms appeared to be brooding, whilst some

were in a blaze of sunshine from their bare and stony summits to where they mingled with the plains."

On leaving Granada, Mr. Semple resolved to change again his mode of travelling. He had sustained a robbery when in the company of the muleteers, and he now took care to set out together with a party who were able to protect themselves. They proceeded to Malaga, and in their route discovered the vestiges of the Moors in several of the publick buildings, but more frequently in the features of the inhabitants. The continued practice of irrigation afforded also a pleasing example of the preservation of Moorish improvements. From Malaga, Mr. Semple travelled to Gibraltar, whence he determined to cross over to the Barbary shore, and attempt a journey to Fez. In this expedition he was accompanied by three of his countrymen, sir William Ingilby, Dr. Darwin (the son of Dr. Erasmus Darwin) and Mr. Theodore Galton. Since nothing can be done among the Moors without presents, the travellers took with them patterns of cloth of various colours, each sufficient for a Moorish garment; to which they added a tent, a table, and a stock of utensils for cookery; and, as they were wholly unacquainted with the language, they provided themselves with an interpreter. They crossed over to Ceuta, and proceeded without interruption as far as Tetuan; but, on applying for passports to Fez, they found it impossible to remove the suspicions which were conceived by the Moors, in regard to the object of their journey to the interiour. In vain they urged the pleasure which they would enjoy from the sight of a country and of manners so different from their own, since the governour and his counsellors insisted that men could never be so foolish as to take so much trouble for the gratification of mere curiosity. The Moors, however, promised to write to Fez for passports; but a tedious delay of three weeks intervened, and the permission, when received, extended no farther than Tangiers, Sallee, and a few other towns along the coast.

Wearied with the evasions of the Moors, the travellers determined to confine their journey within narrow limits. They were highly gratified with the fertile and romantick country around Tetuan; and they were surprised to meet with numbers of camels, an animal which they did not expect to see so near the confines of Europe. In riding across the country from Tetuan to Tangiers, they had an opportunity of observing the simple manners of the Moors in their huts and tents; in which the women were employed in spinning a coarse kind of thread, or in grinding corn between two flat stones, while the children were making butter by swinging backwards and forwards a skinful of milk suspended from the top of the tent. From Tangiers, the party crossed over to Tarifa in Spain. Short as this African journey was, Mr. Semple recommends a similar excursion to every person who travels in Spain. A visit to Tetuan and Tangiers may be performed in four or five days, and even this transient glance will suffice to bring under the traveller's observation many points of resemblance in the customs of the Spaniards and the Moors. The armour, the dress, and the riding accoutrements of both are the same; their houses are formed on the same model; and the Spanish cookery is evidently of Moorish origin. In both countries, the implements of agriculture are the same, and the progress of the art equally slow.

On returning to Gibraltar, Mr. Semple found the town thronged with Spaniards, and French refugees. The cannon, mortars, and bullets of the Spanish lines had been removed into the fortress, and placed

at the disposal of the governour. From the *old rock*, our traveller returned to England by way of Cadiz; and he concludes his work with observations on the political state of Spain, written with considerable animation and energy. He is of opinion that, with so large a disposable force as we possessed, much more might have been done to aid the Spaniards in their struggle. We regret that our limits do not permit us to make a quotation from this part of the book. The plates representing the dress of the Spaniards in various ranks of life, appear to be faithful and lively delineations. And on the whole, this little volume, though transgressing in the points to which we have already adverted, will be found equal in interest to the labours of several travellers of the present day, who came before the publick with loftier pretensions.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

Hamlet Travestie; in three Acts, with Annotations by Dr. Johnson, and George Stevens, Esq. and other Commentators. 12mo. 3*s.* boards. 1810.

AVAUNT, ye crying philosophers, your sobbing and blubbering will not do now. "Take it for all in all," it is a poor sort of a pastime; and a good, hearty laugh, which helps to shake the dust and cobwebs of melancholy off the heart, is worth *a belly-full* of it. If we did not at first altogether relish the idea of having one of the esteemed tragedies of our divine bard metamorphosed by low burlesque, we could not help shaking our old sides when we found the thing so well done. Now, gentle reader, think not that our senses are gone to the valley of the moon on our making this confession. Had Shakspeare himself, who was a merry grig of the *first water*, been alive, he would have delighted in this very comick travestie of his Hamlet, and have relished the humorous *blackguardism* by which affecting scenes are converted into broad farce. The modern *slang* is played off to good effect, both in the dialogue and in the songs, which are substituted for the soliloquies; and throughout the burlesque is well preserved. We feel ourselves obliged to the author for relieving the ordinary dullness of our occupation, by so sprightly a sally: we have relished his fun; and we recommend a perusal of it as no bad expedient for dissipating the effects of November and December fogs; for he who laughs heartily will never be disposed to tuck himself up to his bed post, or to throw himself into the river. That our readers may have a taste of this oddly cooked and fantastically garnished Hamlet, we present them with the substitute for the sublime soliloquy in the first act, beginning, "*O that this too, too solid flesh,*" &c. which is thus untragedized:

SONG—HAMLET.

[Tune—*Derry-down.*]

"A ducat I'd give if a sure way I knew,
How to thaw and resolve my stout flesh into dew!
How happy were I, if no sin were self slaughter!
For I'd then throw myself and my cares in the water.
Derry down, down, down derry down.

"How weary, how profitless, stale, and how flat,
Seem to me all life's uses, its joys and all that:
This world is a garden unweeded; and clearly
Not worth living for, things rank hold it merely. *Derry down,* &c.

"Two months have scarce pass'd since dad's death, and my mother,

Like a brute as she is, has just married his brother.
To wed such a bore,—but 'tis all too late now,
We can't make a silk purse of the ear of a sow.

Derry down, &c.

"So fondly he loved her, I've oft heard him tell her,
'If it rains, my dear Gertrude, pray take my umbrella.'
When too roughly the winds have beset her, he hath said,
'My dear, take my Belcher* to tie round your head.'

Derry down, &c.

"Why, zounds! she'd hang on him, as much as to say,
'The longer I love you, the longer I may;'
Yet before one could whistle, as I'm a true man,
He's forgotten! oh frailty, thy name sure is woman!

Derry down, &c.

"To marry my uncle! my father's own brother!
I'm as much like a lion as one's like the other.
It will not by jingo, it can't come to good—
But break my poor heart—I'd say more if I could.

Derry down, &c.

We could offer another plate-full to the reader, but shall only add:—

Should you relish this slice, for the good of the cook,
Pray throw down your money and purchase his book.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Travels through Lower Canada, and the United States of North America, in the Years 1806, 1807, and 1808. To which are added, Biographical Notes and Anecdotes of some of the leading Characters in the United States; and of those who have, at various Periods, born a conspicuous Part in the Politicks of that Country. By John Lambert. In three Volumes. 8vo. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* With Engravings.

WE have read these volumes with considerable interest, and have received from the perusal much and important information. The author, a very intelligent man, and well qualified for the inquiries, the result of which his volumes communicate, accompanied a near relation to Canada, to accomplish, under the sanction of government, the cultivation of hemp. An undertaking often recommended, but never yet successfully performed. The individuals concerned embarked on their voyage, full of the most flattering hopes and expectations. They were to receive from the Canadian government 150 acres of *clear land*, have their expenses paid, and every facility afforded them. But no sooner had they arrived in Canada, than these bright prospects vanished altogether. Strange to say, the government had not one single acre of clear land to give them; they were compelled to dance attendance at the executive council room, for five months together, before they received compensation in any form. In this interval the farmers and artificers whom they carried out with them, were seduced from their service, or corrupted by idleness, and the bad example of the lower order of Europeans at Quebeck. The original design thus proving abortive, the author thought that he could not employ his time better, than to avail himself of the opportunity before him, to make himself acquainted with the country, and its customs and inhabitants. Remaining, therefore, for some time at Quebeck, he afterwards proceeded up the river to

* A handkerchief so called from Belcher the boxer.

Montreal. From Montreal he crossed lake Champlain, and, entering the territories of the American government, pursued his journey to New York. At this place he continued for a considerable time, and then embarked for Charleston, in South Carolina. From Charleston he visited Savannah, on foot, and describes New Georgia with some minuteness; returning to New York, he went from thence to Boston. To the description of this place, its manners, commerce, and inhabitants, he subjoins some lively biographical notices of the more distinguished characters of America, &c. in these more recent times, namely, of Jefferson, Madison, Burr, general Hamilton, Paine, &c. &c From Boston he again returned to Canada, and the conclusion of the third volume leaves the traveller at Montreal.

We really know no book of the kind which gives so circumstantial and so satisfactory an account of the British settlements, and of the United States of America, from the coast of Labrador to the gulph of Florida. Having said this, and placed before our readers the outline of the traveller's route, it becomes a point of justice to introduce a few specimens of the amusement and information which may be expected.

The following anecdote, in the beginning of the first volume, introduces no feeble argument in vindication of the plan pursued by the British and Foreign Bible Society:

"Our pilot, Louis Le Clair, was an old, French Canadian, possessed, like the rest of his countrymen, of a tolerable opinion of himself; yet was a good humoured, friendly fellow. It was not long before we found that his predilection for the clergy was not excessive. He entertained us with many of his whimsical opinions, and declared, that for his own part, he never went to confession, though he allowed his wife and daughters to go. 'Women,' says he, 'can never be happy until they let out their secrets, and on that account it is necessary they should have a confessor; I, therefore, pay him his fees, which is only justice. But for myself, I consider it all as a mere farce; and it must be so, since the women say that they only tell the priests a part, and conceal the rest.' A few years ago, the pilot picked up an English bible, which had been thrown ashore from the wreck of a ship. As he understood the language, he read it through, and it opened his eyes so much, that he could not forbear, soon after, disputing with his curé upon certain points of religion. The latter was much surprised to find him so knowing, and inquired how he had obtained his information; upon which the old man showed him the bible. The priest declared it was not a fit book for him to read, and desired he would give it into his charge. This the pilot refused, and the curé threatened to write to the bishop and have him excommunicated as a heretick. But finding that neither threats, nor entreaties, had any effect, he was necessitated to request that he would keep it to himself, and not let any of his neighbours know that he had such a book. The old pilot declared, that he considered the finding of that bible the happiest event of his life, in consequence of the comfort and consolation which he derived from perusing it." vol. i. p. 11.

The following account of the domestick manners of the Habitans, will hardly be perused without a smile:

"The furniture of the Habitans, is plain and simple, and most commonly of their own workmanship. A few wooden chairs with twig or rush bottoms, and two or three deal tables, are placed in each room, and are seldom very ornamental; they, however, suffice, with a proper number of wooden bowls, trenchers, and spoons, for the use of the family at meals. A press, and two or three large chests, contain their wearing apparel, and other property. A buffet in one corner, contains their small display of cups, saucers, glasses, and teapots, while a few broken sets may perhaps, grace the mantlepiece. A clock is often found in their best apartment, and the sides of the room are ornamented with little pictures, or waxen images of saints and crucifixes; of the holy virgin and her son. An iron stove is generally placed in the largest apartment, with a pipe passing through the others into the chimney. The kitchen displays very little more than kettles of soup; tureens of milk; a table, a dresser, and a few chairs. The fireplace is wide, and large logs of wood

are placed on old-fashioned, iron dogs. A wooden crane supports the large kettle of soup, which is for ever on the fire.

"Their chief article of food is pork, as fat as they can procure it. They all keep a great number of swine, which they fatten to their liking. Peas-soup, with a small quantity of pork boiled in it, constitutes their breakfast, dinner, and supper, day after day, with very little alteration, except what is occasioned by a few sausages, and puddings made of the entrails, when a hog is killed; or during lent, when fish and vegetables only will suffice. They are extremely fond of thick, sour milk, and will often treat themselves with a dish of it, after their pork. Milk, soup, and other spoon meat, are eaten out of a general dish, each taking a spoonful after the other. Knives and forks are seldom in request.

"The old people will sometimes treat themselves with tea or coffee; in which case, they generally have to boil their water in the fryingpan; for it rarely happens that they have a teakettle in the house. An anecdote is related of a gentleman, who was travelling on the road to Montreal several years ago, when tea was almost unknown to the Habitans, and when accommodation on the road was even worse than it is now; he carried with him his provisions, and, among the rest, he had a pound of tea. On his arrival at one of the post houses in the evening, he told the mistress of the house, to make him some tea, and gave her the parcel for that purpose. In the mean time, the woman spread out her plates and dishes, knives, and forks, upon the table, and the gentleman took his meat and loaf out of the basket (for tea, without something more substantial, is poor fare when travelling, and I always found, in such cases, that a beefsteak, or a slice of cold meat, was a considerable improvement to the tea-table.) After waiting a longer time than the gentleman thought necessary to make a cup of tea, the woman came into the room; but how shall I describe his astonishment, when he beheld the whole pound of tea nicely boiled, and spread out on a dish, with a lump of butter in the middle! the good woman had boiled it all in the *chanderon*, and was placing it on the table as a fine *dish of greens*, to accompany the gentleman's cold beef.

"Milk and water is the usual drink of the females and younger part of the family. Rum is, however, the cordial balm which relieves the men from their cares and anxieties. They are passionately fond of this pernicious liquor, and often have a debauch when they go to market with their commodities. I have seen in the Upper Town market-place, at Quebeck, a father and his son both drunk. The young one, however, was not so bad but that he was sensible of the impropriety: so he tumbled the old man out of the spirit shop, into the street, and endeavoured to force him into the berlin, to carry him home. The old fellow, however, pulled his son down by the hair, and began to belabour him with his fist, uttering ten thousand *sacrés* and *b——rs* upon his undutiful head. The young man could not extricate himself, and being pretty much in that state which is called 'crying drunk,' he began to weep, calling out at the same time: '*Ah my father, you do not know me*!' '*My God you do not know me*'! The tears ran down his cheeks, though as much, most likely, from the blows, and tugs of the hair which he received, as from the idea of his father not knowing him. His exclamations, however, caused the old man to weep with him, and the scene became truly ludicrous; for the old fellow would not let go his hold, but continued his curses, his blows, and his tears, until the son was assisted by some other Habitans, who forced the father into the berlin; upon which the young man got in, and drove him home.

"Very few of the country people who frequent the markets in the towns, return home sober, and in wintertime, when there is not room for more than one cariole on the road, without plunging the horse four or five feet deep in snow, these people, having lost their usual politeness by intoxication, do not feel inclined to make way for the gentry in carioles, and will often run their sleighs aboard, and upset them." P. 158.

The following anecdotes are related at p. 388 and p. 424.

"Our guide, a Cree, whose spirits had visibly begun to droop ever since we entered the defiles of the mountains, was last night presented by Mr. ——— with some rum, to keep him hearty in the cause. Upon this he made shift to get drunk with his wife. This morning he complained that his head and stomach were out of order, and asked for a little medicine, which was given him; but finding it did him neither good nor harm, he called his wife to him, where he was sitting amidst us at a large fire we had made to warm ourselves. She readily came: he asked her if she had a sharp flint; and upon her replying she had not, he broke one, and made a lancet

of it, with which he opened a vein in his wife's arm, she assisting him with great good will. Having drawn about a pint of blood from her, in a wooden bowl, to our astonishment, he applied it to his mouth, quite warm, and drank it off: then he mixed the blood that adhered to the vessel, with water, by way of cleansing the bowl, and also drank that off. While I was considering the savageness of this action, one of our men, with indignation, exclaimed to our guide: 'I have eaten and smoked with thee, but henceforward thou and I shall not smoke and eat together. What, drink warm from the vein, the blood of thy wife!'—'Oh, my friend,' said the Indian, 'have I done wrong? when I find my stomach out of order, the warm blood of my wife, in good health, refreshes the whole of my body, and puts me to rights: in return, when she is not well, I draw blood from my arm; she drinks it; and it gives her life: all our nation do the same, and they all know it to be a good medicine.' P. 388.

"It is a dangerous experiment to wander carelessly in the woods in Canada, without a guide, or a sufficient acquaintance with the paths; and instances have occurred, of people perishing even within a small distance of their own habitations. A few years ago, two young ladies who were on a visit at the house of Mr. Nicholas Montour, formerly of the Northwest Company, and who then resided at Point du Lac, near Three Rivers, strolled into the woods at the back of the house, one morning after breakfast, for the purpose of regaling themselves with the strawberries and other fruit which grew abundantly there, and were then in great perfection. One of them had an amusing novel in her hand, which she read to the other; and so interested were they with the story, and the scenery around them, that they never thought of returning to dinner. In this manner they strolled delightfully along, sometimes wrapt up in the charms of the novel, and at other times stopping to gather the fruit which lay luxuriantly scattered beneath their feet, or hung in clusters over their heads; when the declining sun at length warned them that it was late in the afternoon. They now began to think of returning, but unfortunately they had wandered from the path, and knew not which way to go. The sun, which an hour before might have afforded them some assistance, was now obscured by the lofty trees of the forest; and as the evening closed in, they found themselves yet more bewildered.

"In the most distracted state they wandered about among the shrubs and underwood of the forest, wringing their hands, and crying most bitterly at their melancholy situation. Their clothes were nearly torn off their backs; their hair hung in a dishevelled manner upon their necks; and the fruit which in the morning they had picked with rapture, they now loathed and detested. In this wretched condition they wandered till nearly dark, when they came up to a small hut; their hearts beat high at the sight; but it was empty! They were, however, glad to take refuge in it for the night, to shelter them from the heavy dews of the forest, which were then rising. They collected a quantity of leaves, with which they made a bed, and lay down: but they could not sleep; and spent the night in unavailing tears and reproaches at their own carelessness. They however at times endeavoured to console each other with the hope that people would be despatched by Mr. Montour, in search of them. The next morning, therefore, they wisely kept within the hut, or went out only to gather fruit to satisfy the cravings of appetite; and that which the evening before they had loathed as the cause of their misfortune, now became the means of preserving their lives. Towards the close of the day, they heard the Indian yell in the woods, but were afraid to call out, or stir from the hut, not knowing whether they might be sent in search of them, or were a party of strange Indians, into whose hands they did not like to trust themselves.

"A second night was passed in the same forlorn state; though singular as it may appear, one of them became more composed, and, in some measure, even reconciled to her situation; which, deplorable as it was, and uncertain when they might be relieved from it, she regarded as a romantick adventure, and the following morning, with great composure, staid in the hut, and read her novel: the other gave herself up to despair, and sat upon the bed of leaves, crying and bewailing her unhappy fate. In this state they were discovered about noon, by a party of Indians, who had been sent out after them, and whose yell had been heard by the young ladies the preceding evening. Their joy at being relieved from such an alarming situation, may be more easily conceived than described, and was only equalled by the pleasure which their return gave to Mr. Montour and his family, who had almost given them up as lost, having been absent nearly three days, and wandered several miles from the house." P. 423.

Our extracts from the first volume having been rather copious, we must restrain ourselves in the two which succeed, but the description of the effect of the embargo at New York, as detailed in the second, is too interesting to be omitted.

"When I arrived at New York, in November, the port was filled with shipping, and the wharfs were crowded with commodities of every description. Bales of cotton, wools, and merchandise; barrels of potash, rice, flower, and salt provisions; hogsheads of sugar, chests of tea, puncheons of rum, and pipes of wine; boxes, cases, packs and packages of all sizes and denominations, were strowed upon the wharfs and landing places, or upon the decks of the shipping. All was noise and bustle. The carters were driving in every direction; and the sailors and labourers upon the wharfs, and on board the vessels, were moving their ponderous burthens from place to place. The merchants and their clerks were busily engaged in their counting houses or upon the piers. The Tontine coffeehouse was filled with underwriters, brokers, merchants, traders and politicians; selling, purchasing, trafficking, or ensuring; some reading, others eagerly inquiring the news. The steps and balcony of the coffeehouse were crowded with people bidding, or listening to the several auctioneers, who had elevated themselves upon a hogshead of sugar, a puncheon of rum, or a bale of cotton; and with Stentorian voices were exclaiming: '*Once, twice,*' '*Once, twice.*' '*Another cent.*' '*Thank ye, gentlemen,*' or were knocking down the goods which took up one side of the street, to the best purchaser. The coffeehouse slip, and the corners of Wall and Pearl streets, were jammed up with carts, drays, and wheelbarrows: horses and men were huddled promiscuously together, leaving little or no room for passengers to pass. Such was the appearance of this part of the town when I arrived. Every thing was in motion; all was life, bustle, and activity. The people were scampering in all directions to trade with each other, and to ship off their purchases for the European, Asian, African, and West-Indian markets. Every thought, word, look, and action of the multitude, seemed to be absorbed by commerce; the welkin rang with its busy hum, and all were eager in the pursuit of its riches.

"But on my return to New York the following April, what a contrast was presented to my view, and how shall I describe the melancholy dejection that was painted upon the countenances of the people, who seemed to have taken leave of all their former gayety and cheerfulness. The coffeehouse slip, the wharfs, and quays along South street, presented no longer the bustle and activity that had prevailed there five months before. The port, indeed, was full of shipping; but they were dismantled, and laid up. Their decks were cleared, their hatches fastened down, and scarcely a sailor was to be seen on board. Not a box, bale, cask, barrel, or package, was to be seen upon the wharfs. Many of the counting houses were shut up, or advertised to be let; and the few solitary merchants, clerks, porters and labourers, that were to be seen, were walking about with their hands in their pockets. Instead of sixty or one hundred carts that used to stand in the street for hire, scarcely a dozen appeared, and they were unemployed; a few coasting sloops and schooners, which were clearing out for some of the ports in the United States, were all that remained of that immense business which was carried on a few months before. The coffeehouse was almost empty; or if there happened to be a few people in it, it was merely to pass away the time which hung heavy on their hands, or to inquire anxiously after news from Europe, and from Washington; or perhaps to purchase a few bills, that were selling at ten or twelve per cent. above par. In fact, every thing presented a melancholy appearance. The streets near the water side were almost deserted, *the grass had begun to grow* upon the wharfs, and the minds of the people were tortured by the vague and idle rumours that were set afloat upon the arrival of every letter from England, or from the seat of government. In short, the scene was so gloomy and forlorn, that had it been the month of September instead of April, I should verily have thought that a malignant fever was raging in the place. So desolating were the effects of the embargo, which in the short space of five months, had deprived the first commercial city in the states, of all its life, bustle, and activity. Caused above one hundred and twenty bankruptcies; and completely annihilated its foreign commerce." p. 152.

The Essays from the Salmagundi, a periodical work in extensive circulation at New York, are well

enough, and amusing in themselves, but are out of place here, and seem introduced to eke out the volumes. The same object seems to have been had in view in the third volume also, and indeed if the work had been comprised in two, instead of three volumes, it would have been more entitled to respect, and better qualified to have asserted its claim to a distinguished place in geographical collections.

In this volume, however, it is but justice to allow that the description of Charleston is written with particular vivacity; and is altogether the best account of this place we remember to have seen. The coloured prints, introduced by way of embellishment, are very trifling and unsatisfactory, but the map which is prefixed to the first volume is of neat execution. We are altogether pleased with the performance, and lament the disappointment of the author in a commercial view. His description of the difficulties which he and his relative had to encounter on their arrival at Quebeck; his remarks on the causes which here prevented the successful culture of hemp in Canada, are related with much temper and great good sense, and appear to merit the consideration of government.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

Political Essay on the Kingdom of New Spain. By Alexander de Humboldt. With Physical Sections and Maps. Translated from the original French. By John Black. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 455, 531. Price 1*l.* 18*s.* London. 1811.

SPANISH America is an object which, of late, has come forward rapidly on the horizon of European politicks. Before the voyage of Anson, little known, even geographically, beyond the confines of its parent state, and almost every document relating to it, classed in the archives of old Spain, among the *Arcana Imperii*, the literary world equally with the political, was obliged to remain satisfied with shreds and patches of information; or with gleanings, obtained by accident or by stealth. Suspicion or conjecture, was the extent to which the boldest speculator ventured; and what were the capabilities of the country, was rather inferred than affirmed, by the best informed student in statisticks.

When France, in direct opposition to her own interest, interfered to give liberty to North America, there were some among us (we speak from personal knowledge) who foresaw that the result would be destructive to that politick power; though none, we believe, anticipated the extent to which that destruction has proceeded. M. de Vergennes, who had perfected what the duc de Choiseul begun, was, on his death-bed, fully convinced of the distresses advancing with rapid strides, eventually to overwhelm his country. Neckar, who, equally with De Vergennes, had been deceived in his estimate of British power and spirit, lived to see, what he deemed a triumph, end in despair. When Spain was over-persuaded against her conviction, to become a party to the war in favour of the now United States, all who had obtained that information, limited as it was, which was then extant, inferred that the example of North America would soon be followed in the south; and that Spain might prepare herself to bid an everlasting farewell to her transatlantick possessions. The spi-

rit of independence has been active, more or less openly, in South America from that day to this: and the propositions made to British officers from Buenos Ayres and other places, are so many vouchers for the truth of what we affirm. As the disposition toward independence was fomented in North America, by French agents under the direction of Choiseul; and so far had they proceeded, that Louis XVI. though anticipating evil from the machination, yet could not stop it; so, it may be, that French agents were also employed in *enlightening* the Spanish Americans, and that Buonaparte, like Louis, wishes the progress of these enlightenings to be stayed. That he really did desire to hold the Spanish colonies in dependence on Spain, and to render them tributary to France, admits of no doubt; that his scheme has failed, and that they will establish their independence, we consider as certain; and this new character under which they are about to appear, increases greatly that importance, which attaches to the knowledge of their actual state and condition. In proportion as South America rises in importance, North America declines. It was not for themselves only, that the Americans took off so great a quantity of British goods, as they did some time ago: it was to export them to their southern neighbours of the same continent. During the American embargo, those goods went direct from Britain; and thus Britain obtained an immediate intercourse with her real customers, which she will do well to cultivate, and extend to the utmost of her power. Seeing then, that we are now opening an avowed and authorized commerce with the Spanish Americans, instead of a clandestine and almost furtive traffick, we cannot but desire to obtain all possible intelligence relative to the country; to the bounties of nature distributed therein; to the disposition and character of the inhabitants; and, generally, to whatever interests the geographer, the naturalist, the philosopher, the moralist, or the statesman.

Nothing could be better timed to answer the demands of the inquisitive, than this publication of the baron de Humboldt. Many a long year has he travelled in the Spanish colonies; many a hazardous journey has he taken; many a laborious operation has he performed. With specimens of his acquisitions, the world has already been favoured in various shapes; and the present work adds to our obligations received from this adventurous disciple of science.

New Spain is more commonly known among us as the government of Mexico; because the chief city, from various causes, has been more familiar in our general course of reading. All the world has heard of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez; and the wealth of the Mexican mines has become proverbial. Little care has been taken, generally speaking, to distinguish the provinces in which these mines are situated; they have been uniformly attributed to Mexico; and that has been sufficient. It will be our own fault if this, or any other incorrectness, be longer continued among us. M. de Humboldt, gives a particular account of the divisions of this extensive viceroyalty, and takes pains to obtain a precision, which, while it may possibly be superseded by recent events, nevertheless bears testimony to his industry, and researches.

The order adopted by the baron, after a geographical introduction, is, that of:—general considerations on the extent and physical aspect of New Spain. On the climate, agriculture, commerce, and military defence of the country. To these, succeed—the population, the distinctions among the inhabitants, their numbers, maladies, languages, &c. The provinces into which New Spain is divided, the state of culti-

vation, and of the mines, form the concluding articles. The whole is divided into four books, and these into nine chapters. A small appendix of maps is annexed *to this edition;* in the original, they are much more dignified and instructive.

Those who read for entertainment, will find the baron not uniformly to their taste; he advances too far into detail to please them, and his style is not sufficiently lively to impart delight. He narrates what he saw; and his remarks convey information on a variety of subjects at once new and interesting. Our author enjoyed the invaluable advantage of liberal communication with the best informed officers of New Spain; and by their assistance, he has not only corrected a multiplicity of errours extant in maps, and descriptions, but has introduced to our acquaintance, various cities and towns, some of them containing not less than 70,000 inhabitants, of which we had no previous knowledge. By means also, of his barometrical observations, he has been enabled to convey an idea of the relative heights of different mountains and other elevations; and for the first time, we have it in our power, to form adequate conceptions of the nature and elevation of the table-land of Mexico and its lakes. Not less interesting to the geologist, is the sudden and stupendous descent towards Vera Cruz, which amply explains the obstacles to a postchaise intercourse between the capital and its eastern ports. The road to Acapulco, the principal western port, is less striking, but not less practically difficult.

The condition of man is the most interesting object in every country; and we confess ourselves gratified by finding that in New Spain the number of slaves [negroes] is comparatively few, and the state of the Indians is less unhappy than we had been accustomed to suppose. We extract with pleasure a passage, from which it appears that the mines, though a considerable source of wealth, are not the only, or even the *chief* wealth of the province of Mexico.

"The Indian cultivator is poor, but he is free. His state is even greatly preferable to that of the peasantry in a great part of the north of Europe. There are neither corvées nor villanage in New Spain; and the number of slaves is next to nothing. Sugar is chiefly the produce of free hands. There the principal objects of agriculture are not the productions to which European luxury has assigned a variable and arbitrary value, but cereal gramina, nutritive roots, and the agave, the vine of the Indians. The appearance of the country proclaims to the traveller, that the soil nourishes him who cultivates it, and that the true prosperity of the Mexican people neither depends on the accidents of foreign commerce, nor on the unruly politicks of Europe.

"Those who only know the interiour of the Spanish colonies, from the vague and uncertain notions hitherto published, will have some difficulty in believing, that the principal sources of the Mexican riches are by no means the mines, but an agriculture which has been gradually ameliorating since the end of the last century. Without reflecting on the immense extent of the country, and especially the great number of provinces which appear totally destitute of precious metals, we generally imagine that all the activity of the Mexican population is directed to the working of mines. Because agriculture has made a very considerable progress in the *capitania general* of Caraccas, in the kingdom of Guatimala, the island of Cuba, and wherever the mountains are accounted poor in mineral productions, it has been inferred that it is to the working of the mines that we are to attribute the small care bestowed on the cultivation of the soil in other parts of the Spanish colonies. This reasoning is just, when applied to small portions of territory. No doubt, in the provinces of Choco and Antioquia, and the coast of Barbacoas, the inhabitants are fonder of seeking for the gold washed down in the brooks and ravines, than of cultivating a virgin and fertile soil; and in the beginning of the conquest, the Spaniards who abandoned the peninsula or Canary islands, to settle in Peru and Mexico, had no other view but the discovery of the precious metals. *Auri rabida sitis*

a cultura Hispanos divertit, says a writer of those times, Pedro Martyr,* in his work on the discovery of Yucatan, and the colonization of the Antilles.

"In Mexico, the best cultivated fields, those which recall to the mind of the traveller the beautiful plains of France, are those which extend from Salamanca towards Siloe, Guanaxuato, and the Villa de Leon, and which surround the richest mines of the known world. Wherever metallick seams have been discovered in the most uncultivated parts of the Cordilleras, on the insulated and desert table-lands, the working of mines, far from impeding the cultivation of the soil, has been singularly favourable to it. Travelling along the ridge of the Andes, or the mountainous part of Mexico, we every where see the most striking examples of the beneficial influence of the mines on agriculture. Were it not for the establishments formed for the working of the mines, how many places would have remained desert? how many districts uncultivated in the four intendancies of Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, and Durango, between the parallels of 21° and 25° where the most considerable metallick wealth of New Spain is to be found? If the town is placed on the arid side, or the crest of the Cordilleras, the new colonists can only draw from a distance the means of their subsistence, and the maintenance of the great number of cattle employed in drawing off the water, and raising and amalgamating the mineral produce. Want soon awakens industry. The soil begins to be cultivated in the ravines and declivities of the neighbouring mountains, wherever the rock is covered with earth. Farms are established in the neighbourhood of the mine. The high price of provision, from the competition of the purchasers, indemnifies the cultivator for the privations to which he is exposed, from the hard life of the mountains. Thus, from the hope of gain alone, and the motives of mutual interest, which are the most powerful bonds of society, and without any interference on the part of the government in colonization, a mine, which, at first, appeared insulated in the midst of wild and desert mountains, becomes, in a short time, connected with the lands which have long been under cultivation."

To this may be added, that when the seam of metal is exhausted, the fertility created on the spot, continues; and much of the population remains to enjoy the advantages it offers. Our author adds, that, although some of the Mexican families possess immense wealth, obtained from the mines, yet there are but few; while a greater number derived from cultivation much superiour revenues.

The difference of altitude, and consequently of temperature, has been more destructive to the Indians, when obliged to change of dwelling, than excessive labour in the mines. Indeed the elevation of the table-land, and situations among the mountains, generally chosen for residence by the original natives, and by the Spaniards, forms a strong contrast to the suffocating and destructive heats of the coast. The difference of level between Vera Cruz and Mexico, gives occasion to several striking particularities.

"In the space of a day, the inhabitants descend from the regions of eternal snow, to the plains in the vicinity of the sea, where the most suffocating heat prevails. The admirable order with which different tribes of vegetables rise above one another, by strata, as it were, is no where more perceptible, than in ascending from the port of Vera Cruz, to the table land of Perote. We see there the physiognomy of the country, the aspect of the sky, the form of plants, the figures of animals, the manners of the inhabitants, and the kind of cultivation followed by them, assume a different appearance at every step of our progress.

"As we ascend, nature appears gradually less animated, the beauty of the vegetable forms diminishes, the shoots become less succulent, and the flowers less coloured. The aspect of the Mexican oak quiets the alarms of travellers newly landed at Vera Cruz. Its presence demonstrates to him that he has left behind him the zone, so justly dreaded by the people of the north, under which the yellow fever exercises its ravages in New Spain. This inferiour limit of oaks warns the colonist who inhabits the central table-land, how far he may descend towards the coast, without dread of the mortal disease of the

* De insulis nuper repertis et de moribus incolarum earum. *Grynæi Novus Orbis*, 1555, p. 511.

vomito. Forests of liquid ambar, near Zalapa, announce, by the freshness of their verdure, that this is the elevation at which the clouds, suspended over the ocean, come in contact with the basaltick summits of the Cordillera. A little higher, near la Banderilla, the nutritive fruit of the banana tree comes no longer to maturity. In this foggy and cold region, therefore, want spurs on the Indian to labour, and excites his industry. At the height of San Miguel, pines begin to mingle with the oaks, which are found by the traveller as high as the elevated plains of Perote, where he beholds the delightful aspect of fields sown with wheat. Eight hundred metres higher, the coldness of the climate will no longer admit of the vegetation of oaks; and pines alone there cover the rocks, whose summits enter the zone of eternal snow. Thus, in a few hours, the naturalist, in this miraculous country, ascends the whole scale of vegetation, from the heliconia and the banana plant, whose glossy leaves swell out into extraordinary dimensions, to the stunted parenchyma of the resinous trees!"

While the coast, exposed to the violent effect of the solar heat, was, as it continues to be, the seat of disease, we cannot wonder that the higher regions were preferred as abodes by the old population of Mexico, and by their successours. Whatever this situation may want of luxuries, is compensated by security. The Spanish conquerors, as they ascended to the table-land, found the villages more numerous, closer together, better peopled, their inhabitants more polished, the fields divided into smaller portions; with other signs of superiour industry. The valley in which the city of Mexico stands, is upwards of 6500 feet above the level of the sea. It is of an oval form, encompassed on all sides by mountains. It contains several lakes. The largest is salt. Formerly it surrounded the city, which was approached only by causeways, constructed in the water. But, at present, the extent of this lake is diminished, and the city is now on the land, at some distance from the water's edge. The circumference of the valley is 67 leagues.

"Mexico is undoubtedly one of the finest cities ever built by Europeans in either hemisphere. With the exception of Petersburgh, Berlin, Philadelphia, and some quarters of Westminster, there does not exist a city of the same extent, which can be compared to the capital of New Spain, for the uniform level of the ground on which it stands, for the regularity and breadth of the streets, and the extent of the publick places. The architecture is generally of a very pure style, and there are even edifices of very beautiful structure. The exteriour of the houses is not loaded with ornaments.

"The balustrades and gates are all of Biscay iron, ornamented with bronze, and the houses, instead of roofs, have terraces like those in Italy, and other southern countries.

"Mexico has been very much embellished, since the residence of the abbé Chappe there in 1769. The edifice destined to the School of Mines, for which the richest individuals of the country furnished a sum of more than three millions of francs,* would adorn the principal places of Paris or London. Two great palaces [hotels] were recently constructed by Mexican artists, pupils of the academy of fine arts of the capital. One of these palaces, in the quarter *della Traspana*, exhibited in the interiour of a court a very beautiful, oval peristyle of coupled columns. The traveller justly admires a vast circumference, paved with porphyry flags, and enclosed with an iron railing, richly ornamented with bronze, containing an equestrian statue† of king Charles the fourth, placed on a pedestal of Mexican marble, in the midst of the *Plaza Major* of Mexico, opposite the cathedral, and the viceroy's palace. However, it must be

* 124,800*l.* sterling.

† This colossal statue was executed at the expense of the marquis de Branciforte, formerly viceroy of Mexico, brother in law of the prince of peace. It weighs 450 quintals, and was modelled, founded, and placed by the same artist, M. Tolsa, whose name deserves a distinguished place in the history of Spanish sculpture. The merits of this man of genius can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulties with which the execution of these great works of art, are attended even in civilized Europe.

agreed, that notwithstanding the progress of the arts, within these last thirty years, it is much less, from the grandeur and beauty of the monuments, than from the breadth and straightness of the streets, and much less from its edifices, than from its uniform regularity, its extent and position, that the capital of New Spain attracts the admiration of Europeans.

"Nothing can present a more rich and varied appearance, than the valley, when, in a fine, summer morning, the sky without a cloud, and of that deep azure which is peculiar to the dry and rarefied air of high mountains, we transport ourselves to the top of one of the towers of the cathedral of Mexico, or ascend the hill of Chapoltepeck. A beautiful vegetation surrounds this hill. Old, cypress trunks, of more than 15 and 16 metres in circumference, raise their naked heads above those of the schinus, which resemble, in their appearance, the weeping willows of the east. From the centre of this solitude, the summit of the porphyritical rock of Chapoltepeck, the eye sweeps over a vast plain of carefully cultivated fields, which extend to the very feet of the colossal mountains covered with perpetual snow. The city appears as if washed by the waters of the lake of Texcuco, whose basin, surrounded with villages and hamlets, brings to mind the most beautiful lakes of the mountains of Switzerland. Large avenues of elms and poplars lead, in every direction, to the capital; and two aqueducts, constructed over arches of very great elevation, cross the plain, and exhibit an appearance equally agreeable and interesting. The magnificent convent of Nuestra Sonora de Guadaloupe, appears joined to the mountains of Tepeyacack, among ravines, which shelter a few date and young yucca trees. Towards the south, the whole tract between San Angel, Tacabaya, and San Augustin de las Cuevas, appears an immense garden of orange, peach, apple, cherry, and other European fruit trees. This beautiful cultivation forms a singular contrast with the wild appearance of the naked mountains which enclose the valley, among which the famous volcanos of La Puebla, Popocatepetl, and Iztaccicichuatl are the most distinguished. The first of these forms an enormous cone, of which the crater, continually inflamed, and throwing up smoke and ashes, opens in the midst of eternal snows."

There still remain several very curious antiquities in the neighbourhood of this city. They have been preserved by their magnitude; and they manifest the exertions of prodigious labour and perseverance, commanded by despotism, under the influence of superstition. In fact, the Mexicans were invaders of the country they inhabited, and they treated the people whom they had conquered, with a harshness which continued original enmity. The whole surrounding territories willingly lent the assistance of their population, when they understood that Mexico, then besieged by Cortez, was to be demolished. The similarity discovered by M. de Humboldt, in the remains of the Mexican temples, with those of the old world, is striking. The pyramid is the form of their sacred edifices; and the construction of it is nearly, or altogether, the same as that of those still extant in Egypt. Certainly the Mexicans had arrived at a state of civilisation, and of art, highly creditable to their policy. They even possessed some advantages in science over the Greek, and the Roman nations, which are honoured among us with the name of classicks.

The hieroglyphical pictures of the Mexicans, painted on stag skins dressed, on cotton cloth, and on leaves of the agave, a plant, prepared as the Egyptians prepared their papyrus, are monuments of literary skill, and valuable as publick records. Such, perhaps, were the national archives of their ancestors, at the period when they branched off from the main body of their parent state.

The present population of Mexico is estimated at 135 to 140,000 individuals. It probably consists of

2,500 white Europeans.
65,000 white Creoles.
33,000 indigenous [copper-coloured.]
26,500 Mesitzoes, mixture of whites and Indians.
10,000 Mulattoes.

137,000 inhabitants.

"There are, consequently, in Mexico 69,500 men of colour, and 67,500 whites; but a great number of the Mestizoes are almost as white as the Europeans and Spanish Creoles!

"In the twenty three male convents which the capital contains, there are nearly 1200 individuals, of whom 580 are priests and choristers. In the fifteen female convents there are 2100 individuals, of whom nearly 900 are professed *religieuses*.

The clergy of the city of Mexico is extremely numerous, though less numerous by one fourth than at Madrid. It is under 2,500 persons. And without including lay brothers and novices, scarcely exceeds 2000. The archbishop of Mexico possesses a revenue of 18,420*l*. The consumption of wine has greatly increased, since the Brunonian theory has been known to the Mexican physicians. That invigorating liquor, however, can only be procured by the rich; being imported from Old Spain. The Indians, Mestizoes, Mulattoes, and the greater number of white Creoles, prefer the fermented juice of the agave, called *pulque*; and every morning carts go about the streets of the capital to pick up the drunken. Such is the weakness of man, savage or civilized! Yet the present state of Mexico, as a city, is very respectable. There are institutions in almost every branch of instruction; botany, geography, military arts, natural history, &c. The polite arts also are studied. There is an academy for that purpose furnished with the best models, casts from the antique, living subjects, &c. and M. de H describes the unhappy bigotry of caste as suspended by this pursuit. The white, the brown, the copper coloured, all meet on a level, and sit by the side of each other, insensible to the feelings of pride, while excited by the spur of emulation.

That evil spirit, the principle of caste, which attributes to colour and race the distinction due only to virtue, appears to be the bane of social life in Mexico, and in all the Spanish colonies. Pride exalts itself, without constraint, in the whites; affects a very close equality in those but one degree polluted in blood; and discerns, in every shade and mixture, as it deepens, a cause for a distinct appellation, and a proportionate degree of diminished respect. The copper coloured Indian is the lowest on the list. This never was the intention of the great Father of all.

As we must resume our report on these volumes, we close the present article by the following general remarks of this intelligent observer:

"Among the colonies subject to the king of Spain, Mexico occupies, at present, the first rank, both on account of its territorial wealth, and on account of its favourable position for commerce with Europe and Asia. We speak here merely of the political value of the country, considering it in its actual state of civilisation, which is very superiour to that of the other Spanish possessions. Many branches of agriculture have undoubtedly attained a higher degree of perfection in the province of Caraccas than in New Spain. The fewer mines a colony has, the more the industry of the inhabitants is turned towards the productions of the vegetable kingdom. The fertility of the soil is greater in the provinces of Cumana, of New Barcelona, and Venezuela; and it is greater on the banks of the Lower Orinoco, and in the northern part of New Granada, than in the kingdom of Mexico, of which several regions are barren, destitute of water, and incapable of vegetation. But on considering the greatness of the population of Mexico, the number of considerable cities in the proximity of one another; the enormous value of the metallick produce, and its influence on the commerce of Europe and Asia; in short, on examining the imperfect state of cultivation observable in the rest of Spanish America, we are tempted to justify the preference which the court of Madrid has long manifested for Mexico, above its other colonies."

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Memoirs of Robert Cary, earl of Monmouth. Written by himself. And Fragmenta Regalia; being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites. By Sir Robert Naunton. With Explanatory Annotations.

THIS is a republication of no ordinary importance; and we should think ill of the state of publick taste, if it were coldly received. We could wish, indeed, it had been printed with a little more economy of paper and type. All works of real value and importance should be given to the literary world as cheaply as possible. It is a hard tax, in these hard times, upon a poor scholar, that he must either starve his body or his mind. If he buys books, he must want his mutton: if he buys his mutton, he must want books.

The following advertisement will explain the origin and republication of this work:—

"The memoirs of sir Robert Cary were first published from the original MS. by the earl of Corke and Orrery. They contain an interesting account of some important passages in Elizabeth's reign, and throw peculiar light upon the personal character of the queen. The original edition having now become very scarce, it is presumed that a new impression will be acceptable to the publick. Several additions have been made to the earl of Corke's explanatory notes, particularly to such as refer to Border matters. These additions are distinguished by the letter E.

"As a suitable companion to Cary's Memoirs, the Fragmenta Regalia, a source from which our historians have drawn the most authentick account of the court of the virgin queen, have also been reprinted. The author, sir Robert Naunton, lived in the element of a court, and had experienced all its fluctuations. His characters of statesmen and warriours are drawn with such spirit, as leaves us only to regret their brevity, and the obscurity in which he sometimes thinks it prudent to involve them. To lessen this inconvenience, a few explanatory notes have been added.

"Memoirs are the materials, and often the touchstone of history, and even where they descend to incidents beneath her notice, they aid the studies of the antiquary and the moral philosopher. While, therefore, it is to be regretted, that the reserved temper of our nation has generally deterred our soldiers and statesmen from recording their own story, an attempt to preserve, explain, or render more generally accessible, the works which we possess of this nature, seems to have some claim upon publick favour."

The preface to this volume contains some interesting, historical remarks, which tend considerably to elucidate the memoirs, and the explanatory notes, by the present editor, judiciously supply the omissions of the former one.

The *memoirs* themselves are eminently amusing. They exhibit a fresh and faithful picture of the court of Elizabeth, and of herself, whom they sometimes display in a light not very amiable, though written by a man who deemed highly of her, and crouched beneath her imperious sway. The author relates nothing but what he saw, and he was engaged in many of the most important events of her reign.

Among the extracts which we propose to make from this volume, it would be unpardonable to omit the following account of the destruction of that numerous fleet which Spain equipped for our destruction: Spain, that country for whom we are now fighting, on her own shores! Strange mutability of human events!

"The next year [1588] the king of Spain's great armado came upon our coast, thinking to devour us all. Upon the news sent to court from Plymouth of their certain arrival, my lord Cumberland and myself took post-horse, and rode straight to Portsmouth, where we found a frigate that carried us to sea; and having sought for the fleets a whole day, the night after we fell amongst them; where it was our

fortune to light first on the Spanish fleet; and finding ourselves in the wrong, we tacked about, and in some short time got to our own fleet, which was not far from the other. At our coming aboard our admiral, we stayed there awhile; but finding the ship pestered, and scant of cabins, we left the admiral, and went aboard captain Reyman, where we stayed, and were very welcome, and much made of. It was on Thursday that we came to the fleet. All that day we followed close the Spanish armado, and nothing was attempted on either side; the same course we held all Friday and Saturday, by which time the Spanish fleet cast anchor just before Calais. We likewise did the same, a very small distance behind them, and so continued till Monday morning about two of the clock; in which time our council of war had provided six old hulks, and stuffed them full of every combustible matter fit for burning, and on Monday, at two in the morning, they were let loose, with each of them a man in her to direct them. The tide serving, they brought them very near the Spanish fleet, so that they could not miss to come amongst the midst of them: then they set fire on them, and came off themselves, having each of them a little boat to bring him off. The ships set on fire came so directly to the Spanish fleet, as they had no way to avoid them, but to cut all their halsers, and so escape; and their haste was such, that they left one of their four great galeasses on ground before Calais, which our men took and had the spoil of, where many of the Spaniards were slain, with the governour thereof, but most of them were saved with wading ashore to Calais. They being in this disorder, we made ready to follow them, where began a cruel fight, and we had such advantage both of wind and tide, as we had a glorious day of them; continuing fight from four o'clock in the morning till almost five or six at night, where they lost a dozen or fourteen of their best ships, some sunk, and the rest ran ashore in diverse parts to keep themselves from sinking. After God had given us this great victory, they made all the haste they could away, and we followed them Tuesday and Wednesday, by which time they were gotten as far as Flamborough-head. It was resolved on Wednesday at night, that, by four o'clock on Thursday, we should have a new fight with them o a farewell; but by two in the morning, there was a flag of council hung out in our vice-admiral, when it was found that in the whole fleet there was not munition sufficient to make half a fight; and therefore it was there concluded, that we should let them pass, and our fleet to return to the Downs. That night we parted with them, we had a mighty storm. Our fleet cast anchor, and endured it; but the Spanish fleet, wanting their anchors, were many of them cast ashore on the west of Ireland, where they had all their throats cut by the kernes;* and some of them on Scotland, where they were no better used; and the rest, with much ado, got into Spain again. Thus did God bless us, and gave victory over this invincible navy; the sea calmed, and all our ships came to the Downs on Friday in safety."

Elizabeth wished to monopolize the affection of all her courtiers. She was jealous of every step they took, if without her permission.—When our author married, it gave her high offence, and the manner in which he calmed her anger, shows him to have been an acute politician, and Elizabeth, a woman whose vanity grossly blinded her judgment.

"Having ended my business, I meant to return to Carlisle again. My father wrote to me from Windsor, that the queen meant to have a great triumph there on her coronation day, 1593, and that there was great preparation making for the course of the field and tourney.† He gave me notice of the queen's anger for my marriage; and said it may be, I being so near, and to return without honouring her day as I ever before had done, might be a cause of her further dislike, but left it to myself to do what I thought best. My business of law, therefore, being ended, I came to court, and lodged there very privately; only I made myself known to my father and some few friends besides. I here took order, and sent to London to provide me things necessary for the triumph: I prepared a present for her majesty, which, with my caparisons, cost

* Irish banditti.—E.

† Plays, masks, triumphs, and tournaments, which the author calls tourneys, were small branches of those many spreading allurements which Elizabeth made use of, to draw to herself the affections and the admiration of her subjects. She appeared at them with dignity, ease, grace, and affability.

me above four hundred pounds. I came into the triumph unknown of any. I was the forsaken knight that had avowed solitariness, but, hearing of this great triumph, thought to honour my mistress with my best service, and then to return to pay my wonted mourning. The triumph ended, and all things well passed over to the queen's liking.* I then made myself known in court; and for the time I stayed there, was daily conversant with my old companions and friends; but it so fell out that I made no long stay there: it was upon this occasion.

My brother, sir John Cary, that was then marshal of Berwick, was sent to by the king of Scots, to desire him that he would meet his majesty at the bound road at a day appointed: for, that he had a matter of great importance to acquaint his sister, the queen of England withal; but he would not trust the queen's ambassadour with it, nor any other, unless it were my father, or some of his children. My brother sent him word he would gladly wait on his majesty, but durst not until he had acquainted the queen therewith; and when he had received her answer he would acquaint him with it. My brother sent notice to my father of the king's desire. My father showed the letter to the queen. She was not willing that my brother should stir out of the town;† but knowing, though she would not know, that I was in the court, she said: 'I hear your fine son that has lately married so worthily, is hereabouts; send him, if you will, to know the king's pleasure.' My father answered, he knew I would be glad to obey her commands. 'No,' said she, 'do you bid him go, for I have nothing to do with him.'‡ My father came and told me what had passed between them. I thought it hard to be sent and not to see her. But my father told me plainly, that she would neither speak with me, nor see me. 'Sir,' said I, 'if she be on such hard terms with me, I had need be wary what I do. If I go to the king without her license, it were in her power to hang me§ at my return; and, for any thing I see, it were ill trusting her.' My father merrily went to the queen, and told her what I said. She answered, 'if the gentleman be so mistrustful, let the secretary make a safe conduct to go and come, and I will sign it.' upon these terms I parted from court, and made all the haste for Scotland. I stayed but one night with my wife at Carlisle, and then to Berwick, and so to Edinburgh, where it pleased the king to use me very graciously: and after three or four days spent in sport and merriment, he acquainted me with what he desired the queen should know, which, when I understood, I said to his majesty, 'Sir, between subject and subject, a message may be sent and delivered without any danger; between two so great monarchs as your majesty and my mistress, I dare not trust my memory to be a relator, but must desire you would be pleased to write your mind to her, if you shall think fit to trust me with it, I shall faithfully discharge the trust reposed in me.' He liked the motion, and said it should be so, and accordingly I had my despatch within four days.||

"I made all the haste I could to court, which was then at Hampton Court. I arrived there on St. Steven's day in the afternoon. Dirty as I was, I came into the presence, where I found the lords and ladies dancing. The queen was not there. My father went to the queen, to let her know that I was returned. She willed him to take my message or letters, and bring them to her. He came for them, but I desired him to

* The queen was undoubtedly advertised, that her forsaken knight (for such, indeed, he was) had issued forth from his solitariness to bask himself in the sunshine of her luminous countenance, and to gather courage and prowess from the beams of her bright eyes. Nothing, not even trifles, passed abroad or at home, with which she was not acquainted. But as she had no immediate occasion for the services of sir Robert Cary, her majesty was determined still to continue the outward show of her resentment, till she wanted him.

† The town of Berwick, from whence the queen would not have him stir, because she did not deem him to be a proper messenger, knowing there was a better within call.

‡ Still maintaining her dignity, yet impatient to have him go.

§ By this expression may be seen the terrour in which this mighty princess governed her subjects. By the unrelaxed tightness with which she grasped the reigns of government, she was at once beloved and feared.

|| The purport of this interview with James VI. does not appear. James was, in 1593, greatly embarrassed with Bothwell on the one hand, and the Catholick earls of Huntley and Errol on the other. Probably the conference regarded some request of assistance from England.

excuse me; for that which I had to say, either by word, or by writing, I must deliver myself: I could neither trust him, nor much less any other therewith. He acquainted her majesty with my resolution. With much ado, I was called for in; and I was left alone with her. Our first encounter was stormy and terrible, which I passed over with silence. After she had spoken her pleasure of me and my wife, I told her, that 'she herself was the fault of my marriage, and that if she had but graced me with the least of her favours, I had never left her, nor her court: and seeing she was the chief cause of my misfortune, I would never off my knees till I had kissed her hand, and obtained her pardon.' She was not displeased with my excuse, and before we parted we grew good friends. Then I delivered my message and my papers, which she took very well, and at last gave me thanks for the pains I had taken. So having her princely word, that she had pardoned and forgotten all faults, I kissed her hand, and came forth to the presence, and was in the court, as I was ever before."*

There is much curious and pleasing information in this volume respecting the border transactions of England and Scotland. It ought to be read by all who *admire* the eight syllable lines of a modern writer, whose chief *beauties* are founded upon topicks connected with that rude state of society, when endless feuds were generated, and much blood spilled, by the predatory incursions of the inhabitants of the contiguous countries. Sir Robert Cary was appointed warden of one of the marches, and he enters into many details of what took place, which must be perused with much pleasure.

We are tempted to give the following long quotation, because we are persuaded that it will be gratifying to all our readers. For ourselves, we would prefer such an artless and plain narrative, to a hundred of the studied descriptions and artificial embellishments of the professed historian. Descriptions by an eye witness have a relish in them, which no transmitted recital can possess.

"After that all things were quieted, and the border in safety, towards the end of five years that I had been warden there, having little to do, I resolved upon a journey to court, to see my friends, and renew my acquaintance there. I took my journey about the end of the year 1602. When I came to court, I found the queen ill-disposed, and she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety, and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand, and wrung it hard, and said: 'No, Robin, I am not well,' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days; and in her discourse, she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight; for in all my lifetime before, I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the queen of Scots was beheaded. *Then*,† upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs,‡ manifesting her innocence, that she never gave consent to the death of that queen.

"I used the best words I could, to persuade her from this melancholy humour; but I found by her, it was too deep-rooted in her heart, and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in a readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of

* The firmness with which Mr. Cary weathered out this storm, evidently shows in what a school, and under what a mistress, he had been bred. He well knew, that the curious desire of the queen to be fully informed of every particular relating to the king of Scots, must, after a certain degree of assumed passion, turn into a proper calm, proper at least for hearing his sentiments, if not for expressing some of her own. The effects of his judgment were fully answered; and certainly his judgment never appeared more conspicuous, than from the beginning to the end of the scene which he has exhibited upon this occasion.

† *At that time*—In the year 1587.

‡ They were, indeed, necessary upon that occasion.

the grooms* came out, and bade make ready for the private closet, she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming, but at the last she had cushions laid for her in the privy chamber hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

"From that day forwards, she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her, either to take any sustenance, or go to bed.

"I, hearing that neither the physicians, nor none about her, could persuade her to take any course for her safety, feared her death would soon after ensue. I could not but think in what a wretched estate I should be left, most of my livelihood depending on her life. And hereupon I bethought myself with what grace and favour I was ever received by the king of Scots, whensoever I was sent to him. I did assure myself, it was neither unjust, nor unhonest for me to do for myself, if God, at that time, should call her to his mercy. Hereupon I wrote to the king of Scots (knowing him to be the right heir to the crown of England†) and certified him in what state her majesty was. I desired him not to stir from Edinburgh; if of that sickness she should die, I would be the first man that should bring him news of it.

"The queen grew worse and worse, because she would be so, none about her being able to persuade her to go to bed. My lord admiral‡ was sent for (who, by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from court) what by fair means, what by force, he got her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

"On Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speechless That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and by putting her hand to her head,|| when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

"About six at night she made signs for the archbishop§ and her chaplains to come to her, at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in the bed, and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes, and holding up her hand, as it was a comfort to all the beholders. Then the good man told her plainly what she was, and what she was to come to; and though she had been long a great queen here upon earth, yet shortly she was to yield an account of her stewardship to the King of kings. After this he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scroop¶ knowing her meaning, told the bishop the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for

* Of the chambers.

† Protestants and papists unanimously allowed his right; not a murmur arose against it.

‡ Charles Howard, earl of Nottingham, married to Catherine, eldest daughter of Henry, lord Hunsdon.

|| The sign here mentioned, is a true and indisputable fact, otherwise it would not have been inserted by the plain, sincere, and ingenious author of these Memoirs, who was present at the time the sign was made. But still it remains a doubt whether the queen intended it for a sign or not. The lords present pretended to think it one. *Orrery.*

So my lord Orrery. But it is plain from her repeated signs to the bishop to continue his devotions, that Elizabeth knew the import of her motions. And whom could she have thought of destining to be her successour, but the king of Scotland? E.

§ John Whitgift, archbishop of Canterbury. He was highly esteemed by queen Elizabeth for his sense, learning, and piety The queen, who was particularly wary what concessios she made, and to whom she granted them, allowed archbishop Whitgift, in the year 1579 [then bishop of Worcester] the power of bestowing the prebends of his church on such persons as he thought fit, which disposal before this time had not been in the nomination of the bishop, but of the crown; nor did she now give away the right of such disposal to him and his successours, but only as a particular favour to himself, during his continuance in that see. And in the year 1580, the nomination of justices of the peace for Worcestershire and Warwickshire was left to his discretion. Such a confidence did the queen repose in the wisdom and integrity of this bishop.—See the *Lives of the Archbishops.*

¶ Philadelphia, lady Scroop, second daughter of Henry Cary, lord Hunsdon.

a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer.—He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her.

"This that I heard with my ears, and did see with my eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth, upon the faith of a Christian; because I know there have been many false lies reported of the end and death of that good lady.

"I went to my lodging, and left word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call me, if that night it was thought she would die, and gave the porter an angel to let me in at any time when I called. Between one and two of the clock on Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber, brought me word the queen was dead.* I rose and made all haste to the gate to get in. There I was answered, I could not enter; the lords of the council having been with him, and commanded him that none should go in or out, but by warrant from them. At the very instant, one of the council (the comptroller) asked whether I was at the gate. I said, yes. He said to me, if I pleased he would let me in. I desired to know how the queen did. He answered, pretty well. I bade him good night. He replied, and said, sir, if you will come in, I will give you my word and credit you shall go out again at your own pleasure. Upon his word, I entered the gate, and came up to the cofferer's chamber, where I found all the ladies weeping bitterly. He led me from thence to the privy chamber, where all the council was assembled; there I was caught hold of, and assured I should not go for Scotland, till their pleasures were farther known. I told them I came of purpose to that end. From thence they all went to the secretary's chamber; and as they went, they gave a special command to the porters, that none should go out of the gates, but such servants as they should send to prepare their coaches and horses for London. There was I left in the midst of the court to think my own thoughts till they had done council. I went to my brother's† chamber, who was in bed, having been overwatched many nights before. I got him up with all speed, and when the council's men were going out of the gate. My brother thrust to the gate. The porter, knowing him to be a great officer, let him out. I pressed after him, and was stayed by the porter. My brother said angrily to the porter: "Let him out, I will answer for him." Whereupon I was suffered to pass, which I was not a little glad of.

"I got to horse, and rode to the knight marshal's lodging, by Charing Cross, and there stayed till the lords came to Whitehall garden. I staid there till it was nine o'clock in the morning, and hearing that all the lords were in the old orchard at Whitehall; I sent the marshal to tell them that I had staid all that while to know their pleasures, and that I would attend them if they would command me any service. They were very glad when they heard I was not gone, and desired the marshal to send for me, and I should with all speed be despatched for Scotland. The marshal believed them, and sent sir Arthur Savage for me. I made haste to them. One of the council (my lord of Banbury‡ that now is) whispered the marshal in the ear, and told him, if I came they would stay me, and send some other in my stead. The marshal got from them, and met me coming to them between the two gates. He bade me begone, for he had learned, for certain, that if I came to them, they would betray me.

"I returned, and took horse between

* She died March 24, soon after the archbishop had left her, about three o'clock in the morning.

† George Lord Hunsdon, a privy counsellor, captain of the Band of Pensioners, Governour of the Isle of Wight, and Knight of the Garter.—*Orrery.*

He was a gallant and high spirited gentleman. In 1570 he attended the earl of Essex, in an invasion of Scotland, directed against queen Mary's partisans, on which occasion, he received the honour of knighthood. In the same expedition, he distinguished himself, by sending a cartel, or challenge, to lord Fleming, the governour of Dunbarton castle. Their correspondence may be found in Hollinshed, *ad annum*, 1570. E.

‡ William Knolles. He was treasurer of the household to queen Elizabeth. He was raised to high honours by James I. was made master of the wards, and knight of the garter. He was created earl of Banbury, by Charles I. in the second year of that king's reign, probably the year when these memoirs were put together.

nine and ten o'clock,* and that night rode to Doncaster. The Friday night, I came to my own house at Witherington, and presently took order with my deputies to see the borders kept in quiet, which they had much to do; and gave order the next morning, the king of Scotland should be proclaimed king of England, and at Morpeth and Alnwick. Very early on Saturday, I took horse for Edinburgh, and came to Norham about twelve at noon, so that I might well have been with the king at supper time. But I got a great fall by the way; and my horse, with one of his heels, gave me a great blow on the head, that made me shed much blood. It made me so weak, that I was forced to ride a soft pace after, so that the king was newly gone to bed by the time that I knocked at the gate.† I was quickly let in, and carried up to the king's chamber. I kneeled by him, and saluted him by his title of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. He gave me his hand to kiss, and bade me welcome.‡ After he had long discoursed of the manner of the queen's sickness, and of her death, he asked what letters I had from the council. I told him, none; and acquainted him how narrowly I escaped from them. And yet I had brought him a blue ring from a fair lady, that I hoped would give him assurance of the truth that I had reported. He took it, and looked upon it, and said: 'It is enough. I know by this you are a true messenger.' Then he committed me to the charge of my lord Hume, and gave straight command that I should want nothing. He sent for his chirurgeons to attend me; and when I kissed his hand at my departure, he said to me these gracious words: 'I know you have lost a near kinswoman, and a loving mistress; but take here my hand: I will be as good a master to you, and will requite this service with honour and reward.'

"So I left him that night, and went with my lord Hume to my lodging, where I had all things fitting for so weary a man as I was. After my head was drest, I took leave of my lord, and many others that attended me, and went to my rest.

"The next morning, by ten o'clock, my lord Hume was sent to me from the king, to know how I had rested; and withal said, that his majesty commanded him to know of me, what it was that I desired most that he should do for me; bade me ask, and it should be granted. I desired my lord to say to his majesty, from me, that I had no reason to importune him for any suit, for that I had not as yet done him any service. But my humble request to his majesty was, to admit me a gentleman of his bedchamber; and, hereafter, I knew, if his majesty saw me worthy, I should not want to taste of his bounty. My lord returned this answer, that he sent me word back: 'With all his heart, I should have my request.' And the next time I came to court (which was some four days after) at night, I was called into his bedchamber, and there by my lord of Richmond,|| in his presence, I was sworn one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, and presently I helped to take off his clothes, and stayed till he was in bed. After this, there come daily, gentlemen and noblemen from our court; and the king set down a fixed day for his departure towards London.§"

Here we must take our leave of this highly interesting volume. We have read it through with great pleasure, and recommend it to those who wish to be told the character of a court and sovereign, which are still our boast, depicted in colours which truth herself seems to have applied. To the work of Cary is added, sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, which likewise tends to illustrate the same period of our history.

* On Thursday morning, March 24.

† Of Holyroodhouse, on Saturday, March 26, 1603.

‡ This interview is particularly mentioned by Francis Osborne, esq. in his traditional, or rather satirical memorials of James I.

|| Lodowick Stewart, duke of Richmond and Lennox, a relation to James I. by whom he was much, and most deservedly, regarded, being a nobleman of an excellent character.

§ He left Edinburgh April 5, and was a month in his journey; hunting and feasting the whole way.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

London; being a complete Guide to the British Capital; containing an accurate and succinct Account of its Origin, Rise, and Progress, the Increase and Extent of its Buildings, its Commerce, Curiosities, Exhibitions, Amusements, Publick Calamities, Religious and Charitable Foundations, Literary Establishments, Learned and Scientifick Institutions, &c. &c. Interspersed with a variety of Original Anecdotes, Eccentrick Biography, Critical Remarks, &c. &c. Faithfully abridged from Mr. Pennant's London, and brought down to the present year. By John Wallis. 12mo. 1810.

TO this compilation we give our unqualified approbation. We have read it with pleasure and with instruction. It is judiciously and faithfully abridged, from Pennant's larger work, and contains, besides, much new matter. There is nothing of any importance that is omitted; and, as it is neatly printed, and cheaply published, we may confidently expect that it will meet with such approbation from the publick as it assuredly deserves.

As a specimen of the manner in which it is compiled, we will extract the account of Topham, which contains particulars not very generally known, and will interest most readers in the perusal:

"Cold Bath Fields, in this vicinity, was likewise chosen for a singular exhibition of bodily strength. Topham, about threescore years ago, generally known by the name of the strong man, kept a publick house, the sign of the apple tree, at no great distance from Cold Bath Fields, in 1741, and chose that spot to exhibit one of his feats, viz. lifting three hogsheads of water, weighing 1836 pounds, upon a kind of scaffold, as it was then said, in honour of admiral Vernon, on account of his taking Porto Bello with six ships only. Topham was then so confident of lifting these hogsheads, that he wanted three children to stand under them at the time; but this the populace would not permit, though he performed the undertaking with ease.

"Topham was then about thirty one, in the prime of life

"The first publick feat performed by Topham, of much notoriety, viz, his pulling against a horse, was in the neighbourhood where he then lived, viz Moorfields; neither was it against stumps that he put his feet, but against the dwarf wall dividing Upper from Lower Moorfields. He afterwards pulled against two horses; but as his legs were placed horizontally, instead of rising parallel to the traces of the horses, he was jerked from his seat, and had one of his knees much bruised and hurt; whereas, it was the opinion of Dr. Desaguliers, that had he been in a proper position, he might have kept his situation against the pulling of four horses, without the least inconvenience.

"The feats which Dr. Desaguliers says he himself saw him perform, are as follow:

"By the strength of his fingers he rolled up a very strong and large pewter dish. He broke seven or eight short pieces of a tobacco pipe by the force of his middle finger, having laid them on his first and third finger. Having thrust the bowl of a strong tobacco pipe under his garter, his legs being bent, he broke it to pieces by the tendons of his hams, without altering the bending of his legs. Another bowl of this kind he broke between his first and second finger, by pressing them together sideways. He lifted a table with his teeth six feet long, with half a hundred weight hanging at the end of it, holding it in a horizontal position a considerable time.

"He took an iron kitchen poker, about a yard long, and three inches round, and struck upon his bare left arm, between the elbow and the wrist, till he bent the poker nearly to a right angle.

"With such another poker, holding the ends of it in his hands, and the middle of it against the back of his neck, he brought both ends of it together before him; and what was yet more difficult, he pulled it almost straight again.

"He broke a rope of two inches circumference, though, in consequence of his awkward manner, he was obliged to exert four times more strength than was necessary.

"He lifted a rolling stone of eight hundred pounds weight, with his hands only,

standing in a frame above it, and taking hold of a chain that was fastened thereto.

"Dr. Hutton, of Birmingham, speaking of Topham, is right in asserting that he also kept a publick house at Islington; he likewise confirms what was said of him by Dr. Desaguliers; besides his lifting two hogsheads of water, heaving his horse over the turnpike gate, carrying the beam of a house as a soldier carries his firelock. These, Dr. Hutton observes, were the reports circulated respecting Topham in the country. But, however belief might be staggered, he observes, she recovered herself, when this second Samson appeared at Derby as a performer in publick, at a shilling each. Upon application to alderman Cooper, to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and as his *appearance* was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was *made* like them, but he was found extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

"From the jerk he received from the two horses, Dr. Hutton observed, that he limped a little in his walk; and though a well made man, had nothing singular in his appearance.

"The performances of this wonderful man at Derby, in whom the doctor observes, the strength of twelve men were united, were the rolling up of a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper. Holding a pewter quart at arm's length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell. Lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head. The bodies he touched seemed to have lost the power of gravitation. He also broke a rope fastened to the floor, that would have sustained twenty hundred weight; lifted the oak table with half a hundred weight to it; a piece of leather being fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, and while two of the feet stood upon his knees, he raised the end of it, with the weight, higher than that in his mouth. Mr. Chambers, then vicar of All Saints, in Derby, who weighed twenty seven stone, he took and raised with one hand, his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another. Four people, also, fourteen stone each, sat upon Topham's body, and these he heaved at pleasure. At one blow he struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

"Being a master of some musick, Dr. Hutton says he entertained the company at Derby with *Mad Tom*. The Doctor also heard him sing a solo to the organ (then the only one in Derby) in St. Werburgh's church; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. The ostler at the Virgin inn, where Topham put up, having insulted him, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantlepiece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the end in the ostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament only excited the laugh of the company, until Topham undertook to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women, for that of their pewter on the shelves. One blow from him would for ever have silenced those heroes of the fist, who boast so much of boxing.

"But the circumstances here related by Dr. Desaguliers and Dr. Hutton, were only the common place performances of Topham, when he went about purposely to show himself; some aged persons who knew him in his neighbourhood, relate a variety of pranks which he was occasionally in the habit of playing; for instance, one night finding a watchman fast asleep in his box, near Chiswell street, he took both, and carrying the load with the greatest ease, at length dropped the watchman and his wooden case over the wall of Tindall's burying ground, where the poor fellow, only half awake, and doubting whether he was in the land of the living, in recovering from his fright, seemed to be waiting for the opening of the graves around him.—Another time, sitting at the window of a low, publick house, in the same street, while a butcher from a slaughter-house was going by with nearly half an ox on his back, Topham relieved him of it with so much ease and dexterity, that the fellow, almost petrified with astonishment, swore that nothing but the devil could have flown away with his load. A third time, thinking to enjoy a little sport with some bricklayers, by removing part of a scaffold just before they intended to strike it, from a small building, his grasp was so rude, that a part of the front wall following the timber, the fellows conceived it had been the effects of an earthquake, and immediately ran, without looking behind them into an adjoining field. Here, however, Topham was near paying dearly for his jest, as one of the poles struck him on his side, and gave him great pain.

"Another time, being persuaded by one of his acquaintance to accompany him on board a West India-man in the river

and being presented with a cocoa nut, he threw one of the sailors into the utmost astonishment, by suddenly cracking it close to his ear, with the same facility as we crack an egg-shell: and upon some remark being made upon an observation deemed rather insolent, by the mate of the ship, Topham replied, that he could have cracked the bowsprit over his head; and of the truth of which there was not the least doubt

"Another time, a race being to be run on the Hackney road, when a fellow with a horse and cart would attempt to keep close to the contending parties, much to the displeasure of the spectators in general, Topham, who was one of them, stepping into the road, seized the tail of the cart, and in spite of all the fellow's exertions in whipping his horse to get forward, he drew them both backwards, with the greatest ease and velocity: and while the pleasure of the beholders was at the highest point of gratification, the surprise and rage of the driver seemed to be beyond all expression; nothing preventing him from exercising his whip, upon the immediate cause of his chagrin, but the probable fear of his being pulled or crushed to pieces.

"During the time he kept a publick house, two fellows, extremely quarrelsome, though patiently born with for a considerable time, at length proceeded so far, that nothing would satisfy them but fighting the landlord. But as they could be appeased no other way, Topham, at length, seizing them both by the nape of the neck, with the same facility as if they had been children, he knocked both their heads together, till perfectly sensible of their errour, they became as abject in asking pardon, as they had before been insolent in giving offence.

"There is a report, that being opened after his death, the ribs, which are detached in other persons, were found in him in a manner connected into one solid substance.

"He is said to have been extremely irritable in his temper, but had sometimes such a command over himself, that to prevent its effects, he would lock himself up in a room till he found himself calm To his own violence, however, he at length fell a victim; his jealousy of his wife induced him to beat her so severely, that fear and remorse, as to the consequences, had such an effect upon him, that he put an end to his own existence. A plate was engraved, representing him in the act of lifting the hogsheads of water in Cold Bath Fieldds; but this was the last feat he ever exhibited.

"There were several signs some years ago in different parts of the metropolis referring to Topham's strength; one of the last of these was in East Smithfield, where he was represented as 'The strong man pulling against two horses."

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

History of Brazil. By Robert Southey. Part the First. 4to pp. 660. London, 1810.

IT is by no means easy to mention a style of composition which Mr. Southey has not attempted, and it would be still harder to point out one in which his talents might not be expected to raise him to distinguished eminence. Few authors of the present age, have written so much as he has done, and still fewer of any age, have written so well. As a poet, we conceive his name has not yet arrived at the reputation which it is hereafter destined to attain; and, as a historian, the expectation excited by his previous and less important essays, will not be disappointed by the present, bulky volume. With a share of genius and fancy equalled but by few; an honesty surpassed by none; and an extent and variety of information marked with the stamp of that industrious and almost forgotten accuracy which brings us back to the severer days of English study, he possesses a commanding knowledge of his mother tongue; which, though the ostentation of power sometimes produces pedantry, and its attendant negligence betrays him too often into antiquated homeliness, is strongly, however, and, we think, advantageously contrasted with the monotonous and unbending dignity which

distinguishes the greater part of modern historians. No author could be fixed upon to continue, with greater prospect of success, the task of American history, which Robertson left unfinished; and none is better adapted to correct and supply, by superiour minuteness, zealous research, and lively painting of nature and manners, the cold, and often inaccurate outline of that sensible and pleasing, but, certainly, superficial writer.

That portion of American annals* which, in this literary colonization, has fallen to Mr. Southey's share, has less, indeed, of the usual common places of history, less that is refined, or splendid, or illustrious, than is offered by the revolutions of Europe and of Asia, or even by the transactions of the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru.

"I have to speak," are Mr. Southey's words, "of savages so barbarous, that little sympathy can be felt for any sufferings which they endured, and of colonists, in whose triumphs no joy will be taken, because they added avarice to barbarity. Ignoble men, carrying on an obscure warfare, the consequences of which have been greater than were produced by the conquests of Alexander or of Charlemagne, and will be far more lasting. Even the few higher characters which appear, have obtained no fame beyond the limits of their own religion, scarcely beyond those of their language."

With all these defects incidental to his subject, we agree with him in rating its importance highly. Much yet remains to be learned concerning the habits and character of savages, and it is a topick on which erroneous opinions have done such infinite harm, that a philosophick mind can hardly bestow its attention better, than in illustrating those barbarous manners and strange superstitions which, wild as they seem, are the rudiments, perhaps, and, as it were, the grammar of political man. And, however inglorious the agents in the colonization of Brazil, the mariners, the missionaries, the exiles of one of the least of our European nations; it cannot be an unimportant labour to trace the process by which their slender means achieved effects so apparently disproportioned. In these rude efforts of an infant state, these struggles with their savage neighbours, or the more important warfare which they have carried [redacted] against the beasts of the wood, the dragons of the fen, and the unkindly effects of strange and adverse climates, we are reading the original history of every civilized nation in the world; the tales of Cadmus and Jason devested of fable: it is to such expeditions as these that Europe owes its present glories:

Sic fortis Etruria crevit
Scilicet, et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma!

And if the end of history be, indeed, instruction, what better lesson can she afford to individual and private exertion than the contemplation of their gigantick result? What more important warning and example to those high-souled men, who (should the increasing calamities of Europe produce another age of colonies) may bear, with equal courage, and with greater mercy, a purer faith and better constitution than those of the conquerors of Brazil, to shelter beyond the reach of despotism amid the forests of New Zealand, or the countless isles of the Polynesian Archipelago?

It was Vicente Yanez Pinzon, a Spaniard, and a distinguished associate of Columbus, who, in the year 1500, discovered the coast of Brazil. As usual, in those days, the Castilians met with gold and giants, and carried as many infidels as they

* The title of "History of Brazil" is hardly adequate to the subject, as Mr. Southey's work comprises the rise and progress of all the European colonies, from the Andes to the Atlantick, and from the Plata to the river of Amazon.

could catch, into exile and slavery. But this was all the profit which they derived from their discovery. The land was to the east of Pope Alexander's famous boundary line; and Pinzon had not yet brought the news of his success to Europe, when the fleet of Portugal, under Cabral, was driven, by a fortunate storm which befel them in their way to India, to that country which had been thus blindly allotted to their future empire. Cabral was followed by the famous Amerigo Vespucci, a really able navigator, who, while he narrowly missed the honour of discovering the Straits of Magellan, has, by a singular fortune, been recompensed far above his deserts, in imposing, perhaps unconsciously, his name on a mighty continent. The country thus partially explored, bore, according to Garcia, the native name of Arabutan. Cabral, however, called it Santa Cruz, and, within a few years after its discovery, both appellations were forgotten in the new one of Brazil, derived, as Mr. Southey thinks, from the valuable wood which was brought from thence, or, as appears to us also possible, from the Milesian Fables, introduced to our acquaintance in the notes to the poem of "Madock," and to the present volume. Without, indeed, recurring to the Platonick Atlantis, or the lucky guess of Seneca, who foresaw, according to Garcia, the discovery of America, "como suelen adivinar los freneticos i poetas por calentarse demasiadamente el celebro;" it is a very perplexing and curious question, nor, as yet, by any means sufficiently explained, from what source, prior to Columbus, the suspicion arose, so prevalent in the darker ages, of countries

"Farre in the sea, beyond West Spayne."

To the voyage of St. Brandan and his monks, and that of Mr. Southey's Cambrian Herd, may be added the extraordinary expedition of Dante's Ulysses, whom the poet conducts in a second ramble, far more adventurous than the first, and, by the same track with Columbus, to suffer shipwreck on the dusky and mountainous shore of the Terrestrial Paradise. [Inferno, canto 26.] Two fabulous, Atlantick islands, of the names of Brazil and Antilia, occur in maps anteriour to the Spanish voyage. The first of these may have been taken from an old Irish superstition, founded on a natural phenomenon, and a name once famous might have been easily transferred, as was at least the case with Antilia, to the discoveries afterwards made.

But Chaucer, when he mentions the red die of Brazil, in the same breath with "graine of Portingale,"* displays a premature knowledge of its produce which is very perplexing, and the more so, because we cannot find any sufficient authority to prove that the wood existed in the ancient hemisphere, or that Brazil has a meaning in any eastern or European language. Is it absurd to suppose that specimens of American timber may have been cast on the western shores of Europe in sufficient quantities to become a rare and valuable article in dying? Or that such arrivals may have been thought to proceed from the enchanted Island of O-Brazil? This wood, however, which, except parrots and monkies, was the only article of exportation Brazil was then known to afford (for *gryphons* and *tiger's wool*, though mentioned in an old English statement, must have been very rare commodities indeed, and Pinzon was mistaken in his golden tales) was not of sufficient value to make the country of any great importance in the estimation of the

* Him needeth not his colour for to dien
With Brazil or with graine of Portingale.—*Nonnes Preest's Tale.*

"Lords of the conquest and commerce of India." The land was neglected and left like a common to whoever chose to traffick there, and even when its value was better understood, the government of Lisbon was long more anxious to exclude the French from its commerce, than to profit by the possession themselves. Almost all which has been done in Brazil has been effected by private exertion. At first, a trade was carried on with the Indian inhabitants in the same manner, and for nearly the same commodities as that now maintained by the English and Americans with the savages of Polynesia.

By degrees, occasional adventurers, thrown by shipwreck on the coast, or led by idleness and aversion to restraint, united themselves with the natives, and became interpreters or supercargoes. Of these, one of the first and most remarkable, was Diogo Alvarez, a young Portuguese, whose story might supplant Philip Quarl or Robinson Crusoe in the nursery, and set many an ardent boy on fire for voyages and discovery.

"He was wrecked upon the shoals on the north of the bar of Bahia. Part of the crew were lost; others escaped this death to suffer one more dreadful; the natives seized and eat them. Diogo saw that there was no other possible chance of saving his life, than by making himself as useful as possible to these cannibals. He therefore exerted himself in recovering things from the wreck, and, by these exertions, succeeded in conciliating their favour. Among other things he was fortunate enough to get on shore some barrels of powder, and a musket, which he put in order at his first leisure, after his masters were returned to their village; and one day when the opportunity was favourable, brought down a bird before them. The women and children shouted Caramuru! Caramuru! which signified a man of fire! and they cried out that he would destroy them: but he told the men, whose astonishment had less of fear mingled with it, that he would go with them to war, and kill their enemies.

"Caramuru was the name which, from thenceforward, he was known by. They marched against the Tapuyas; the fame of this dreadful engine went before them, and the Tapuyas fled. From a slave, Caramuru became a sovereign. The chiefs of the savages thought themselves happy if he would accept their daughters to be his wives; he fixed his abode upon the spot where Villa Velha was afterwards erected, and soon saw as numerous a progeny as an old patriarch's rising round him. The best families in Bahia, trace their origin to him."—P. 30, 31.

Caramuru, however, and persons in the same condition with himself, were not the only colonists. Many individuals founded little factories in different parts of the country; and small forts and establishments, resembling nearly those at present scattered along the coast of Guinea, appear, though this stage of Brazilian history is not very clearly told, to have been founded by government; yet the persons sent out to these feeble garrisons, were, of all others, least adapted to serve the real interests of their country, or to contribute to the advantage of the natives, a docile race, whom a wiser policy might have soon reclaimed.

A majority, at least, of these colonists were criminals, not sent as prisoners or labourers, like our convicts in New South Wales, but employed as soldiers, or as free settlers, and sometimes even as commanders and governours. But if the system of Port Jackson be erroneous, and tend to immorality, what must have been the effect of sending the same description of characters in responsible and important situations? Was there a Portuguese gentleman whose vices were intolerable in his mother country? He was sent with arms in his hands to prey upon the wretched Americans. Was there an Indian governour, whose lust and cruelties had forced themselves on the notice of government? he was punished by the permission to tyrannize, with still less restraint upon his actions, in Brazil. For many generations this extraordinary policy was the curse of the South Ameri

can colonies; but at first when the settlers were almost all of this description, released from the restraints of European laws and decency, and thinly scattered amid numerous tribes of savages, it is evident that the wicked passions of each party would grow worse by their mutual example. We have seen, in the present day, how much harm has been done by the runagate sailors in Polynesia, and in Brazil the consequences appear to have been equally pernicious.

"Each made the other worse; the cannibals acquired new means of destruction, and the Europeans new modes of barbarity. The Europeans were weaned from that human horrour at the bloody feasts of the savages, which, ruffians as they were, they had at first felt, and the natives lost that awe and veneration for a superiour race, which might have been improved so greatly to their own advantage."

For thirty years after the discovery of Brazil, things remained in this neglected state; but by degrees, the fertility of the soil and the excellence of the climate were known, and the renown of Cortez and Pizarro, with the treasures they had acquired, conferred a sort of fashion on America, which induced noble adventurers of capital and influence to try their fortune there. Here, too, the system pursued was singular; to encourage such enterprises, the country was partitioned by Joam the third, into large lots, under the name of captaincies, each extending over fifty leagues of coast, and each committed to the absolute and hereditary government of the fidalgo who undertook to subdue and settle it. This was the plan least expensive to government, and the administration of the colonies was thus intrusted to those who had the deepest interest in their prosperity; but there were many and serious attendant evils. Individuals might, indeed, possess sufficient means to settle and cultivate the small, uninhabited islands in the Atlantick; but in Brazil there were savages to be subdued, and a vast extent of coast to occupy; and the distance of these captaincies from Portugal, and from each other, rendered it impossible to obtain assistance, when assistance was required. Many captains were ruined with their colonists, by the expenses of setting out; others overpowered by the natives, or reduced to the most horrible distresses by famine, from their ignorance of the business of a settler, and their neglect of a previous stock of provisions. Even in those districts which had better fortune, the system proved itself to be radically mischievous. Human nature is not made for absolute and uncontrolled authority; the captains abused their powers, and not only the wretched Indians, but the European settlers, were driven to despair and insurrection.

Twenty years after the measure was first resorted to, its consequences were become intolerable. Joam revoked the powers of the hereditary captains, and subjected the whole of Brazil to a governour, appointed by the crown.

While the Portuguese were thus employed in exploring and settling the coasts and creeks of Brazil, they had little opportunity, and apparently few inducements to penetrate far into the interiour. One Garcia, an extraordinary character, whose genius and achievements are overlooked in the imperfect histories of his countrymen, with five Europeans, one mulatto, and an army of Indians, undertook, indeed, a journey, of which we know no more, than that its extent and boldness was almost unparalleled; but the result does not appear to have encouraged others to similar attempts; and though vague reports prevailed of gold and diamond mines, the treasures which now distinguish Brazil were then inviolate.

In the mean time, however, the Castilians were proceeding in a very different manner to the north, south, and westward. As early as 1508,

Juan Diaz de Solis had discovered a prodigious river to which he gave his own name, and where he was killed and eaten by an ambush of savages.

In 1525, Cabot, following the track of Magalhaens, arrived at the same stream, and explored it as high as the Paraguay. A little gold and silver which had been obtained from the natives, raised his opinion of the importance of the country; the river was named Rio de la Plata, and many an adventurer was lured to his destruction by this deceitful title. In 1534, the towns of Assumpcion and Buenos Ayres were founded. Both these were far removed from the sea, an extraordinary circumstance in an infant colony, but not without a parallel, as we believe the settlement of Canada was effected in a similar manner. In both cases the superiour fertility of the interiour, and the facility of communication afforded by a noble river, were sufficient inducements; but the Spaniards threw their head quarters as far west as possible, because, to the eastward they found no traces of gold or silver. The few specimens which Cabot had met with, were not the product of the country, but brought from a distance. This the invaders soon discovered; but it was for gold they came, and in search of gold they had traced within a few years the course of the river, from the Atlantick to the Andes; while, at the same time, and with equal difficulties, Orellana proceeded down the Maranon in the contrary direction. The Castilians were a more adventurous race than the Portuguese; or, to speak more properly, the spirit of Portuguese adventure had taken its direction eastward.

The invaders of Paraguay and Guiana, though of all men least adapted to colonize a country profitably, were still admirably qualified to explore it widely. Disinclined to domestick labour, they bore, with patience, the severest toil, and misery the most intolerable, wherever their wild or wicked schemes of adventure led them. Irritated at not finding the treasures they expected, they tortured, in some instances, the wretched Indians, to force them to point the way to scenes of wealth which had no existence; and every tale of wonder, which fear or ignorance produced, was eagerly caught at and credited. It was thus that their avarice was inflamed by tales of El Dorado, the gilded monarch of an imaginary, inland Peru; or their lust and curiosity, stimulated by the report of a nation of fair, and warlike, and wealthy women. With objects like these before them, hunger and thirst, and pestilential climates; and all the plagues of beasts, and reptiles, and insects, were cheerfully encountered. Wading by day breast deep in putrid water, and fixing by night their wretched hammocks amid the branches of trees; making the fire to dress their provisions on wicker frames, guarded by a little clay; their wounds festering for want of help, or healed, as they sometimes fancied, by repeating a few verses of the psalms; on they went, for weeks together, through marshes and thickets, exposed to all the dreadful plagues of a rank and neglected soil, a prey to continual inundations, and fruitful in every deformed, and abominable, and poisonous production of nature. In reading, indeed, a fair and homely statement of the horrours and difficulties which attended such expeditions as those of Yrala, Ayolas, Cabeza de Vaca, &c. there is nothing which excites so much wonder as that men should be found in endless succession, not only to survive, but to repeat these dangerous experiments. Of the wild beasts, indeed, but little mention is made; but the snakes were enormous; and alligators, and the more dangerous palometa, a small, but most voracious river shark, abounded in every stream. The vampires and mosqui-

toes were the plagues of the air; and on the dry ground, where such existed, the ants, whose regular and multitudinous march resembled the noise of an army, were, at uncertain intervals, the devourers of every green, and every living thing The chiggers laid their eggs beneath the nails of the feet and hands, and produced wounds or mortification in whatever joint they assaulted; and, amid these more dreadful visitations, frogs, toads, and scorpions were too common and too inconsiderable to be worth the mention.

Of the tales which led on to ruin so many adventurers, from Cabeza de Vaca down to the gallant Raleigh, Mr. Southey justly rejects, as apocryphal, the story of the city of Manoa, whose Inca was dressed every day in a fresh suit of gold dust, glued with a paste of spices, on his naked body, and whose meanest utensils were "plates of gold a foot broad." With great plausibility he accounts for such a story existing in Guiana, from the wealthy and populous kingdoms of Peru and Bogota, situated on the opposite sides of the continent.

It is, indeed, a curious circumstance, and has led to many errours when not attended to, that the geographical knowledge of savages reaches farther than we at first suppose. The people of Peru told of a mighty kingdom far to the east; the Bogotas sent their conquerors westward; and the Spaniards were long in discovering that the two nations only spoke of each other. It is thus that English credulity has been mocked in North America by tales of white men far to the west, with beards, and mounted on horses; and instead of recognising, in this description, the Spaniards of New Mexico, has sought for the descendants of Madock on the banks of the Mississippi, or the sources of the Rio Colorado.

To the accounts of the Amazons, Mr. Southey is more indulgent; and, in truth, the strange correspondence and consistency of the stories delivered by so many unconnected tribes of Indians, and related by so many authentick travellers, may well be sufficient to induce us not hastily to reject a statement, which, however extraordinary, contains nothing in itself impossible. These warlike ladies, the *Cougnantainsecouima*, or women without husbands, should seem, at a period subsequent to the colonization of South America, to have emigrated from Paraguay, where the Spaniards first heard of them, to the shores of the river to which they have given a name; and from thence to have past by the Rio Negro to the northward. The lies of Orellana, who fought with them in his passage down the river, are altogether unworthy of notice. But the testimony of Condamine and Acuinha is certainly more to the purpose; and their accounts, as well as those obtained in Venezuela, agree in assigning the Amazons a seat in the heart of Guiana, the only part of America which no European has yet explored. Ornaments of green jad, a favourite decoration with many savage nations, were said to have been brought from their country, and they had regular pairing seasons with a neighbouring tribe. The boys produced from this intercourse, were destroyed; the girls became members of the commonwealth. After all, there is nothing miraculous in the story.

"The lot of women is usually dreadful among savages; the females of one horde may have perpetrated what the Danaides are said to have done before them, but from a stronger provocation; and if, as is not unfrequent, they had been accustomed to accompany their husbands to battle, there is nothing that can even be thought improbable in their establishing themselves as an independent race, and securing, by such a system of life, that freedom for their daughters, which they had obtained for themselves." p. 609.

Another phenomenon which Mr.

Southey seems disposed to rescue from the gripe of Palæphatus, is the *mermaid;* for be it remembered, that the male of this species is as little noticed as the husbands of the Cougnantainsecouima. On this point we do not find our faith so vivid as his appears to be; the Upupiara of Brazil, which drowns the Indians, appears to us to be of the same genus with the *manati* of the Canadians, the Scottish *kelpie*, the *nych* of Scandinavia, and our English *fit of the cramp*. Stedman's evidence is rather contrary. De Lery is, however, no bad authority; and we have a circumstantial description of a similar animal, in the same latitude as Brazil, and on the opposite side of the Atlantick, in a work entitled, "Istorica Descrizione de' trè Regni di Congo, Matamba ed Angola." [Milan 1690.] This work, we believe, is scarce in its original form, though it has been pretty generally circulated in the French translation of Labat, and the author (a Capuchin missionary, il Padre Antonio Cavazzi) professes himself an eye witness; for, in describing some of the peculiarities of the "Pesce Donna," he says, "per quanto potei vedere." A hideous engraving is given, opposite to which, in the copy now before us, a French manuscript note is inserted, with some filthy circumstances respecting the same animal, from the account of one Jean Moquet. But small reliance is to be placed on this engraving, since, by the missionary's own admission, "non è stato possibile darlo ad intendere precisamente a chi ne fece l'imagine;" but a little fancy might easily make a Pesce Donna out of some species of seal, and such, we apprehend, is the foundation for most of the stories which have been circulated.

While the Spaniards were wasting their time and strength in endless and unprofitable wanderings, and quarrelling with each other in all the bitterness which misery, disappointment, and dissolute habits could produce; the Portuguese, restricted by their situation to agriculture and commerce, were, in despite of a faulty government, by the natural effects of a fertile soil, and a salubrious climate, increasing rapidly in wealth and numbers. They had their share, indeed, of the noxious productions to which all hot climates are liable; but the bounties of nature far surpassed her inconveniences. Of the native trees the magnificent acayaba was the principal, valuable for boat building, for dieing, for fruit, for a species of flower, for a medicinal gum, and a liquor capable of fermentation. Tea was indigenous, and coffee and ginger were soon introduced with success. Sugar was cultivated to a considerable extent. Saltpetre was abundant, and the sea (besides the mermaid) teemed with innumerable species of fish. Nor were even the interminable wastes of the interiour devoid of objects adapted to relieve and delight the traveller. Amid all the horrours of the desert were found occasionally meadows spotted with tortoise eggs; forests thronged with birds and monkies, and tangled with the luxuriant folds of creeping plants, applicable to many important uses, and yielding when wounded a cool and wholesome water, which amid desert and stinking marshes, was a relief most necessary and seasonable. In the eastern Cordillera, where the Jesuits established a convent, are found all the mingled products of tropical and temperate climates, and that pure air and majestick scenery which distinguish the Blue Mountains of Jamaica. The Jesuits chose their station well; but it is most unjust to accuse them of interested views. Their arrival and labours were indeed a blessing to Brazil. They were sent by Joam the third, and seem, with greater talents, more extensive views of policy, and, unfortunately, a far worse religion, to have been inspired, in no small degree,

with that sensible piety, that never-failing industry and conciliating benevolence, which added to the advantages possessed by all bodies acting in concert, have given so much success to the Moravians, in their task of converting savages. No people could be less disposed to receive instruction then the tribes to whom they came. The Tapuyas were the oldest and most numerous race of Indians in Brazil. They should seem to be the original colony from the northern division of the continent, and to have brought from thence their rattle gods, found also in Florida, and their name, which we understand from good authority to be the generick appellation [Tapoy] by which the North America tribes distinguish themselves from the whites. Another stock were the Tupinambas, comprising a multitude of nations of kindred language, and connected, as appears from many circumstances, with the Caribs, and the islanders of Hayti.*

The Tupinambas were more recent comers than the Tapuyas, and had driven them from the greater and more valuable part of the country; while they themselves stood in no small fear of a gigantick and warlike race from the south, the Aymores, who seem to have been a branch of the famous Puelches or Patagonians. All these nations after their kinds, are described by Mr. Southey with that force and poetick liveliness which mark his manner, when he treats on a favourite subject; and the world is deeply indebted to him, not only for the rational entertainment afforded by this part of his work, but for the manner in which he has laid to rest the idle exaggeration with which the Indian character has been extolled or vilified. Here, on the one hand, we have no dreams of a race distinct and inferiour from the rest of mankind; unable to count beyond the number three; beardless and imbecile; nor have we a faultless community of sages and heroes. While ample justice is done to the bodily and mental powers of the rudest tribes, the enormities into which revenge seduced them are no where palliated, and our late philosophers (for we believe they are most of them guillotined) might have been referred to Mr. Southey's description of the South American hordes for that proof of the advantage of civilisation which Protagoras offered to Socrates:

——ὶ σφοδρα ιν τοις τοιουτοις ανθρωποις γιγνομενος——ανολοφυραι αν πολλων την των ιν Ἁιδου απορραπων πονηριαν.

Of these nations, the Tupinambas were the most advanced in civilisation; and seem to have been nearly on a level with the islanders of Feejee: the most cruel, but most ingenious of the great family of the Pacifick. The Aymores were the rudest and the most brutal; but were, at the same time, a frank and honest race, easily won to confidence, and, when won, warmly attached. In hatred to the Portuguese, and in a love for human flesh, almost all the tribes agreed. The first of these principles was the natural effect of the uninterrupted course of treachery, oppression and ingratitude which they had experienced at the hands of the settlers, who disregarding alike the thunders of the Romish church, and the positive laws of their sovereign, had, on the most frivolous pretences, or without any pretence at all, reduced many villages to servitude, and carried on predatory excursions among the rest for the sake of obtaining slaves. Their cannibalism, however, was a far more serious im-

* One of their superstitions is in common with the northern Indians; both races have the same respect for the night bird, called by the English "whip-poor-will:" and, according to Peter Kalm, for the same reason, this may have been borrowed from the Tapuzas, as well as the rattle worship.

pediment to conversion than their hatred to Europeans.

"The religion, the pride, and the joy of the Brazilian savages were in their cannibal feasts; and it was the more difficult to abolish this custom, because the Europeans had hitherto made no attempt to check it among their allies. It has been seen how the French interpreter advised the Tupinambas to eat Hans Stade as a Portuguese; and the Portuguese in like manner permitted their allies to consider their enemies as beasts whom they were to destroy and devour. Nay, as these banquets made the feud more deadly, they conceived it to be good policy to encourage them; and for this policy, the common shudderings of humanity were, as usual, repressed and ridiculed; and the holiest injunctions of religion set at naught. Priests, warriours, women, and children, regarded the practice of cannibalism with equal delight and equal interest. It was the triumph of the captor; it was an expiatory sacrifice to the spirits of their brethren who had been slain; it was the publick feast in which the old women displayed their domestick mysteries; and it was the day of merriment for the boys." page 217.

Many curious details of the ceremonies on this accursed occasion are given in the account of Hans Stade's adventures; to abridge them, however, would be to spoil their interest, and we refer our readers to Mr. Southey's work. The Indians had learnt to consider human flesh as the most exquisite of all dainties; but delicious as these repasts were accounted, they derived their highest flavour from revenge.

"It was this feeling, and the sense of honour connected with it, that the Jesuits found most difficulty in overcoming. The native Brazilians had made revenge their predominant passion, exercising it upon every trifling occasion, to feed and strengthen a propensity which is of itself too strong. If a savage struck his foot against a stone, he raged over it and bit it like a dog; if he were wounded with an arrow, he plucked it out and gnawed the shaft. When they took a beast of prey in a pit-fall, they killed it by little wounds, that it might be long in dying, and suffer as much as possible in death." p. 223.

Such were the people whom the Jesuits went to convert; nor were the Indians themselves their only opponents. The Portuguese and men of colour united in an outcry against every measure for the improvement or liberation of the savages. The missionaries experienced the same persecution and violence from the planters, as the united brethren have received from the Dutch boors at the cape; and were assailed by all the arguments which ignorance, selfishness, and infidelity have urged in our own times against the conversion of Hindoostan. "Such proceedings," said the slave-owners, "were violations of the liberty of the Indians; it was absurd to dream of forbidding tigers to eat human flesh; the more they warred with each other, the better it was for the Portuguese; and to collect them in large settlements, was to form armies with which they should soon have to contend." The governour, however, supported them, and they themselves had every possible qualification of zeal and benevolence to make their endeavours successful. They began with winning the affections of the children by trifling presents, and, in this intercourse, obtained some use of the language themselves, and soon qualified these little ones for interpreters. They visited the sick, reconciled enemies, prevented drunkenness and polygamy; but cannibalism remained incurable. Like hope, it travelled on with the savages, through life, and in death it hardly quitted them.

"A Jesuit one day found a Brazilian woman in extreme old age, and almost at the point of death. Having catechised her, instructed her, as he conceived, in the nature of Christianity, and completely taken care of her soul, he began to inquire whether there was any kind of food which she could take: 'Grandam,' said he, (that being the word of courtesy by which it was usual to address old women) 'if I were to get you a little sugar now, or a mouthful of some of our nice things which we get from beyond the sea, do you think

you could eat it?' 'Ah, my grandson,' said the old convert, 'my stomach goes against every thing. There is but one thing which I think I could touch. If I had the little hand of a little tender Tapuya boy, I think I could pick the little bones; but wo is me, there is nobody to go out and shoot one for me'" Note, p. 223.

Of course the Payes, or priests of the country, were the warmest against these new magicians; baptism was thought fatal to children, and to spoil the taste of human flesh; and the prayers of the missionaries were supposed to engender knives and scissars in their hearer's bowels; still, however, they made a progress.

"When the Jesuits succeeded, they made the converts erect a church in the village, which, however rude, fixed them to the spot; and they established a school for the children, whom they catechised in their own language, and instructed to repeat the paternoster over the sick: every recovery which happened after this had been done, both they and the patient accounted a miracle. They taught them also to read and write, using, says Nobrega, the same persuasion as that wherewith the enemy overcame man; ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil; for this knowledge appeared wonderful to them, and they eagerly desired to attain it. Good proof, how easily such a race might have been civilized. Aspilcueta was the aptest scholar among the missionaries; he was the first who made a catechism in the Tupi tongue, and translated prayers into it. When he became sufficiently master of the language to express himself in it with fluency and full power, he then adopted the manner of the Payes, and sung out the mysteries of the faith, running round the auditors, stamping his feet, clapping his hands, and copying all the tones and gesticulations by which they were wont to be affected. Nobrega had a school near the city, where he instructed the native children, the orphans from Portugal, and the Mestizos, or mixed breed, here called Mamalucos. Reading, writing, and arithmetick were taught them; they were trained to assist at mass, and to sing the church service, and frequently led in procession through the town. This had a great effect, for the natives were passionately fond of musick, so passionately, that Nobrega began to hope the fable of Orpheus was a type of his mission; and that by songs he was to convert the Pagans of Brazil. He usually took with him four or five of these little choristers on his preaching expeditions. When they approached an inhabited place, one carried the crucifix before them, and they began singing the litany. The savages, like snakes, were won by the voice of the charmer; they received him joyfully, and when he departed with the same ceremony, the children followed the musick. He set the catechism, creed, and ordinary prayers to *sol fa*. And the pleasure of learning to sing was such a temptation, that the little Tupis sometimes ran away from their parents, to put themselves under the care of the Jesuits." p. 256, 257.

It was by these beginnings, rational, pious, and persuasive, that they laid the foundation of a religion, which, though corrupted and debased, was still productive of the blessings Christianity, however disguised, confers; and of that extraordinary power and popularity among the Indians, which, till the time of the final suppression of their order, was almost uniformly exercised in the cause of justice and humanity. But, for their farther progress, and for the present state of the Indians, we look forward to Mr. Southey's second volume, and return to the more general history of Brazil. Thus much, however, we may be allowed to remark—for indeed the observation naturally forces itself on the mind—that every community of men, established for a worthy purpose, has, in the beginning, been active and excellent. The Franciscans, the Benedictines, the Knights of Malta, all commenced with equal industry and virtue; and that the Jesuit's star retained its brightness longer, is to be attributed, not so much to the nature of their establishment, as to the peculiarity of circumstances which gave them a never ending scope for exertion, and by a wider field of ambition and activity, prevented their metal from rusting. It is only when establishments have outgrown the times, or the times have outgrown them, that their uti-

lity begins to decay, and their influence soon follows their utility. It is, therefore, the interest of all such to seek out new fields of talent, to propose some fresh object continually to their followers, and by still fresh channels, to employ in their service those fiery spirits which would else be leagued for their destruction. If their Terminus ceases to be progressive, it is vain to hope that he will long continue stationary.

Ex illo fluere et retro sublapsa referri.

In 1564, a feeble and ill concerted effort was made by the French Hugonots, in total contempt of justice, to establish themselves, though then at peace with Portugal, in Brazil; and their Calvinist teachers, in attempting the same task with the Jesuits, showed about as much bigotry and want of common sense, as our Methodists have since done in Otaheite.

But the evil days of Portugal and Brazil were now drawing on. In 1578 Sebastian fell, and a few years more saw the first a province of Spain, and the second* exposed to all the enemies of that overgrown power.

The English buccaneers under Lancaster, laid waste Olinda. The French renewed, though with the same ill success as before, their plans of conquest and colonization; and the Dutch, now emancipated from the yoke of Castile, and having already subverted the Portuguese empire in India, turned their arms with equal wisdom and courage to the subjugation of South America. The Hollanders of the 17th century were, indeed, a formidable enemy; and in the first burst of their naval thunders on Brazil, we recognise many actions which would not disgrace even the present lords of the ocean. Some traits are also to be met with, some foolish contempt of their enemy, some disregard to the feelings and interests of their friends, some slackness in the very hour of victory, and indifference to every thing but the view of immediate profit, which remind us, alas! too forcibly, of the attempts we have witnessed in our own days, on a neighbouring region of South America. In two material points, however, they differed from us; their cause was somewhat less unjust, and their temper far less merciful and liberal. Their first attack was directed to the capital of Brazil, and every thing gave way before them; their sailors were hardly inferiour to the modern English, and their soldiers were tried and seasoned in the long and glorious struggle, in which they had foiled the armies of Spain and Austria. The Brazilians, on the other hand, were unused to war, and now had no expectations of it; they were under the protection of Spain, who was little inclined to favour a Portuguese colony, and the inert administration of Olivarez took away all hope of timely European succour. But the energy of the Portuguese character, warmed by a mixture of Brazilian blood, was able of itself to preserve the country. The governour being made prisoner, the bishop and inhabitants of St. Salvador retired into the woods, and exhausted their invaders by that system of warfare for which militia are best qualified; till, on the tardy arrival of forces from Lisbon, the Hollanders fell an easy sacrifice. The failure of their first expedition did not, however, discourage them; the desperate valour of Peter Heyne, their admiral, obtained the town of Recife, and a long and bloody war was maintained, with various success, during upwards of 17 years.

The vices of the Portuguese were ignorance, indiscipline, and the vicissitudes of foolish confidence and

* It is singular, that Philip of Spain offered Brazil in sovereignty to the duke of Braganza, on condition of his waving his claim to Portugal.

sudden panick; those of the Dutch, avarice, drunkenness, and impatience of hardship; both were brave, and the cruelty of both was equal. Both nations employed considerable bodies of Indians and negroes in their service, and there were on both sides very able partisans for the desultory warfare which such troops carried on. The Dutch had a mulatto deserter of the name of Calabar, who, after doing more mischief to his country than an entire army could have effected without him, fell into the hands of the Portuguese, and died on the gibbet resigned and penitent. On the other party, besides Souto and Enrique Diaz, two able chiefs of marauders, was Camaran, a high minded Indian cacique, who repaid the ingratitude of his masters by the most distinguished services. His uncle had been kept by the Portuguese eight years in irons. The Dutch, on obtaining possession of Rio Grande, set him at liberty.

"Immediately he went to his clan; the mark of my chains, said he, are still bleeding; but it is guilt which is infamous and not punishment. The worse the Portuguese have used me, the more merit will be yours and mine in persisting faithfully to serve them, especially now that they are in distress." p. 494,

The uncle and his nephew were, perhaps, the preservers of Brazil. Nor were noble instances of magnanimity wanting among the Portuguese. Estevam Velho had fallen in an engagement between the Hollanders and Matthias de Albuquerque, near the town of Nazareth.

"He was the son of Maria de Sousa, one of the noblest women of the province. Already in this war she had lost two other sons, and her daughter's husband. When the tidings of this fresh affliction arrived, she called her two remaining sons, one of whom was fourteen years of age, the other a year younger, and said to them, 'your brother Estevam has been killed by the Dutch to day; you must now, in your turn, do what is the duty of honourable men in a war, wherein they are required to serve God, and their king, and their country. Gird on your swords, and when you remember the sad day in which you girt them on, let it be not for sorrow, but for vengeance; and whether you revenge your brethren, or fall like them, you will not degenerate from them, nor from your mother.' With this exhortation, she sent them to Mathias, requesting that he would rate them as soldiers. The children of such a stock could not degenerate, and they proved themselves worthy of it."

On the other hand, meantime, the majority of the Indians, in spite of the exertions of the Jesuits, were induced, from hatred of the Portuguese, to join with any fresh invaders, and the Jews and new Christians were ready to hail as their deliverers, any government which had not an inquisition. Great advantages these, if the Dutch had known how to use them, and if the natural bigotry of Calvanism had not, in Brazil, rendered, in a great measure, vain, the enlightened policy of their European government. But their greatest tower of strength was their possessing a general like the count of Nassau, one of those extraordinary characters who seem marked by the seal of Providence for illustrious enterprises, and for the example and improvement of the world. Just, wise, valiant, and generous, he seems to have possessed every quality which can entitle a man to head an army, or to found a mighty empire; and had his means been proportionable to his genius, there can be but little doubt that Brazil and Peru would have been added to the cluster of Batavian arrows, and that his orange standard would have been carried in a series of victories from Darien to the Straits of Magellan. But his plans were ill answered by the power or spirit of the West Indian company; his reforms were crost, his fidelity suspected, and the force which he required, directed to secondary objects. Little was won or lost by either side, and Brazilians and Dutch

were already so wearied by their endless warfare, as to have begun a sort of negotiation; when the news of the revolution, which placed Braganza on the throne of Portugal, entirely altered the relation in which they stood to each other. With this great event, and with a retrospective view of several expeditions of discovery on the Orellana, Mr. Southey concludes his volume.

Our readers cannot but perceive, we think, even from the short and imperfect sketch to which our limits have confined us, that the history of Brazil is a subject of no common interest; and that the powers of its historian are such, as will place him in a rank with the most considerable names in the department he has chosen. To the second volume we look forward with increased expectation, both from the augmented importance of Brazil as connected with the rest of the world, and from the valuable manuscript sources of information which the author announces himself to possess, and which have enabled him to supply a period in the history of this rising empire, as utterly unknown to European readers, as the annals of China or Japan. On the present volume we have but few observations to offer. Many valuable canons of colonial policy might be laid down or confirmed from the facts here given; among which, one of the most striking is, the advantage of encouraging a mixed breed between the natives and settlers, and of indentifying these Mestizos with the colonists of purer blood, by an equality of rank and an admission to the same privileges and employments. The Portuguese alone, of all the European nations, seem, both in Brazil and India, to have pursued this policy; and if, with them, the effects have not been more striking, it is only because the Mestizos and the purer race have been sunk under equal disadvantages of religion and government. The extent to which this system has been carried by the Portuguese, and the surprise with which our English sailors regarded the state assumed by the swarthy governours of their small, insular settlements, is often to be remarked in the accounts of voyagers about the beginning of the last century; and we trust that Mr. Southey will not overlook, in his second volume, the circumstances that have produced a peculiarity which appears to us both amusing and instructive.

The race of man in all his animal powers, is decidedly improved by mixture; and even in his noble faculties. if greater genius be not produced, a more ardent and restless activity is superadded, which makes the man of colour a most valuable ally, or a most dangerous enemy. The Portuguese have made him the former; and it is to this intermixture of native blood, and to the exertions of this hot and hardy race, which derive their pedigrees from the kindred of Caramuru, that the house of Braganza is indebted for that city which is now the seat of their empire, and for the treasures and resources of the finest region in the world. What has been the consequence of a different line of policy, is written in blood on the shores of Hayti; and is no less legible in the vices and ignorance of those neglected offsprings of Europeans—the disgrace and peril of our eastern and western settlements. Albuquerque encouraged his soldiers to marry native women, and settle in India with their families. Lord Valentia seriously recommends that the children of the English servants of the company should be forbidden to remain in their territories. "Which is the wiser here, justice or iniquity?"—the cruel Portuguese, or the humane and enlightened Briton?—Another point on which we anticipate much valuable information, is, the maturing the Jesuits' scheme of instruction, and the pre-

state of the Indies. No Euro-
settlers have yet been actuated
r by mercy or wisdom, in their
ings with savages.
he English in North America
not enslave the aborigenes, but
treated them with brutal ne-
t and impolicy, and they encou-
d their wandering habits by the
ck in peltry: they stimulated
evil passions by employing
in war; and they communica-
to them no other tincture of ci-
ation but European diseases, and
opean, spirituous liquors. The
iards and Portuguese were, at
indeed, oppressive and inhu-
; but they have at least taken
s to domesticate the remnant
m they spared, and we appre-
l their missions have since more
paid the debt of their original
sses.

comparing, as every one who
s his work will naturally more
ss compare, Mr. Southey with
ertson, the most obvious, though
ainly not the most important dif-
ice, is the occasional quaint-
, and affectation of the style of
uity, which we shortly noticed
he beginning of the present
tures, and which are very oppo-
indeed, to the unfailing polish,
sweetness of diction almost to
ty, and the other "dulcia vitia"
is elegant predecessor. A little
eliness, a few archaisms, and a
, for the most part, founded on
of our beautiful version of the
ptures, possess, indeed, when
oduced with judgment and mo-
tion, a dignity of eloquence,
h the periods of later days are
ether unable to equal; and ma-
assages may be found in the pre-
volume, which would not dis-
e, in harmony, even the best of
authors that have been chosen
nodels. But if this familiarity
our elder classicks assume the
earance of art or pedantry; if
r negligence be evidently studi-
and their obsolete or unusual
uage be ostentatiously and un-
necessarily brought forward, we are
apt to turn with some displeasure
from pages which almost require a
glossary, and from ornaments which
remind us of the artificial wrinkles
worn by the triple-crowned lady in
the Tatler. In poetry, such archaisms
or uncommon words are, for ob-
vious reasons, often beautiful; but
why, in plain prose, and in ordinary
narrative, is "coronal" to drive out
coronet from its established place?
Will "plumery" weigh heavier than
feathers? or will not our homely
English *drum* raise a spirit as soon
as "tambour?"—Then we have "na-
pery" for *napkins* and *table-cloths*,
"poitrals," which it may be thought,
is fully as well exprest by *breast-
plates*, and "broads," a plural sub-
stantive, which, whether it requires
a censor to reform it, or an augur to
interpret, may admit, perhaps, of a
question. It is true, that amidst six
hundred pages of eloquent and pow-
erful writing, a few such flaws as
these are hardly worth the noticing,
except that they admit of so easy an
amendment in a future edition.

There is another defect, which
we believe must be attributed also
to system, and derived from the
same familiarity with ancient chro-
nicles, but which is a real impedi-
ment, not only to the popularity,
but to the general usefulness of a
historical composition. The want of
broad and general views of his sub-
ject, and of those bird's-eye recapi-
tulations, which serve as a resting
place to the attention, and bring at
once before the reader's observation
the relative harmony of the objects
he has gone through in detail. The
generality of modern historians have
fallen into a contrary extreme, and
have given us rather essays on his-
torical subjects, than real and au-
thentick history. Mr. Southey, on
the other hand, gives us his facts
as he finds them, and takes little
pains to unite them in a connected
or lucid arrangement. Nothing can
exceed the accuracy of his detail, or
the life and spirit of his representa-

tions; but these glowing scenes pass over the mind as insulated and disjoined as the shadows of a magick lantern, or as visionary kings in Macbeth, without a Banquo to connect and identify them. In more respects than one, his work reminds us of the defects and beauties of the great masters in the infancy of painting, in whose performances every hair was a portrait, and every feature seemed starting into life; but from the want of general effect and keeping, the eye roamed unsatisfied over the picture, and sought relief on slighter but better arranged designs. Robertson wrote only for effect, and gave us sums without their items. The result was inaccurate, indeed, but will always continue popular. Mr. Southey gives the items carefully, and leaves the reader to cast them up himself. Surely he may indulge a little more in those general speculations, which his ardent mind must have often suggested, without relinquishing the advantages which are possessed by superiour accuracy, and the interest he never fails to excite in particular facts, and the conduct of particular individuals. It is partly, however, owing to this habit of viewing actions in detail, and partly, we should almost imagine, to a keenness of the moral sense superiour to that possessed by his predecessor, that Mr. Southey's individual characters possess an interest and value far superiour to those of Robertson. They are not mere links in the chain of events; they are something more than performers in a great political ballet. They are men, accountable men, whose virtues are held up to our imitation, whose vices we are taught to abhor, and the principal end of history, example, is applied on the widest scale, and to the very best of purposes. As a moral writer, Mr. Southey will leave behind him a name which few of his contemporaries will have equalled. In these respects, indeed, it is, perhaps, necessary to observe, that a gradual but important change appears to have taken place in some of our author's opinions. We no longer find in the productions of his pen that querulous discontent under the existing state of society, and that undefined aspiration after fair dreams of unattainable liberty; dreams, indeed, but "such as our Milton worshipped;" which, by the prejudice they excited against his earlier productions, retarded, we believe, the popularity he must otherwise have obtained, till long after maturer age and melancholy experience had subdued and sobered down the livelier tints of his youthful enthusiasm. At present, if we wish to educate in the minds of youth a lofty sense of national dignity, a temperate zeal in the cause of freedom, and a manly hatred for every species of oppression or cruelty; if we desire to raise in them that admiration of individual merit which speaks to the feelings, and stimulates the emulation of the soldier or the citizen, as well as the statesman or general, and makes the study of history a school, not only of national politicks, but of private virtues: if, in short, we wish to breed up such men in England, as England now most needs to preserve her, few better manuals can be found than the works of Robert Southey.

There are some errours of the pen, or of the press, we know not which; but, in the prospect of another edition, Mr. Southey will excuse our mentioning them. In page 2, Vicente de Pinzon is said to have sailed with *four* caravels; page 7, we are told that "out of his *three* ships he lost two."—A Frenchman would not [p. 136] say "d'être terrible," but "a fin d'être terrible."

The Dutch are said [p. 577] to have instructed their Indian allies in *Lutheranism;* a very singular conduct in men who were themselves Calvinists. Does this errour proceed from excessive familiarity with Portuguese authors, who designate all protestants as Lutherans?

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

FROM DR. CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

MOSQUITOES IN THE CRIMEA.

FEW situations could surpass Kopil [situated in the territory of the Circassians] in wretchedness. Bad air, bad water, swarms of mosquitoes, with various kinds of locusts, beetles, innumerable flies, lizards, and speckled toads, seemed to infest it with the plagues of Egypt. As we left Kopil, we quitted also the river, and proceeded through the marshes to Kalaus. In our way we caught some small ducks, and saw also wild geese. At Kalaus were two young elks, very tame; and we were told that many wild ones might be found in the steppes during the spring.

In the course of this journey from Ekaterinedara, as we advanced, the frequent stands of lances announced at a distance the comfortable assurance of the Tchernomorski guard; without which the herds of cattle in the steppes, amounting to many thousands, would be continually plundered by the Circassians. These guards pass the night on the bare earth, protected from the mosquitoes by creeping into a kind of sack, sufficient only for the covering of a single person, in which they lie upon the thistles and other wild plants of the steppes. At Kalaus there was rather a strong body of the military. From this place to Kourky the distance is thirty-five versts [less than twenty-four English miles]. Night came on; but we determined to proceed. No contrivance on our part could prevent millions of mosquitoes from filling the inside of our carriage, which, in spite of gloves, clothes, and handkerchiefs, rendered our bodies one entire wound. The excessive irritation and painful swelling caused by the bites of these furious insects, together with a pestilential air, excited in me a very considerable degree of fever. The Cossacks light numerous fires to drive them from the cattle during the night; but so insatiate is their thirst of blood, that hundreds will attack a person attempting to shelter himself even in the midst of smoke. At the same time, the noise they make in flying cannot be conceived by persons who have only been accustomed to the humming of such insects in our country. It was, indeed, to all of us a fearful sound, accompanied by the clamour of reptile myriads, toads and bull frogs, whose constant croaking, joined with the barking of dogs, and the lowing of herds, maintained in the midst of darkness an unceasing uproar. It was our intention to travel in all hours, without halting for any repose; but various accidents

compelled us to stop at Kourky about midnight, a military station like the rest; and no subsequent sensation of ease or comfort has ever obliterated the impression made by the suffering of this night. It was near the middle of July. The carriage had been dragged, for many miles together, through stagnant pools; in fording one of which, it was filled with water; and the *dormeuse*, seat, floor, and well, became, in consequence, covered with stinking slime. We stopped, therefore, to open and inspect the trunks. Our books and linen were wet. The Cossack and Russian troops were sleeping on the bare earth, covered by sacks; and beneath one of these a soldier permitted my companion to lie down. The ground seemed entirely alive with innumerable toads, crawling every where. Almost exhausted by fatigue, pain, and heat, I sought shelter in the carriage, sitting in water and mud. It was the most sultry night I ever experienced; not a breath of air was stirring; nor could I venture to open the windows, though almost suffocated, through fear of the mosquitoes. Swarms, nevertheless, found their way to my hiding place; and when I opened my mouth, it was filled with them. My head was bound in handkerchiefs, yet they found their way into my ears and nostrils. In the midst of this torment, I succeeded in lighting a large lamp over the sword case, which was instantly extinguished by such a prodigious number of these insects, that their dead bodies actually remained heaped in a large cone over the burner for several days afterwards. And I know not any mode of description which may better convey an idea of their afflicting visitation, than by simply relating this fact; to the truth of which, those who travelled with me, and who are now living, bear indisputable testimony.

The mortality occasioned by mosquitoes in the Russian army, both of men and horses, was very great. Many of those stationed along the Kuban, died in consequence of mortification produced by the bites of these insects. Others who escaped the venom of the mosquitoes, fell victims to the badness of the air. Sometimes they scoop a hollow in the ancient tombs, to serve as a dwelling; at other times, a mere shed, constructed of reeds, affords the only covering; and in either of these places, during the greatest heat of summer, they light large fires, in order to fill the air with smoke; flying to their suffocating ovens in the most sultry weather, to escape from the mosquitoes.

ANECDOTE OF CHARLES II.

THE licentiousness and thoughtlessness of our second Charles, has become proverbial; and his good nature, which qualifies these, but ill atones for his ingratitude to those who suffered forfeiture and persecution in his cause. When he remained in Scotland, suffering the rebuke and censure of austere presbyterianism, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the laird of Cockpen, called by the nicknaming manners of those times, "Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scotch tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted his merry monarch. Charles's favourite tune was, "*Brose and Butter.*" It was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awaked in the morning by it. At the restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen was forgotten, and he wandered

among the lanes, which he once owned in Scotland, poor and unbefriended. He wrote to court, but his letters were never presented, or were not regarded. Wearied and incensed, he travelled to London, and placed himself in all publick places, thinking that the eye of majesty might reach him. But he was never noticed, and his mean garb did not suit the rich, laced, and embroidered doublets of court; so he was insulted, and pushed from the king's presence. At length, he attempted by cunning what he could not accomplish by plain dealing. He ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of musick, that he consented to his request of playing on the organ before the king, at divine service. He accordingly played with exquisite skill, yet never attracted his majesty's eye. But at the close of the service, instead of playing the common tune used, he played up "Brose and Butter," with all its energy, and characteristick merriment! In a moment, the astonished organist was ordered into the king's presence. "My liege, it was not me, it was not me!" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. "You" cried his majesty, in a delirium of rapture, "you could never play it in your life—Where's the man? Let me see him?" Cockpen presented himself on his knee. "Ah, Cockpen, is that you—Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church!" "I once danced too," said Cockpen, "but that was when I had land of my own to dance on." "Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand, "you shall dance to Brose and Butter on your own lands again, to the tenth generation!" And he was as good as his promise.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

THE following miraculous escape from a tiger, is related by a gentleman in a letter to a friend, dated at Jaulnah, in the East Indies, May 19, 1810.

"I arrived here this morning with colonel Conran's force.

"There is good hunting and shooting about twelve miles from this place; but it is dangerous from the number of wild beasts. I had, yesterday a most miraculous escape, which is the talk and wonder of all the camp.

"I usually go out on the flank, and yesterday was beating down a nullah parallel to our line, and about 300 yards distant; I had killed one hare, and was anxiously looking out for another.

"The place appeared by no means dangerous, because the bushes were low and insulated; but yet, in one of these did my beatee discover one of the largest tigers I ever saw.

"The circumstances were as follow:—I was passing on at my usual slow pace, and taking care that every bush was well beaten, I arrived at a low and narrow, but rather a long bush, and had passed to the farther end, when one beatee cried out *Saheb, saheb——Baugh! Baugh!* I withdrew a few paces; put two balls into each barrel of my gun, over the shot; sent one man to call assistance from the line, and was endeavouring to get a sight of the animal, as the man who remained was pointing out his head, his legs, and his face, but my endeavours were vain. My bad eyes led me into the greatest peril; for finding that I could not see him, I unwisely concluded that he was further off than

my beatee declared, and with my gun cocked, I advanced crouching towards the bush; as I expected to see him through the branches near the ground, which seldom have any foliage, but could not get a glimpse of him; when, lo! as I had just touched the outer sprays, the monster rose not a yard from me, and rushed out with a roar that withdrew all my strength.

"It appeared as if the bush was coming up by the roots; he brushed me in passing, and sprang at my beatee, when, to my astonishment, I witnessed more courage and presence of mind than I ever hope to see again. As the tiger was springing, the man, undismayed, struck at him with his bamboo full in the face, and the tyger turned off. I had neither presence of mind nor strength to fire, and perhaps it is fortunate I did not. The tiger galloped off, turned about, and then galloped at some distance past us, and in sight of the whole line of baggage. Four men were killed by a tiger on the road, and I have no doubt but it was by this one. You will agree that I had a narrow escape; for it was wonderful that he did not spring on one of us, on first beating the bush; and more wonderful, that he did not paw me in passing, for he actually touched me. The only reason that can be given is, that he must have been gorged. If I had possessed your eyes, I must have killed him; when within two, or even six yards, I could easily have lodged four balls in his head, and I had a brace of pistols to have finished him."

LAWS OF THE ROAD.

Ansando *versus* Brandon [King's Bench, December 10, 1810.]

THE following action of trespass, in which Mr. Bernard Ansando was plaintiff, and a Mr. Brandon, defendant, we lay before our readers, in order that the publick may understand correctly the full extent of that custom, which is now emphatically termed the law of the road. As Mr. Ansando was travelling in his own chaise to his country seat, near Mortlake, on the third of last September, he was encountered with such violence by the defendant driving in a gig, that the shaft of the gig entered the neck of Mr. Ansando's horse; wounded him so desperately, that he died in little more than an hour. Mr. Ansando's coachman and Mr. Brandon were both driving on what is called the wrong side respectively, both having their left hands instead of their right to the centre of the road. It was proved, on the trial, that Brandon must have seen the other, as it was not then dark, and the coachman swore that he could see one hundred and fifty yards before him, and that the road was wide enough to admit of five or six carriages. Under these circumstances, when the violation of the custom, or law of the road, was attended with no inconvenience, and when Mr. Brandon's gig was almost opposite to the carriage, from some sudden impulse he thought proper to pass over to his own side with such rapidity, that the accident abovementioned was the immediate consequence. The coachman and another witness were cross-examined; but as no contradiction took place, and as counsel for the defendant admitted that he had nothing but circumstantial to oppose to positive evidence, the jury, under the direction of his lordship, gave their verdict for the plaintiff, to the amount

of ninety two guineas, for the horse and other losses with which the accident was attended.

An allusion being made to Christian's explanation of the law of the road, as found in his notes on Blackstone, vol. i. cap. 74, lord Ellenborough was pleased to remark, that the custom must not be enforced unnecessarily, or so as to produce inconvenience.

MODERN LINCOLNSHIRE MAGICIAN.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1807, and may be relied on as an absolute fact:

The violence of a fall deprived sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours; at length his recollection returned. He faintly exclaimed, "where am I?" and looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices sir H. was probably indebted for his life. "You revive," said the venerable old man: "fear not: yonder house is mine: I will support you to it: there you shall be comforted." Sir H. expressed his gratitude; they walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the venerable old man and his servants, restored sir H. to his reason. His bewildered faculties were reorganized. At length he suffered no inconvenience, except that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good, old man entreated sir H. to join the party. He accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers; the party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast.

The gentleman on the left hand of sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone, at the same time extending his hand, said, "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: "By what misfortune, sir, have you been trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O sir! you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect in this world but misery and oppression; perpetually subject to the capricious humour of the old man, you will remain in this mansion the rest of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy, in one cold and miserable meanness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival at this cursed abode!" The pathetick manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in sir H's breast sentiments of horrour, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering, he said: "By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him by force, if necessary."

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your argument is just, but your threats are vain. The old man, sir, is a magician; we know it by fatal experience; do not be rash, sir, your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful." "I will endeavour to escape," said sir H. "Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman; "for it was but six months ago, that, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavours to escape; others had suddenly disappeared, and never had been heard of. Sir. H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. "Do not go," said one; "take my advice," said another, "for God's sake do not go." The servant told sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master. He did so, and found the old man seated at a table covered with a desert and wine. He arose when sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner; "for," said he, "I am Dr. Willis; you must have heard of me; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and, as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a madhouse. The persons you dined with are madmen. I was unwilling to tell you of this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have apprehensions." The surprise of sir H. on hearing this, was great; but, his fears subsiding, the doctor and he passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I OFTEN puzzle persons, who in general reason closely, by asking them, *why a boat sinks when a hole is made in the bottom?*

Many of our readers, from habitually considering this cause and effect as inseparable, will be disposed to smile at the question. I will, however, prove its claim to consideration, by reminding them, that the boat, which sinks when there is a hole in the bottom, is specifically lighter than water; that is, we have in this fact, the philosophical paradox, of a body sinking in a fluid of greater specifick gravity!

The cause is worthy of consideration, because, as boats and marine vessels in general, are of great importance to man, deductions and inferences may arise from its explication, of considerable practical utility. The ship builder and the navigator may avail themselves of it in a way which I cannot hastily anticipate; and the principle may, in various respects, prove of consequence to mankind.

In brief then: *A boat, or ship, the materials of which are specifically lighter than water, sinks when a hole is made in it below the water, by the pressure of the parts of the vessel which are out of or above the water, upon the parts which are immersed.*

This principle being understood, numerous practical inferences flash on the mind; and I shall briefly state those which at this moment occur to me.

1. When a ship springs a dangerous leak, the true way to prevent her sinking, is to diminish her height, and voluntarily sink all that is possible of her bulk in the water. Whatever belongs to her which is specifically lighter than water, should be cast overboard, without

being detached from the ship's body. The masts should be cut away and fastened alongside, on or under the water. Every thing should be removed which is above the level of the deck; and, if specifically lighter than water, should be fastened to the sides, in, or under the water. The very crew should immerse their bodies to their chins, and nothing should be allowed to remain above the surface, that can be conveniently immersed. Of course, as much iron work, and other bodies specifically heavier than water, as possible, should be detached and thrown overboard. By due attention to this principle, I should presume, *a priori*, that no ship could founder simply from a leak, or from filling with water.

2. With respect to a boat, the principle is the same. If a boat springs a leak, or from any other cause fills with water, the passengers should instantly lie down, and keep nothing but their faces above the water. Every thing heavier than water should be thrown overboard, and nothing be allowed to stand above the level of the water, or on the top of the boat.

3. By attending to the same principle, persons may often avoid being drowned. The total of the human body, in vital action, is specifically lighter than water; a living human body, therefore, will swim in water, provided it is not sunk by parts of it being protruded above the water, which unimmersed parts force down the parts under the water, till the internal cavities fill. If a person who falls into water, holds his breath, till, by the laws of specifick gravity, he rises again to the surface, and then protrudes no part of his body above the surface besides his face, he cannot sink again. But the weight of his arms alone, if protruded out of the water, or even the entire of his head, without appropriate action, will be sufficient to sink him. Men are drowned, and all animals swim, when thrown into water; simply because men are able to raise their fore limbs above their heads, and animals are not able to do so. The animal sinks to the level as[illegible]ained by his own specifick gravity, and that of the fluid, which leaves, perhaps, nothing but his nose above the water; and then, to regain the shore, he exerts the same action with his limbs as he does in walking. If men were to remain passive, keep down their hands, trust to the laws of specifick gravity, and put themselves in the attitude of walking, the same results, and the same security, would, in general, be the consequence. Savages swim from their infancy on the same principle; and civilized man may, in this respect, condescend to take a lesson from savage and animal life; or, in other words, from pure nature.

For the present, I am content with having, through your magazine, submitted these ideas to the world, and I leave it to the leisure opportunity, patriotism, or benevolence, of others, to apply them to all their beneficial purposes.

COMMON SENSE.

N. B. It concerns me to observe, by the records of mortality in your magazine, that numerous females were burnt to death during the last winter, notwithstanding I pointed out an infallible means of avoiding such accidents in a former paper. As those means cannot too often be published, I shall remind your readers that they consist simply in the party lying down, as soon as the clothes are discovered to be on fire. A lady's muslin dress, which might take fire at the skirt, would burn from top to bottom, and produce a fatal density of flame in half a minute, while she is standing upright; but if she were instantly to lie down, even though she took no pains leisurely to extinguish the flames, ten minutes would elapse before her dress could be consumed, and the

flame would be such as might, at any instant, be extinguished by the thumb and fingers. Is it not then most afflicting, that fatal accidents should arise from a cause so easily averted?

NEW ZEALAND.

SEVERAL natives of the South Sea islands have lately visited England, having been brought by different merchant vessels, in which they engaged themselves as common sailors. Among these is Duaterra, nephew to Tippihee, a chief of New Zealand, and son-in-law of another chief named Wanakee. He is a very intelligent young man, only twenty two years of age, possessing a most amiable temper, considerable natural abilities, and an ardent thirst of knowledge. His only object, as he said, for leaving his native country was to see king George. For this purpose he entered on board the Santa Anna, belonging to Port Jackson, which touched at New Zealand, on her way to some of the South Sea islands, on a sealing voyage, in the course of which he was exposed to many dangers, hardships, and toils. As a reward for these, Duaterra expected, on his arrival in the Thames, to see the king, but was unfortunately disappointed. The captain kept him, nearly the whole time he was in England, on board the ship, at work, till she was discharged; and on the 5th of August last, sent him on board the Ann, which sailed almost immediately for Portsmouth. Duaterra was much concerned at being compelled to return, without accomplishing the object of his voyage, for which, he observed, his countrymen would find great fault with him. It is certainly a circumstance much to be regretted, that this young man, who, by birth and marriage, is related to eleven out of the thirteen chiefs of New Zealand, should have lost the only reward which he expected for two years hard toil as a common sailor, without wages, or other remuneration than clothing and provision. Duaterra, during his residence in this country, related certain particulars respecting the tradition and manners of those remote islanders, which open a field for curious speculation. In regard to the creation of man, he reports, that the New Zealanders have been taught, from time immemorial, by their priests and fathers, to believe that three gods made the first man. The general term for bone is *eve;* and they universally believe that the first woman was made of an *eve*, or bone, taken from the side of the first man. The fable of the Man in the Moon is likewise an ancient tradition among these people. There was, say they, a long time ago, in New Zealand, a man named Rona, who was going for some water one very dark night, for neither moon nor stars were then to be seen. He accidentally hurt his foot. While in this situation, and so lame as to be unable to return home, the moon came suddenly upon him. Rona laid hold of a tree to save himself, but in vain; for the moon carried both him and the tree away, and they are still to be seen there to this day. The belief of the following tradition, by which the faculty of speech at some former period is assigned to the serpent, may perhaps prove favourable to the introduction among them of the Mosaick account of the fall of man. The sharks wanted to leave the sea, and to live on shore; the serpent would not allow them, and said, that if they attempted to come on shore, they would be eaten by men; the sharks answered, they

should be as safe there as the serpent. The latter replied, that he had a hole in the ground where he concealed himself from men; that they would not eat him, for if he only showed his head, they were afraid and ran away; whereas, the shark had no place on the land in which he could be safe. He, therefore, compelled him to return to the sea, telling him, at the same time, that men would catch him there with their hooks, if he did not take care. The chiefs muster all their men, at particular seasons of the year, the great muster being made after the potatoe harvest. The ground from which the potatoes have been lately dug, is cleared of the stems and weeds, and then levelled. Here they all assemble, men, women, and children. The men are drawn up in ranks, five, six, or seven deep, according to the direction of the chief. One of the principal officers, or *rangateedas*, muster them, not by calling over their names, but by passing in front of their ranks, and telling their numbers, when he places a rangateeda at the head of every hundred men. The women and children, like those of the Israelites of old, are never mustered. After this census, their holidays begin, when they spend several days and nights in feasting, dancing, and performing their religious ceremonies. The chiefs never join in the amusements, but only look on, and give directions. The common mode of salutation between two persons is, to bring their noses into contact with each other; and Duaterra declared, that when he left New Zealand, so many came to see him previous to embarkation, his nose was sore with rubbing against the noses of his friends.

LONGEVITY OF A LAND TORTOISE.

THERE is now living in the gardens belonging to the bishop's palace, at Peterborough, a land tortoise, which is ascertained to have been there 200 years and upwards. The upper shell is about 12 or 14 inches long, and about nine broad, the neck has all the appearance of extreme old age: the sight of one of its eyes is gone, the other seems bright and lively. The inside of the mouth, as well as the tongue, is a full pink colour; it has no teeth, but masticates with its gums, which are of a bony substance; the legs and feet are covered, like the head, with scales, and are so strong, that it will walk, or rather crawl, with a considerable weight on its back, and seemingly with ease. In the early part of summer, it in general feeds upon lettuces; and when the fruit becomes ripe, it crawls under the gooseberry bushes, and picks off what is on the lower branches, and the fruit it cannot reach is amply supplied by the frequent company and the gardeners, from whose hands it receives, with great gentleness, what is given it. Towards michaelmas, and sometimes earlier, it buries itself in the earth, where it remains till the following spring. In a few days after it hath made its annual descent, by finding the depth with a stick, a tolerably accurate judgment can be formed of the mildness or severity of the ensuing winter. This extraordinary animal is about twenty pounds in weight.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN making a tour in June, 1809, I passed through the wretched town of Woodstock, and of course went with my family to view the contrast afforded by the adjoining palace of Blenheim.

After paying the fines which are imposed at two or three passes on travellers for attempting to gratify their curiosity in viewing this national edifice, we reached the flight of steps leading into the great hall; but were told by our conductor, that Louis XVIII. the exile king of France, was then viewing Blenheim; and, finding that we might join his party by missing two or three rooms which he had seen, we gladly embraced the offer, and joined the party of his most christian majesty.

Entering suddenly by a side door, in a party of six or eight, his majesty appeared to take alarm, and retreated for a moment through an open door into another room; but observing that we bore the open visages of Englishmen, he instantly returned, and surveyed us with much complacency. He was accompanied by the duke de Grammont, and two or three other French noblemen, whose names I knew not; but many powerful associations gave the groupe a strong interest with me.

I could not but marvel at thus meeting with a king of France, a grand grand-son of Louis XIV. in the very palace which had been erected by the parliament of England, as a trophy to the general who had so often, in the field, humbled the pride of that ambitious Bourbon. The incident too was rendered more curious from the circumstance, that all the walls of Blenheim are covered with graphick representations of the triumphs of the duke of Marlborough, and to view these exaggerated representations was a voluntary penance which the exiled monarch had imposed on himself.

The ciceroni performing this delicate task, was, however, the ordinary show-man, dressed out in the tawdry livery of his office, flippantly sporting his *Mounsheers*, his *tossicated* Bacchuses, his *Lewises*, and other John-Bullisms; and vaunting about the thousands of the *Mounsheers* that were killed, taken prisoners, &c. &c. in every battle! In vain did I take him aside, and apprize him that the decencies of hospitality, and the quality and intelligence of his visiters, rendered fewer explanations necessary. "I likes it," said he, "I likes to tell him the truth;" winking his eye at the same instant, and smiling with excessive gratification.

When he came to the battle of Malplaquet, he entered into a flourishing rhodomontade about the vast superiority of the French, their total rout, &c. &c. when Louis, a little piqued, exclaimed: "Yes, it was a very bloody battle!" "Ah," said the fellow, "twenty thousand of the *Mounsheers* were killed on the spot!"

His majesty appeared to have a very correct taste in matters of art, dwelt with pleasure on the fine Carlo Dolcis, the Rubenses, &c. &c. and, evidently as a compliment to my party, praised some faded groupes of sir Joshua Reynolds, representing some matter-of-fact figures in the uncouth costume of the year 1770. His conduct and observations, made in pretty good English, evinced an active intelligence on historical and other subjects. He spoke with evident reserve; but I hope he was satisfied that some of the English of the party felt a strong desire to show him every possible respect, and were much affected by the vulgar spirit of the ciceroni.

At the tomb, in the chapel, this

fellow was more than commonly boisterous in his descriptions of the allegories of victory, of prostrate nations, &c. &c. exhibited by the sculptor. But I lost all patience, when, on departing, I saw him hold out his hand to the royal party, and receive a fee of a guinea! On this subject I remonstrated with him again, but was told, "he did not get a royal customer every day, and instead of not paying at all, he thought they ought to pay better than other people."

The profile of Louis XVIII. is exactly that of the unhappy Louis XVI. and I do not doubt but his whole contour is very like that of his brother. He is very fat; and waddles or rolls ungracefully in his walk. He has a piercing black eye, and takes a great deal of snuff, his face and clothes being discoloured by it. Habitual good temper appears to be the prevailing quality of his mind, and he bears no outward sign of anxiety to recover the fortunes of his family. If he is not too easy, and too likely to be misled by favourites, I should think him the very man under whom a people might live happy under their laws, without disturbance from his ill humour or ambition.

In short, Louis XVIII. carries in his appearance so much of the well-fed citizen, or easy country gentleman, that one of my sons, a little boy of seven years of age, who had been used to see pictures of kings with crowns on their heads, and generally dressed in armour, could with difficulty be persuaded that that gentleman was a king; and he sometimes amuses us by stalking or waddling across the room, and exclaiming: "I am a king!"

We afterwards met with his majesty at Oxford, where he recognised us, and we left that city at the same instant, his majesty for Gosfield, and I, with my family, for London.

On our route, I amused myself in projecting a plan for his restoration, which, for the sake of the peace of Europe, I conceived, and still conceive, may be effected, by his publickly announcing to the French people

1. A general amnesty.

2. Property to remain as it is, or as a life interest in the occupier; and in disputable cases, to be referable to arbitration.

3. Military, and other promotions and preferments, to be respected so far as regards rank and pay.

4. A solemn pledge to be made to establish a constitution, in spirit like that of England, and to govern according to laws made by a free legislature.

5. The limits of France to be the great rivers and chains of mountains.

6. Equitable indemnities to families who have lost their estates or preferments.

7. Toleration in matters of religion.

8. General risings to take place on fixed days.

Perhaps, however, such an extinction of prejudices is expecting too much of human nature; and Louis and his courtiers may probably prefer exile, the spirit of revenge, and the hopes of arbitrary power, to a kingdom, with forgiveness of injuries, and concessions of civil liberty to the people.

COMMON SENSE.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

"*Essai Historique sur Henri Saint John*, &c."—A Historical Essay relative to Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke. Imported by J. De Boffe, French bookseller, Nassau street, Soho.

IN a former article we gave an account of the lettres, historiques, politiques, philosophiques, &c. of this celebrated man. We seize the present opportunity to complete our labours, by means of a life of one of the most extraordinary men that England has ever produced.

The family of St. John, or more properly speaking, St. Jean, was of great antiquity in the dutchy of Normandy. One of its members occupied an employment of trust and consequence in the army of the conqueror, and distinguished himself greatly during the battle of Hastings, which was fought on the 14th of October, 1066, and in consequence of the events of that day, William I. was placed on the throne of England. Lands were bestowed by the victor on all his followers; and St. John received such a portion, as is supposed, to have enabled him to make good his pretensions to the heiress of the family of Portt, which was one of the most affluent, we are told, then existing in England.—Their descendants formed still more illustrious alliances; for the mother of one of them, was also that of Henry VII. who claimed the crown in virtue of his mother, Margueritte de Beaufort, daughter of John de Somerset, of the house of Lancaster. This princess was daughter, by a second marriage, of another Margaret, who, in consequence of the former one, had two sons, who formed two separate branches, the St. Johns of Bletsoe, and Tregoze.

Walter St. John, the grandfather of the viscount, and descended from the latter of these, sat as knight of the shire for the county of Wilts, during the reigns of Charles II. James II. and William III. He died at Battersea, near London, July 3, 1708, at the age of eighty seven, and was a man of considerable talents. His son Henry, who also possessed the reputation of abilities, espoused lady Mary, daughter of Robert Rich, earl of Warwick. They had several children, the eldest of whom, and the subject of the present memoir, was born* 1672, and called Henry, after his father. Young St. John was at first educated under the eyes of his parents, who afterwards sent him to Eton and Oxford, in succession. He distinguished himself while there, we are told, by great sagacity in point of understanding, as well as by the astonishing facility with which he learned every thing. His memory was prodigious.

On his entrance into the world, he rendered himself remarkable by his handsome person; a certain noble and graceful aspect; an extraordinary fund of knowledge, together with an agreeable mixture of wit and learning. He also displayed an intimate acquaintance with the best Greek and Roman authors, and could quote them in such a manner as not to savour of pedantry. Yet notwithstanding all these advantages, his family was greatly alarmed by his ardent temperament and love of the fair sex.

But his attachment to his pleasures never stifled in him the love of literature, and a certain passion for publick affairs. In the midst of

* "On ignore même en Angleterre, le date precise de la naissance du lord Bolingbroke."

his follies, he was ever ready to exclaim with Horace:

Solve senes centem, mature, sanus equum re
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat. *Ep.* i. v. 8 *and* 9.

In the years 1698 and 1699, Mr. St. John travelled on the continent, with the view of completing his education; and in the course of his journey visited both France and Italy. During his youth, he formed an acquaintance with all the wits of his time, particularly Dryden; and we are assured that he not only esteemed this great poet, but when William III. deprived him of his pension, he assisted him with his purse and credit, and never ceased to give him the most convincing proofs of his attachment. Pope, Swift, and other celebrated men of letters, were afterwards numbered among his friends.

In the beginning of the year 1700, the relations of Mr. St. John prevailed on him to marry Miss Frances Winchescomb, a rich heiress, and he was nearly at the same time nominated representative for Wotton Basset, in Wiltshire, in which quality he sat during the fifth parliament of William III. At this period of his life he condemned the treaty for the partition of the Spanish monarchy.

On the accession of queen Anne, the subject of this memoir began to distinguish himself by his eloquence. Nature had conferred on him many of the properties of a great orator, and as the queen was sensible of his parts she courted his attachment. As a proof of the high degree of favour then enjoyed by him, he was one of the persons of quality selected soon after by her majesty, to accompany her to Bath.

He now joined that party which was so well known by the appellation of the *tories*, the principles of which, if not correspondent to his character, were at least favourable to his views; and accordingly, although both his father and grandfather had been whigs, he acted in direct opposition to their system of government. In 1704, he was nominated a member of the administration, and became intimately connected with the duke of Marlborough, the first general of his age, who was then at the head of the British armies.

"Descended from a noble family, but without being illustrious, and at the same time destitute of fortune, the latter had now attained the highest eminence which an individual could aspire to. A friendship between him and St. John had been originally formed at the little court of Anne, while princess of Denmark, and it is not at all unlikely that the credit of Churchill and his wife, contributed greatly to make him a minister. It may be said of Marlborough that he had become a great warriour from instinct alone; for he had never either studied his art, or read any of the celebrated treatises on it. Most assuredly he had never perused Xenophon, and perhaps never looked into the narrative of any modern war; but, during his youth, he had served under Turenne, and was distinguished by his notice."

On the disgrace of this great man, Bolingbroke, if he did not take part against his friend, at least sided with the court, and became secretary of state for foreign affairs during the administration of the celebrated Harley, earl of Oxford. On this occasion, he had not only the management of continental business, and of all the negotiations for peace, but also of the house of commons, of which his oratory, and still more, his influence, had rendered him the oracle. He also was enabled, by means of Mrs. Mastam, to keep up his intercourse, and increase his favour, with the queen; but a mutual jealousy already subsisted between him and the first lord of the treasury, which it was never in the power of

Dr. Swift, the common friend of both, to eradicate; although, perhaps, he might tend to moderate it.

A pacification was at this period the grand object of the new administration, and for that purpose they immediately convoked a parliament more devoted to them, and less attached to the whigs, than the preceding one. "St. John now publickly declared, that the glory of taking cities, and gaining battles, ought to be measured by the degree of utility resulting from these splendid achievements, which at one and the same time might reflect honour on the arms, and shame on the councils, of a nation; that the wisdom of a government consists in regulating its projects by its interests and its strength, and in proportioning the means of execution to the object which it proposes, and the vigour it is to display. He declared that England had lost sight of those rules, and that motives of selfishness and ambition had seduced the grand part of the alliance to depart from the principles which had been agreed upon. He added, that all ideas of conquering Spain ought to be renounced and relinquished, as general Stanhope had just declared, that the people were so attached to Philip V. and professed such a degree of aversion to the archduke, that the country might be overrun 'until the day of judgment,' without being conquered. As Spain was the object of the war, and its subversion hopeless, it was, therefore, his opinion, that peace ought to be instantly thought of."

St. John perceiving that the new parliament was favourable to his views, sent over the abbé Gaultier to Paris in 1711, and by means of his agency, and that of Mr. Prior, he carried on a correspondence with M. de Torcy, and signified to the French minister, that England would treat independently of, and without the concurrence, of Holland.

No sooner did the Dutch learn that the English had commenced a negotiation for peace, than they themselves wished to renew the conferences for a treaty; but their ministers were repulsed, and obliged to solicit a participation in the diplomatick engagements of England.

Meanwhile the queen was so well pleased with the conduct of her ministers, that Harley was created an earl, and nominated first lord of the treasury, in addition to his former office of chancellor of the exchequer. Although St. John had been overlooked on this occasion, yet he determined to press the business of peace, and accordingly sent Prior, the poet, once more to the court of Versailles, with a memorial, in which he laid down the principles on which it could alone be obtained. That gentleman accordingly repaired to Fontainbleau at the latter end of July, 1711, and, having ascertained that Louis XIV. had received full powers from his grandson, Philip V. returned immediately with Monsieur Mesnager, to whom the English secretary for foreign affairs observed: "We desire peace, and France stands in need of it; to obtain this, all intrigue and finesse must be banished. England will not either resume or renew the insupportable pretensions maintained by the Dutch at the former conferences, but she expects a reasonable compensation for herself on account of her expenses, and equitable advantages for her allies; in fine, such terms as may be required for their own security, and such, indeed, as the present situation of affairs entitle them to.

A provisional negotiation was the consequence; and preliminaries of peace between England and France were signed soon after, on the part of St. John and the earl of Dartmouth on one side, and the French envoy on the other. Next day Mesnager was introduced to the queen, who received him in a private manner at Windsor.

On the 30th of November, the

secretary for foreign affairs notified to the different ministers at the court of London, that negotiations for peace were about to take place at Utrecht; and, notwithstanding the violent opposition that ensued on the part of the count de Gallasch, the Austrian minister, and the Baunde Bothmar, envoy from the court of Hanover; nay, although the duke and dutchess of Marlborough, with all the whigs, together with the states general, resolutely opposed the measure, yet Anne and her ministers, as is well known, succeeded in the project for a peace.

The services of St. John upon this occasion were not forgotten and accordingly her majesty, on the 14th of July, 1712, was pleased to create him a peer of England, by the style and title of baron of Lydia Fregoze in the county of Wilts, and viscount Bolinbroke. This reward was considered as his due, in consequence of the basis of a new political balance established by him in Europe, which subsisted during a period of about fourscore years; and, notwithstanding the frequent wars that intervened, was never wholly changed until the late revolution.

Meanwhile, a consequence of a variety of intrigues, the earl of Oxford, who is here accused of keeping up a double correspondence with the pretender and the house of Hanover, at the same time, was about to be disgraced, and his enemy, Bolingbroke, to be elevated to the highest dignities in the state, when Anne died. This princess, according to the editor, who obtained his information from the late Mrs. Mallet, was greatly beloved by Bolingbroke, who exclaimed in her presence: "That the unfortunate queen was a model of all the virtues; that the unhappy house of Stuart had never produced a better sovereign; and that no princess ever deserved so little to be cruelly betrayed, as was the case with her late majesty." It is here also stated, that her majesty's constitution was radically sapped and ruined by the use of strong liquors. The editor is at some pains to insinuate, that her majesty did not die a natural death; but for this suspicion there never was any solid foundation whatsoever.

On the accession of George I. Bolingbroke addressed a letter of congratulation to his majesty; but instead of being treated the better for this mark of respect, his papers were sealed up, and he himself taught to expect the utmost severity of royal enmity. The subject of this memoir, on perceiving the storm, retired for awhile into the country; but on receiving secret intelligence from the duke of Marlborough, that it was not in his power to protect him from the rage of the whigs, who had determined to punish him as the author of the late pacification, he determined to fly. His lordship accordingly embarked privately at Dover on the 7th of April, carrying with him property to the amount of about 500,000 francs, which was intended to support him during his exile.

On his arrival at Paris, the viscount waited on the English ambassadour [the earl of Stair] and assured him that he did not intend to enter into any connexion whatsoever with the jacobites; and he wrote several letters to the same purpose to general Stanhope, then secretary of state. Soon after this, his lordship retired to St. Clair, in Dauphiny; and, during his residence there, was accused, together with the earl of Oxford, of high treason. The latter was accordingly sent to the tower; while against the former, a bill of attainder was carried.

The tories in England, greatly displeased at the conduct of the whigs, who, in their turn, considered them all as *suspected*, now sent an agent to the continent, who had an interview with the pretender at

Commerci, whence he repaired to St. Clair, with a letter signed James III. containing an invitation to Bolingbroke to assist at his councils. This once more awakened the ambition of the viscount, who set out for Commerci, although in a bad state of health, and thus threw an air of duplicity over his character, from which, notwithstanding his splendid talents, it could never after entirely recover.

"He was convinced," we are told, "soon after his first interview, that the prince just alluded to, had neither plans nor views, and that the tories themselves did not seem to act with more sagacity. He also perceived, too, that although the pretender lived in daily expectation of repairing either to England or Scotland, yet efficacious means had not as yet been taken for the countenance and support of France, without the aid of which, in respect both to arms and money, all his future enterprises must prove problematical.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NO.

POETRY.

THE ASS: AN ODE

ON THE AMELIORATION OF THE SPECIES.

[*By Dr. Trotter.*]

POOR ass! it joys me much to see thee glad,
And with that saddle new upon thy back;
No longer dost thou look demure and sad,
For thou hast been of late a fav'rite hack.
Yet humbly still thou tread'st the ground,
Thy modest front with riband bound,
Shaking thy silver bit along:
Smooth is thy hide as any down,
Not cudgeled now by lusty clown,
Or by a dusky tinker's thong.

Poor brute! so lately doomed to fag,
To toil and sweat from day to day;
Thy life near Famine's hut to drag,
On stones thy wearied trunk to lay.
What lucky star has changed thy lot?
Are all those rugged times forgot?
From misery's rub!
Nor trudging down the dusty street,
Nibbling each dirty weed you meet,
In pools or dub.

Oft have I met thee waddling on the road,
Bending beneath thy panniers, stuffed and tied,
Of rags and rusty iron, a monstrous load,
And eke a beggar's brat on either side,
Forth from a greasy bag their long necks throwing,
Just like two well-fed geese to market going;
Gabbling and gulping down from wooden dish,
Sour curds and leeks, or mess of stinking fish.
Yet meek wert thou beneath the load,
Gentle as when you bore a God,
While all around Hosannas loud did ring,
And bade the impious Jews behold their King,
But, though despised of man, and mocked to scorn,
Just like thy master, he of Bethlehem born.

Still bounteous Nature had a mind,
Thy fortune was not all unkind,
Some cause you had to be content.
Thou ne'er hast heard the din of arms,
Thy breast no trumpet's sound alarms,
A peaceful drudge thy days were spent.
Go weigh the charger's fate with thine,
Drest and caparisoned so fine;
Now to martial musick dancing,
Snorting, rearing, bounding, prancing,
Now the field of glory treading,
Lame and legless, fainting, bleeding.
Ah! I have seen him born beyond the main,

Each toil forgotten and each danger braved,
On foreign shores by free-born Britons slain,
Starved and destroyed by those his valour saved.
Yes, where yon towering cape divides the wave,
Where bled the noblest host of loyal Gauls,
And where yon tides two humbler islands lave,
Inglorious there, the English charger falls.*
Then curse with me this age of steel,
Till W———'s heart shall own and feel;
And should one sigh his bosom pass,
Go thank thy stars that thou wert doomed an ass.

Once I beheld thee by the stable door,
And down thy face the showers of hunger flew;
While the stalled horse had oats and hay in store,
A thistle's top was all thou hadst to chew.
Harsh was the bite, the prickles stinging,
The blood at every gnash was springing;
There thou like Laz'rus, he like Dives stood
Cramming his pampered maw with dainty food.

But cease thou gentle ass to fret and whine,
Nor envious be to view the well-fed steed;
Though grooms attend him clad in liv'ries fine,
And man records with pride his noble breed;
Go turn to Talavera's plain,
And see the mighty warriour slain,
Covered with dust and blood on life's last brink,
He calls a Spanish ass to bring him drink.
So Dives laid in hell, 'midst torments dire,
Cried: "Water, Laz'rus, for I burn with fire!"
Then tell thy kind, their case might still be worse,
Nor glory seek beside the slaughtered horse.

But while I hail thee on this glad promotion,
Still let me just advise thee as a friend;
Perhaps you donkies have not learn'd the notion,
That happy hours and flowering seasons end.
We mortals find while skies are smiling,
Some sullen cloud our hopes beguiling;
Above our heads the thunders burst,
That lay us level with the dust.
What if they tax thy bit and saddle,
Thou must again with beggars waddle;
Be beat till every rib is sore,
And beg thy scrip from door to door.
Alas! thou oft mayest want a bit of grass,
Nor pity find from any human ass.

Yes, trust me, I delight to see thee gay,
And lovely Laura seated on thy back!
She, like the forest's queen in flowery May,
The envy thou of every other hack.
And while you pace to Laura's song,
Or drag your little car along,
May fear and shame o'erspread the face,
That dares t'insult thy honest race:
Erskine himself shall nobly rise,
Again a listening senate charm,
Teach mankind how to sympathize,
And half creation's wrath disarm:†
Thou too shalt rise in being's scale,
And pity for the ass o'er all the world prevail.

RETROSPECTION.

[*From Elton's Tales of Romance.*]

IS there who, when long years have past away,
Revisits, in his manhood's prime, the spot
Where strayed his careless boyhood, not in trance
Of recollection lost, feels silent joy
Flow in upon his heart? Whatever cares
Enthral his weary spirit, let him feel
The gale upon his cheek, that whispering waves
The well-known tuft of trees, and dimples slow

* A short time after the massacre of the army of French loyalists at cape Quiberon, in 1795, a body of cavalry amounting to 1200, were sent out, but with only three months' provender in the transports. Not being able to effect a junction with the royal army, the greater part died of hunger on board: and 300 were carried on shore to the little islands Hedick and Houat, where they were killed off by musketry.

† Alluding to his bill in the peers, to prevent cruelty to domestick animals.

The recollected stream, thought's busy train
Shall glance like pictured shadows o'er his mind;
Each airy castle of enthusiast youth
Shall dawn upon his fancy, like the towers
That sparkle in some forest of romance;
Each shade of circumstance that marked the scene
Of young existence, touched with fairy tint
Sheds beauty not its own; that life of hope
And generous expectation, when the man
Was teeming in the boy, and the young mind
Pleased with its own exertion, and acted o'er
Each future impulse, and put forth the germs
Of native character. It cannot be—
Unless his heart is deadened by the touch
Of that mere worldliness, which hugs itself
In a factitious apathy of soul;
Unless, in vain and vacant ignorance,
He wondering smiles at those high sympathies,
Those pure, unworldly feelings, which exalt
Our nature o'er the sphere of actual things;
Which lend the poet's gaze its ecstacy,
And bid the trembling note of musick steal
Tears down the listener's cheek;—it cannot be
But his whole heart must soften and relent
Amid these peaceful scenes; but the deep griefs
Which time has stamped upon his furrowed brow
Must, for a moment, smooth their thoughtful trace;
And e'en the long remorse wild passion leaves,
Rest from the goading of its secret sting.
Scene of my boyish years! I not disown
These natural feelings. Let me rest awhile
Here on this grassy bank; beneath these elms
Whose high boughs murmur with the leafy sound
That soothed me when a child: when, truant-like,
Of the dull chime that summoned me afar
Nought heeding, by the river-wave I lay,
Of liberty enamoured, and the muse.
As yon gray turrets rest in trembling shade
On its transparent depth, the days long past
Press on awakened fancy; when, averse
From sport, I wandered on its loneliest banks,
Where not a sound disturbed the quiet air
But such as fitly blends with silentness;
The whispering sedge—the ripple of the stream,
Or bird's faint note; and not a human trace,
Save of some hamlet-spire in woods immerst,
Spake to the sight of earth's inhabiters.
Then have I rushed, prone from the topmost bank,
And given my limbs to struggle with the stream,
And 'midst those waters felt a keener life.
How soft the milky temperature of wave,
Salubrious Thames! associate with delight
Thy stream to thrilling fancy flows, when faint
I languish in the sun-blaze; and with thee
Ingenuous friendships, feats of liberty
That recked not stern control, and gravely sweet
The toils of lettered lore, and the kind smile
Of Him,* who e'en unbraiding, could be kind,
On soothed remembrance throng. I would not feign
A fond repining which I did not feel;
I would not have the intermediate years
Roll back to second infancy, nor live
Again the life that haunts my memory thus
With sweet sensations; for the simple child
Is all unconscious of his pleasant lot;
His little world, like man's vast universe,
Is darkened by its storms; and he, like man,
Creates his own disquietudes and fears;
And oft with murmurings vain of discontent,
Or bursts of idle passion, personates
His future part; the character of man.
No—'tis the cant of mock misanthropy
That dwells on childish pleasures; which the child
With light insensibility enjoys,
Or rather scorns; while on his eager view
The future prospect opens, still in sight,

* Of Mr. Savage, whose name must ever be associated with the *blandi doctores* of Horace, let me be permitted to indulge the remembrance. His system of tuition was calculated to exemplify the theory of the admirable Locke. He made instruction pleasant; and was therefore listened to and obeyed on a principle of love. Should these insignificant pages ever meet his eye, he may not be displeased to find that

The muse attends him to the silent shade.

I trust I shall be forgiven the excusable egotism, of paying this tribute of gratitude and respect to an elegant scholar, and most amiable man.

Still ardently desired. The Power all-wise
Alike to manhood and to infancy
Has dealt the dole of pleasures and of pains;
And manhood has its toys; its happy dreams;
Its gay anticipations, e'en as youth.
Not with a sigh of mournful, vain regret,
I visit these green haunts; this placid stream.
But, while the scene to memory's retrospect
Reflects the illusive tint which fancy throws
Upon the distant past, Hope too expands
Her gilded prospects; and the future smile
With colours indistinct, but beautiful
As the dim clouds by gleams of daybreak tinged
Ere the red sunrise paints the mountain's brow;
I so am framed, that no depressing gloom
Has power to damp my shaping energies;
But still, as when a child, my glance can dart
Bright o'er the illumined future, and create
Its own ideal world of hope and joy.

THE CAUSE GAINED
AND THE COUNSELLOR OUTWITTED.

[*An Old Story.*]

A counsellor wise, as most counsellors are,
Once went to a county assizes;—
Well—the reader cries out—and his going down there
Shows nothing to me that surprises.

Patience—reader *ungentle*, and soon you shall know
As much as I do of the story;
Learn, that gold is the fount from which lawyers' wits flow,
Gold only it is gives them glory.

Our counsellor, whom we'll call *Buz*, if you please,
Had a cause that was bad at the bottom;
'Twas one that was not to be gained with much ease,
But if *greased in the fist* he oft got 'em;

For his wits were so sharp that 'twas oftentimes said,
By few men he had e'er been outwitted;
But what, in this case, gave his client some dread,
Was, that against one as keen he was pitted.

Now, we'll fancy the judge in his full-bottomed wig,
Assisted by most of the quorum,
Whilst counsellor Buz, and young counsellor Prig,
Vehemently argued before 'em.
The rusticks all gaped, and took mouthfuls of law,
As they listened to Buz and his brother;
Not a whisper was heard, they were brimfull of awe;
Now admiring of this, then of t'other.

But Buz warmer grew as the cause onward went.
His arguments seemed quite convincing;
Behind stood a client, who, when he seemed spent,
Took this method to keep him from wincing.

Whene'er his loud voice seemed to shrink to a squeak,
Five guineas he slipped 'tween his fingers;
These gave him new powers and forced him to speak
Loud as Grub street's stentorian singers.
This was done many times, my story says ten,
And I see no cause why I should dock it;
And as oft as he felt them, he at it again,
And slipt them quite sly in his pocket!

Now Prig feeling no such *strong reasons* as these,
Slackened much in his learned haranguing;
Whilst Buz gained the cause with comparative ease:—
Thus cash, sometimes saves men from hanging!

Now Buz felt a longing to count over his gains;
For Buz was a lawyer most thrifty;
And thought, for the trouble he'd given his brains,
He deserved at least forty or fifty.

So behold, when the court was broke up, home he hied,
To his neat first floor room of a lodging;
Like a ghost through the streets and the lanes did he glide,
And escaped his acquaintance by dodging.

Now observe him alone, seated snug by the fire,
From behind his best spectacles peeping;
But, lo! he soon found a misfortune most dire,
And he scarce could refrain from loud weeping.

For though seldom outwitted by limbs of the law,
Whom he treated like so many ninies;
He now found, yet could hardly believe what he saw,
All but two were base counterfeit guineas!

J. M. L.

Nov. 18, 1810.

Washing Colours, for Ladies' Wear.

"Your cottons," said Flavia, "are cheating vile trash!
See! the colours all gone, though you said they would wash!"
"Yes, madam," the shopkeeper answered—"no doubt,
I said they would wash: but I meant they'd *wash out.*" GERRO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Edward Parker, Philadelphia,

Published—A Supplement to the first edition of a System of Chymistry. Containing a View of the recent discoveries in the science. By J. Murray.

By Farrand and Nichelas, Philadelphia,

Published—A Treatise upon the Law of Pennsylvania, relative to the proceedings by Foreign Attachment; with the Acts of Assembly now in force in Pennsylvania, on the subject of Foreign and Domestick Attachments. By Thomas Sergeant.

Also—An Essay on Maritime Loans, From the French of M. B. M. Emerigou; with Notes, and an Appendix, containing Translations from the Digests and Code of Justinian, and from the Maritime Ordinance of Louis XIV. By John E. Hall, Esq. Price $3.

By Johnson and Warner, Philadelphia,

Published—Memoirs of the Philadelphia Society for Promoting Agriculture. To which is added at the request of the Society, "Inquiries on Plaster of Paris." Volume 2.

Also—Knowledge for Infants; or, A Form of Oral Instructions for the use of Parents and Teachers. By A. Lindley.

Sermons to Children. By a Lady—a new edition improved by a number of neat cuts, designed and engraved in Philadelphia.

By James P. Parke and Edward Parker, Philadelphia,

Published—The Wanderer of Switzerland, The West Indies, and other poems. By James Montgomery. Two volumes in one, embellished with an elegant portrait of the author.

By A. Finley, Philadelphia,

Published—The Life of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. By Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, author of Horæ Biblicæ, Horæ Juridicæ, &c. &c. &c. Price $1 extra boards.

By Brannan and Morford, Philadelphia,

Republished—The English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers, a Satire. By lord Byron. Price $1 in boards crown 8vo.

By M. Carey, Philadelphia, and Robinson, Baltimore,

Published—Nos. I, and II, of the Baltimore Repertory of Papers on Literary and other Topicks. By a Society of Gentlemen. To be continued Monthly. Price $5 per annum.

By Ezra Sargent, New York,

Republished—The Quarterly Review, or London Critical Journal, No. VII. For August, 1810.

Also—The Resources of the British Empire. Together with a view of the probable result of the present contest between Great Britain and France. By John Bristed.

By William Wells, Boston,

Published—Chaplet of Comus; or Feast of Sentiment, and Festival of Wit.

By D. Mallory and Co. Boston,

Published—In one 8vo. vol. 500 pages, illustrated with 14 plates. Price $3 50. Practical Instructions for Military Officers. Comprehending a concise System of Military Geometry, Field Fortification, and Tacticks of Riflemen and Light Infantry. Also, the Scheme for Forming a Corps of a Partisan, and carrying on the Petit Guerre. By Robert Stevenson, Esq. Revised, corrected, and enlarged. To which is annexed, A New Military Dictionary; containing the French words, and other technical terms, now used in the Art of War; with other matter con-

nected with military operations. By E. Hoyt, Brigade Major and Inspector in the Militia of Massachusetts.

By Munroe and Francis, Boston,

Republished—Star in the East; a Sermon, preached in the parish Church of St. James, Bristol, on Sunday, February 26, 1809, for the benefit of the "Society for Missions to Africa and the East." By the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, L. L. D. from India. To which is added, an Appendix, containing the interesting report of the Rev. Dr. Kerr, to the Governour of Madras, on the state of the Ancient Christians, in Cochin and Travancore, and an Account of the Discoveries made by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan of 200,000 Christians, in a sequestered region of Hindoostan.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

Edward Parker, and Joseph Delaplaine, Philadelphia,

Have engaged to publish—An American edition of a new and very valuable work now printing in Edinburgh, entitled The Edinburgh Encyclopedia; conducted by David Brewster, L. L. D. Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and the Society of the Antiquaries of Scotland; with the assistance of gentlemen eminent in Science and Literature. It will be contained in about 12 vols. quarto, and be delivered to subscribers in half volumes quarterly. The publishers will have the assistance of some of the first literary and scientifick characters.

James P. Parke, Philadelphia,

Intends shortly to publish—Some Account of the last Journey of John Pemberton, to the Highlands, and other parts of Scotland. With a Sketch of his Character. By Thomas Wilkinson.

W. Smith, Baltimore, and A. Loudon, Carlisle, Pa.

Propose publishing—Travels through Turkey in Asia, the Holy Land, Arabia, Egypt, and other parts of the world. By Charles Thompson, esq. Interspersed with the remarks of several other modern travellers, illustrated with notes, historical, geographical, and miscellaneous.

E. J. Coale, Baltimore,

Proposes to publish—Mnemonika; or, the Tablet of Memory. Price 1 50.

J. Kingston, Baltimore,

Proposes publishing—History of the Ancient Israelites, with an account of their Manners, Customs, Laws, Polity, Religion, Sects, Arts, and Trades, Division of Time, Wars, Captives, &c. Written originally in French by the Abbe Fleury, much enlarged from the Apparatus Biblicus of Pere Lamy, and corrected and improved throughout, by Adam Clarke, L. L. D. This work will be adorned with a striking likeness of Dr. Clarke, engraved by Edwin of Philadelphia, carefully taken from an engraving by the famous Ridley, of London. Price $1 25, bound and lettered, in 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Bayard, Princeton, New Jersey,

Is preparing for publication—A Catechism for Youth. Intended as a short but comprehensive summary of the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Rees's Cyclopædia, vol. XVI. part I.

A Treatise on the Statute of Limitations. By William Ballantine, esq. of the Inner Temple.

Surgical Observations, part III. On Injuries of the Head, and miscellaneous subjects. By John Abernethy, F. R. S. 8vo. 7*s.*

Posthumous Fragments of Maria Nicholson; being Poems found among the papers of that noted female. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Travels through Denmark and Sweden. By Louis de Boisgelin, knight of Malta. 2 vols. 4to. 3*l.* 3*s.* coloured plates 4*l.* 4*s.*

Mr. Robert Kerr is engaged on a General History and Collection of Voyages and Travels, arranged in systematick order, and illustrated by maps and charts. It is expected to form eighteen octavo volumes, and to be published in thirty six parts, the first of which will appear on the first of January.

The Chronicles of Enguerrand de Monstrelet. Translated by Thomas Johnes, esq. 12 vols. 8vo. with a quarto volume of plates. 7*l* 4*s.* boards.

An Inquiry into the Causes producing the extraordinary addition to the number of Insane. By William Saunders Haslam, M. D. 5*s.*

Discourses on the Management of Infants, and the Treatment of their Disease. Written in a plain, familiar style, to render them intelligible and useful to all mothers. By John Herdman, M. D. 8vo. 12*s.*

PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Trotter, of Montalta, near Wicklow, has in the press, a work of the highest publick interest, being an account of the Travels of the late Mr. Fox, Lord St. John and himself, in Flanders and France, during the late short peace. It will contain, besides other curious original matter, a variety of letters of Mr. Fox on classical and other subjects, and circumstantial particulars of the last four years of his life.

Mr. Cary is engraving on ten folio plates, a Portraiture of the Heavens as they appear to the naked eye; constructed for the use of students in astronomy. By the Rev. Francis Wollaston, F. R. S.

SELECT REVIEWS.

FOR MAY, 1811.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A Description of the Feroe Islands, containing an Account of their Situation, Climate, and Productions; together with the Manners and Customs of the Inhabitants, their Trade, &c. By the Rev. G. Landt. Illustrated with a Map and other Engravings. Translated from the Danish. 8vo. pp. 426. London. 1810.

TWO and twenty rocky islands, lying between the latitudes of 61° 15′ and 62° 21′, extend 67 miles in length, from north to south, and 45 in breadth, from east to west. *Ab ovium multitudine*, says Arngrim Jonas, *Færeyjar, seu rectius Faareyjar dictæ sunt.* But though *faar* in Danish signifies a sheep, and *oe* an island, Landt distrusts this derivation of the word Feroe, because he is not certain that *faar* was used in the same sense by the Norwegians; and he traces it to *fier*, feathers, from the abundance procured from the sea fowl there, or to *fiær* or *fiærn*, far distant. The islands consist of a group of steep rocks or hills, lying so close to each other, that their bases are merely separated by a brook. Towards the sea they generally terminate in perpendicular rocks, from two to three hundred fathoms in height; those which decline more gradually, have, for the most part, two or three sloping terraces, formed by projecting rocks, and covered with grass. The sides of some are formed of hillocks, lying close like the hills themselves, and appearing, especially when covered with snow, like tents. There are no valleys of any extent among them, only a few broken and craggy dales between their summits. The sides are in many places so steep, that no earth can remain on them; and from many of the heights, where mould might otherwise collect, it is swept away by the winds. In those parts which are arable, the depth of soil never exceeds four feet; frequently it is not more than eight inches. Strata of basaltick columns are found among the hills; in the isle of Suderoe they extend to a considerable height, and from the base of the hill stretch out several fathoms into the sea, gradually lowering till they are lost beneath the water. The relationship of the Feroe islands to Staffa and the Giants Causeway is evident; but it must be left to the Neptunists and Vulcanists to settle the pedigree. Deep fissures of considerable length are met

with between the hills; caverns also are frequent in the shores, the favourite haunts of seals; some of these extend so far, that a boat may enter a hundred fathoms; some pass through a hill, and are open at both ends; some stretch through a whole island.

There are few fresh water lakes among the hills; the largest is only two miles in circumference. Torrents are of course numerous, and afford great facilities for water mills. Some falls appear only after heavy rain. If a strong wind happens to blow toward the rock, the water is dispersed like a shower; if the wind be like a hurricane, none of the water is seen to fall, the whole is driven up into the atmosphere like a thick mist, which is sometimes glorified with a rainbow. The most remarkable fall is called Fosaa, in Nordstromoe. It consists of two, one below the other, each computed at from 70 to 100 feet. Landt was assured that trouts had been seen to work their way up it. A warm spring in Osteroe, called Varmakieldi, is the Spa of the Feroe islanders. They used to assemble there at midsummer, to use the water as a remedy, and to amuse themselves. Their faith in its medical properties has abated; but the good pastor, who employed his leisure among them in collecting information for this very interesting volume, says that they derive material benefit from the journey and the cheerfulness of the place; their inactive life, and sedentary labours, render them liable to various disorders, and the effect of change and excitement is such, that they return home greatly improved both in body and mind. It is then to be regretted that the Varmakieldi waters should go out of fashion. Some Danish physician should write a paper upon their virtues for the Copenhagen transactions.

Seventeen of these islands are inhabited. They were first peopled, according to Landt, in the ninth century, by some Norwegians, who, being discontented with their king, the famous Harold Harfager, retired here, and supported themselves, after the manner of their fathers, by piracy. It is, however, apparent, from what this author himself states, that some of these islanders are of a different race. The natives of the southern isles, he says, have round faces, are of lower stature, speak more rapidly, and are much livelier in their actions than those of the northern. These, therefore, are evidently of Finnish extraction; and it is owing to the mixture of this race that the language is not purely Norse. Magnus the good reduced these islands to obedience. Since that time they have belonged to Norway, and upon the union of the two crowns, were annexed to Denmark. During the present war, the conduct of some British privateers, who landed here and upon Iceland, excited the attention of government; and an order of council was issued, declaring that these inoffensive islanders were not to be molested in consequence of the war between Great Britain and Denmark, and that they might continue in perfect security the little traffick which they carried on with the mother country. Such is the temper with which this country makes war; while the system of its enemies is to aggravate the evils of hostility by the wanton infliction of private and individual misery.

This is not the only advantage which the Feroe islands have derived from the remoteness of their situation. Too distant, too uninviting, and, above all, too unproductive to be coveted, they have never been granted by the crown to any petty tyrants, and thus have escaped those feudal oppressions which degrade the Danes, and still (though in a mitigated degree) disgrace the Scotch islands. They are, therefore, a contented and a happy people.

From their government they derive just sufficient assistance to prevent them from losing the little degree of civilisation which they have attained. The population in 1782 amounted to 4409. The revenue in 1790, to 3172 rix dollars;* it arises from the royal domains, quit rents, and taxes; the latter are light, and the greater part of all is paid in produce; only the wool which is thus paid, is sold at a low price to the poor at Thorshavn (the capital of the largest isle) to prevent a scarcity of it. Their ecclesiastical establishment is proportionately inexpensive. The islands are divided, or rather clustered, into seven parishes, composed of thirty nine congregations, each having its church. The yearly revenue of each church amounts, in general, from ten to twenty rix dollars; so that the income of the greatest pluralist does not exceed five and twenty pounds. And here, indeed, the labourer may truly be said to be worthy of his hire. The long journeys which the clergyman must undertake are equally difficult and laborious. There is no carriage road; in many places the country is so craggy, that it is impossible to ride; and in all places the snow, early in autumn and late in spring, renders it impracticable. In one parish, the church path (though always the best, and often the only road in these islands) is so steep and narrow, that at funerals the corpse is fastened to a board, and carried upon men's shoulders. At one island it is necessary to hoist the clergyman by a rope from his boat, there being no other means of landing. On those Sundays when the clergyman does not attend, the parishioners meet at church, where one of them officiates, and reads a printed sermon. There is not a single school or schoolmaster throughout all the islands. Parents instruct their children themselves; and if at any time they have not leisure, a neighbour will undertake the task. All of them can read, except a few persons of very great age; an exception which proves that the people have advanced in civilisation. They are fond of reading, and the pastor says that he found his parishioners very well instructed in the Christian religion, and often thoroughly acquainted with the bible.

Thus the Feroese resemble the Scotch in the religious and moral part of their character, as well as in the poverty of their church establishment, and the almost total privation of religious ceremonies. This is to be attributed to their habits of humble and laborious life; partly, also, it must be ascribed to their situation, their climate, and their perilous employments in fishing and fowling. Being familiar with danger, they are associated, as it were, with the elements, and with the forms of nature. Under like circumstances, the savage and the sailor become superstitious, because they are uninstructed. The Feroese, like the Scotch, have their pastor and their bible; and, therefore, faith, which is an appetite of the human mind, finds its proper food.

"In regard to the mental qualities of these people," says Landt, "they are much more ingenious than might be expected, in so insulated an abode. But if, in this respect, they surpass the inhabitants of a great part of other Danish provinces (which, however, he adds, I am far from asserting) they are certainly indebted for this advantage to their state of freedom, and the little restraint they are under in conversing with each other." The writer here shows, imperfectly, his opinion, that the Feroese are in general superiour to the Danes, though he does not think fit to assert it in Denmark; and he has assigned the true cause; they are a freer people. They reckon readily by head, summing up even fractions with facility. Ma-

* The rix dollar is about four shillings.

ny of them are good chess players. Their practical knowledge of astronomy is such, that in clear weather they can determine by the stars the hour of the night. One of their methods of dividing time is peculiar to themselves. They reckon the day and night by eight *ökter*, of three hours each; these again are reduced into half ökters, and they name them according to the point of the compass, on which the sun is at the time. Thus east northeast is half past four in the morning; east is six; east southeast, half past seven. Landt says that *ökt* is certainly a corruption of *vike*, a week; but as the week consists of seven days, the derivation is surely untenable, and *ökt* may obviously be rendered an eighth.

The Feroese are a sober people, though, like all inhabitants of high northern latitudes, they are fond of strong liquors. Even at their weddings, they seldom drink to intoxication; but in their places of trade, communication with the Danes has corrupted their own simple manners. The men dress plainly; the women are covetous of foreign ornaments. Since the time of Eve, the tempter has changed his lure, and baits for the vanity, not the appetite of the sex. Landt praises the honesty of the people, and especially in cases of shipwreck. They claim a third of what they save as salvage; but they exert themselves to the utmost to save as much as possible from the wreck; never secrete any part of it; take the sailors into their houses; maintain them at free cost, and give them money at their departure. The pastor will not admit that his flock are addicted to any other faults than talkativeness, a little envy of their wealthier neighbours, and a little idleness. It is curious that the gout should be found among their diseases. The Scotch regard it as a fit punishment for the luxurious living of the English; and yet it exists among these poor and temperate islanders. The author attributes it to their imprudence in throwing themselves on their beds to rest, without pulling off their clothes, when they come home wet. He says, also, that the excessive heat of their apartments, and the bad custom of sitting close to the fire, dispose them to be goutish, when exposed to the least cold or sharpness of the wind. Malignant, catarrhal fevers commonly attack all the inhabitants without exception, on sudden changes of the weather, especially in autumn and spring. Foreigners who settle in Feroe are generally free from this disease during the first two years. It is prevalent in Iceland also; but more so in the interiour than along the shores. Leprosy was once very common. It has now almost totally disappeared. A fact, which, in this instance, cannot be accounted for by any change of habits. The stone is more common than in other countries, and frequently proves fatal. Landt inquires whether it may not be occasioned by eating bread baked in the ashes, a portion of which necessarily adheres to the crust. The most singular disease among them shows itself in a great many small bladders, surrounded with a red ring. It is remedied by bathing them with a decoction of ground liverwort, or by fumigating the part with *conferva*, first dried, and then placed on burning coals. But when these blisters spread over the whole body they prove mortal. Some superstition is mingled with most of their modes of cure. They have, however, one remedy, which is singularly rude. When the uvula falls down, they cut off a portion of it, and no other bad effect has been experienced from the operation than a continual hoarseness.

It is fully believed by old people in these islands, that the sun and moon rise to a greater altitude than they did formerly. There are villages where the sun is never seen

during some of the winter months; and where, of course, the day on which he begins to be visible is exactly known; but, in 1798, they say, it was seen two days earlier than it ought to have been. Landt leaves the cause of this phenomenon, if it be, indeed, truly represented, to be investigated by astronomers. The change, however, is too great and too sudden to be possible; and, as the question is, whether these Feroese were, in this instance, inaccurate observers, or the sun was irregular in his course, such an alternative admits of little hesitation. It has not been observed here as it has in the Zetlands, that the northern lights are less frequent than they were formerly. The winds are tremendous. They descend from the hills to the shore; raise clouds of sand, and sweep them along the bays and creeks; sometimes they impel large stones, which are lying on the hills, and roll them forward like balls. Landt even affirms, that they tear the turf from the sides of the hills; roll it together like a sheet of lead, and precipitate it into the valleys. Another instance of their vehemence, which he positively asserts, is, that frequently on the west side of Skœlling, the highest mountain in the whole group, the wind forces out huge masses of the projecting rocks, which fall down, emitting flames and smoke. The translator perceives the improbability of this account, and endeavours to explain it, by saying: "It is possible that sparks, elicited by the collision of the falling mass against the rocks, may set fire to some sulphurous, or other inflammable matter;" but we know of no inflammable matter among nature's preparations, which can thus easily be ignited. It is hardly a more plausible supposition to suspect that they may be volcanick appearances; for these could scarcely exist without unequivocal proofs of their nature. There is, however, no solution which we should so unwillingly admit, as that of imputing direct falsehood to an author whose work every where bears marks of well meaning, and to whom no possible motive can be ascribed for deviating, in this instance, from his usual veracity.

During these wind storms, travellers are in great danger. As soon as they hear the hurricane bellowing among the hills, if on horseback, they immediately dismount; if on foot, they fall flat on the earth, to avoid being thrown down, and perhaps dashed to pieces. It is not said whether these storms are preceded by any appearances like those before the helm wind of Crossfell, a phenomenon which they seem to resemble, both in the violence of their effects, and in beginning upon the heights. Before one of these hurricanes, a cracking and crashing is heard in the houses, as if they were about to tumble down; such is the pressure of the air. The inhabitants, when they take the alarm in time, place boards on the roofs of their houses, throw ropes over them, and fasten down the ends with heavy stones; otherwise the roof is not unfrequently carried away, and even the flooring forced up.

In proportion as these remote specks in the ocean are without historical and commercial interest, they are rich in the more interesting facts of natural history. It is well known, that when sailors wish to drive a whale away from their ship, they pump out the bilge water. The Feroese fishermen, by whom these huge animals are greatly dreaded, have not this remedy at hand; but they also have discovered, that the whale is impatient of unpleasant odours. They fix a piece of castoreum to the fork on which they wind up their fishing lines; and when this is thrown into the water, the whales presently plunge down and disappear. Oil of juniper will also drive them off. It is by si-

milar means that man must learn to protect himself against the insect tribes, the most annoying of his enemies, and against many of whom there is no other possible means of defence. The white streaked eagle formerly built its nest on Tintholm, one of the smallest islands of the group, but which was then inhabited, as is proved by the still existing ruins of some houses. One day an eagle darted upon an infant, which was lying at a little distance from its mother, and carried it to its nest; this was upon a rock, so steep towards the summit, that the boldest bird catchers had never ventured to climb it. The mother, however, ascended; but she came too late. The child was dead, and its eyes torn out. This destructive bird is no longer to be found in Feroe; if at any time a solitary one strays thither, such an invasion is the *unica necessitas* which calls the inhabitants to arms. There is but one of the falcon tribe, the lanner, or falco lanarius, not so large as a pigeon, and yet the tyrant of these islands; the starlings, when pursued by this bird, will take shelter in a church or house, and seek refuge even in the presence of man. They often escape by means of what is called a wind house, a building for drying meat and fish, the sides of which consist of laths placed at a very small distance from each other. Through these the starling slips, and the lanner is frequently found jammed between them, the victim of its own eagerness. The little wren is called, by the Feroese, *musabrouir*, or the mouse's brother; because, like the mouse, it creeps through the chinks in these wind houses, and feasts on the dried meat.

The martin, which, in England, is still considered as bringing good fortune to the house, under the eaves of which it builds its nest, is regarded as a bird of ill omen in Feroe. It never builds here, and the islanders dread its appearance, believing that either there will be a destructive sickness in the country, or that a corpse will soon be carried from the house over which it happens to fly. The crows are singularly troublesome, deriving great part of their subsistence from plunder. Not content with picking seed from the field, they dig up the newly planted potatoes, destroy the barley before it is ripe; cut off the cabbage roots, and those of almost every other garden vegetable; devour the fish which is hung up to dry, and carry off the goslings and ducklings. Necessity has made them omnivorous. They will even enter houses, where people are sitting, in search of prey. Those extraordinary assemblies, which may be called crow courts, are observed here as well as in the Scotch isles. They collect in great numbers, as if they had been all summoned for the occasion. A few of the flock sit with drooping heads; others, says Landt, seem as grave as if they were judges, and some are exceedingly active and noisy. In the course of about an hour the company disperse, and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot. Dr. Edmonston, in his view of the Zetland islands, says that sometimes the meeting does not appear to be complete before the expiration of a day or two, crows coming from all quarters to the session. As soon as they are all arrived, a very general noise ensues, and shortly after, the whole fall upon one or two individuals, and put them to death. When this execution has been performed, they quietly disperse. The crows in Feroe feed also upon shell fish, which they let fall on the rocks from a considerable height. They manage better in this, than the *he matopus ostrilegus*, which sometimes, when a large muscle is gaping, thrusts its bill in, and is caught by the closing shell. The natives have a strange notion about the heron, attributing to it a ridiculous

practice for promoting or rather ensuring digestion, directly the reverse of that medical operation which old fablers have said was borrowed from the stork.

In the winter of 1797, a plague prevailed among the cats in Feroe. There was a very general mortality among them about the same time in England, and that it should have prevailed in these remote islands, when it could not possibly have been communicated by contagion, is a remarkable fact. Sea bathing was tried with little effect; emeticks were administered successfully, but the cases were not sufficiently numerous to establish the remedy. The life of a domestick cat is of some value there; for rats are very numerous; they will destroy a corn field in the course of two nights, and when they can get at the sea fowl, they commit such havock among them, that they leave little to be done by the fowlers. They have, however, since their introduction, nearly rid the islands of mice. The Hanover rat made his appearance there in 1768, arriving upon the wreck of a Norway ship, which was lost on the island of Lewis, and drifted to Suderoe. It is observed that he will not touch any thing that is poisoned. Sagacious as the rat is, this must be owing to the want of skill in disguising the poison; for in England, of which these vermin have made a more complete conquest than any former invader (having literally extirpated the original rat of the country) poison is the most common method of destroying them.

Hay tea, though in England regarded as a new discovery in feeding, is given to the cows in Feroe. It seems to have been long in use in other countries. Fifty years ago, the Dublin Society printed instructions for rearing calves with a portion of this food, according, as they say, to the method practised in divers countries. Kine are subject there to white swellings in the corners of the mouth, which prevent the animal from eating or ruminating, but are easily cut out. If a cow loses its appetite from any other cause, the remedy is a superstitious one. All the churches are covered with living turf; two or three handfulls of grass plucked from that part of the roof which is directly over the choir, the altar, or the pulpit, are supposed to be a specifick. Whitelocke, in his journal (a book every way interesting) describes the sheep and goats as clambering up the Swedish country houses to graze upon the turf with which they are covered; the buildings being very low, and the roof just sloping sufficiently for the wet to run off. This mode of covering houses is common in Feroe. In one part of Stromoe, which is surrounded on all sides by steep hills (except toward the sea) every bull, which is either bred or brought there, becomes exceedingly ferocious and dangerous. The same fact is observed in Borrodale, at the head of Derwentwater, and for the same reason; they are made furious by the echo of their own bellowing.

There is a curious section in this volume under the head of *Amphibia*. "In Feroe there are no frogs, toads, lizards, snakes, or serpents; and no amphibious animal of any kind, a circumstance which is worthy of remark." Certes; but not worthy of a whole section; for this is the whole. This, however, seems to be a Danish way of making chapters. In Horrebow's Natural History of Iceland there are two such; chap. 42. "*Concerning owls.* There are no owls in the whole island." And chapter 72. "*Concerning snakes.* No snakes of any kind are to be met with throughout the whole island." Would that our book makers were equally honest, and when they came to a subject upon which they had no information to communicate, would frankly tell us so, instead of

covering the shallowness of their meaning with the froth of their discourse! In the Danes this is not a trick of book making; it proceeds from their love of method.

One melancholy reflection arises upon perusing this interesting volume. The Feroese, inhabiting a group of rocky islands in a bleak and ungenial climate, and earning great part of their food by the perilous occupations of fishing and fowling, are an inoffensive and good people. In the happier regions of Polynesia and of the sugar islands, where earth almost spontaneously gives its fruit, and man has no other business than that of enjoyment, we behold vices and atrocities disgraceful to human nature. Let it not be supposed that we impute this difference to the effect of climate. God forbid! Of all sophists, those who pretend to regulate morality by degrees of latitude, are the most pernicious. The crimes of the Polynesians are easily accounted for, without arraigning Providence. They are savages; instruct them and convert them, establish among them a good government and a good church discipline, and their depravity will be remedied. The crimes of the Creoles are of a deeper die, for ignorance cannot be pleaded in extenuation. The cause is to be found in the existence of slavery; and the inevitable demoralization which this accursed practice produces, is not checked by any due system of religious instruction. Let those who doubt the efficacy of education and religion, look at what Scotland is, and recollect what it was two centuries ago. At present the Scotch are, beyond all doubt, a peaceable, orderly, and moral nation; two centuries ago they were as turbulent, ferocious, and brutal as the wild Irish are now. The Feroe islands also invite us to a nearer comparison. There are no feudal oppressions; no sore grievances, and sorer vexations to deaden the hopes, check the industry, and prevent the improvement of the people. Can we say this of the Scotch islands? This is a question which we shall soon take occasion to examine.

FROM THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The Conquest of the Miao-tsé; an Imperial Poem, by Kien-Lung, entitled, A Choral Song of Harmony for the first Part of Spring. By Stephen Weston, F. R. S. S. A From the Chinese. 8vo, pp. 58. 1810.

LITTLE did we imagine, when, on a recent occasion,* we were enumerating the many, and almost insurmountable difficulties, which opposed themselves to the student of the Chinese language, that our attention would so speedily be recalled to the subject, by the appearance of the translation of another Chinese work; small, indeed, in point of bulk, and trifling in comparative importance, but more difficult, inasmuch as poetry, in proportion as it becomes more concise and condensed, is more intricate and obscure, than plain prose. Such, however, is the fact. Mr. Weston, a gentleman not altogether unskilled in Asiatick lore, nor wholly untried, it seems, in Chinese literature,† has boldly soared into the metaphorical regions of oriental poetry, and visited the

* See Select Reviews. p. 22 of the present volume.

† Mr. Weston informs us in his preface, that in 1809, he published the translation of a poem of 133 characters, called *Ley-tang*, by *Kien-Lung*.

unfrequented abode of the Chinese muses. Nay more, with a hardihood which evinces a consciousness of his own powers, he has even ventured to leap at once into the poetical saddle of the great *Kien-Lung, Tu-whang-tee, Tien-sha; the Son of Heaven, and the invincible ruler of all that is great and valuable under heaven.*

"He who mounts a tiger," says a Chinese proverb, "will find it no easy matter to alight." But what is a tiger, when compared with the animal which Mr. Weston has ventured to bestride! "a scaly dragon of cerulean hue," [p. 51] a monster with five claws,* and a fiery tail, more dreadful to behold than that celestial scorpion which so fatally alarmed the adventurous son of Merops. Our author has luckily, however, dismounted in safety from his dragon; but, after having thus excited our fears, he must pardon us, if we caution him strongly against relying too much on his good fortune, and trusting himself again to the doubtful docility of a creature, to whose motions and paces he has not been accustomed, and with whose spirit and temper he cannot possibly be acquainted.—*Nate, cave!*

To be serious; we do not think that Mr. Weston has exercised much judgmeut in the choice of a subject for the employment of his talents; or that the result of his labours will prove eminently useful to the general cause of literature. At the same time, we rejoice that so extraordinary, but apparently repulsive, a language, has attracted the notice of this ingenious and persevering soholar; though we cannot recommend him, in the very outset of his studies, to engage with Chinese poetry, still less with poetry which bears the credit of being the production of an imperial brain. Great monarchs may be expected to take great liberties, and not always readily to submit to those fixed and ordinary rules by which the mass of mankind is governed, as well in literary as in political communities.

In our review of the "*Len-Lee*," we entered pretty fully into the singular nature and construction of the written character of the Chinese language, and took occasion, at the same time, to give a slight sketch of Chinese literature. Mr. Weston's poem affords us the opportunity of saying a few words on that particular species of arrangement and choice of characters, which, by analogy, may be denominated Chinese poetry. We say, by analogy, because, strictly speaking, according to our received notions of poetry, the Chinese language can scarcely be said to admit of any. The compositions to which Europeans have attached the name of poetry, are distinguished by the Chinese under the character *shee*, a compound of *yen*, a *word*, and *shee*, a *temple*—the *words of the temple;* by which they probably intend to signify, that these kinds of composition are of *divine* origin, or designed for sacred uses; or, as *yen* is also *to speak*, the character may allude, perhaps, to the *mode of speaking* in temples; poetry having originally constituted no inconsiderable portion of publick instruction, as well as religious worship, among eastern nations. In China, the little that is still practised of the latter, by the priests of Fo, consists wholly of poetry, aided by musick; of short sentences chaunted with an accompaniment of bells, drums, and sonorous stones.

There are two kinds of composition in the Chinese language, which may be brought under the head of poetry; the one written, the other oral; the former addressed solely to the eye, without regard to sound;

* The dragon with five claws is the symbol of imperial sway. Those painted on silks and pottery must have only four claws.

measure, or rhyme; the latter to the eye, or to the ear, or to both. The chief excellence of painted or eye poetry, consists in the selection of such characters, as are either capable of conveying to the mind some agreeable allusion to ancient events, some figurative or metaphorical signification, or, such as, from their component parts, may easily be traced in the history of the idea which they are employed to represent. Such characters, indeed, to a person deprived of sight, are so many dead letters; but, on the other hand, they are capable of conveying as much pleasure to the deaf and dumb, as to others in the full possession of their faculties. Although the excellence of eye poetry, whatever it may be, depends not in any degree either on the measure of syllables, or the consonance of sounds, yet it may possess both measure and rhyme; neither of them, however, is essential to it. To reach the sublime in composition, it is required, that every character should be an allegory, including some complete and perfect idea. Thus, instead of the plain and common character for the *eyes*, a poet would employ another signifying *living pearls*, or perhaps would call them *the stars of the forehead;* for the head he would probably say, *the sanctuary of reason*, &c. Other allusions are employed of more obscure signification; thus the *peaceful solitude of the sage* is represented by a single character, composed of a *spring of water* and a *peach tree*, in allusion to some Chinese worthy, who, flying from the persecution of his enemies, subsisted for some time on peaches and water. Thus, also, from a story recorded of some beautiful widow having disfigured her nose to avoid a second marriage, a gay widow is designated poetically, *as a lady who will not cut off her nose;* and sometimes, *as a lady who will not scruple to cut off her dead husband's nose.* It is not impossible that Voltaire, being strongly infected with the Chinese mania, and well acquainted with the communications of the Jesuit missionaries, may have engrafted this figure upon the well known story of the Ephesian matron, when he sends Azora to her husband's tomb—"pour couper le nez à Zadig." But having, in a former number, entered fully into the nature of compound Chinese characters, we deem it unnecessary to extend our observations now on this part of the subject.

The second kind of Chinese poetry, that which is meant to be "sung or said," has not only a regulated measure, but the verses sometimes rhyme to each other, though this may be considered rather as a circumstance of accident than the result of any settled rule. Indeed an oral language, consisting entirely, as that of China does, of meagre, paronymous monosyllables (from which many letters of our alphabet are excluded) whose terminations are limited either to the vowels, the liquid *l*, the *n*, or *ng*, can afford but little variety of sounds, and must sometimes unavoidably run into a jingle of rhyme; while, on the other hand, it would scarcely be possible to adjust the harmonical consonance of its syllables, by any settled rules. The Chinese, however, say, and probably with truth, that, in ancient times, their verses were short and frequently in rhyme; they are so, in fact, among all nations in the dawn of civilisation. With them, metre and rhyme, or both, afford the easiest and best means of fixing events in the memory. To give more interest to verses of this kind, they were recited in a tone different from that of common conversation. Even at this day, poetry and recitative are with the Chinese inseparable. The verses of the *Shee-king*, collected by Confucius more than 400 years before the Christian era, are repeated in musical cadences, and, in many of the editions, the tone or note

is affixed to each character, in order to show in what manner it ought to be enunciated. Without this tone, for the gratification of the ear, or a due regard to the composition of the characters, to please the eye, the spirit of Chinese poetry must entirely evaporate, and what remains exhibit only a succession of unintelligible monosyllabick sounds. This may be sufficiently illustrated, by writing the sounds of Chinese characters in the letters of our alphabet, which, in fact, is the only way left us, to exhibit a few specimens of Chinese oral poetry. In such a shape, it is almost unnecessary to add, it is not only stripped of all its embellishments, but exposed in a state of perfect nudity.

The following is part of the record of an eclipse of the sun, taken from the *Shee-King:*

"Ché yue, tehé kiao
Chou ge sin-mao
Ge yeou ché tché
Ye koung tché tcheou
Pei yué eul wei
Tsé gé eul wei
Kin tsé shin min
Ye koung tcho ngai."

Of which, the following may be taken as a pretty literal translation:

"Tenth moon's conjunction, first day *sin-mao*, sun had eclipse. All portend bad. Whether sun covered or moon covered, people in general fear bad."

We shall add but a single verse of one of their most popular songs:

"Hau ye to *si-en* wha
Yeu tchau yeu jie to tsai yo kia
Go pun tai poo tchoo mun
Twee tcho *si-en* wha ul lo."

"How delightful this fresh flower! one day morning found it in my house. Being mine I wear it not out of doors, but keep fresh flower and am content!"

All this an European will be very apt to pronounce sad stuff; yet we are assured by the French missionaries that it is *très sublime;* that, according to one (who seems to have read his breviary to a good purpose) if it has not exactly the fire of Pindar, and the sublimity of Homer, it may at least be classed with the psalms of David! Another tells us that the Chinese poets study nature, and may, therefore, be compared with Boileau and Horace; and a third, with great naïveté, asserts, that none of those passages of Homer, wherein the sound is meant to be "an echo to the sense," are surpassed by *tang-tang*, as an imitation of the sound of the gong. One thing at least is certain; the study of Chinese poetry, by a European, is not likely to compensate the labour which he must necessarily bestow, to acquire even a very imperfect knowledge of the plainest compositions of this kind. Among these, the imperial poems of *Kien Lung* are not to be classed, if we may credit the account which Pére Amiot has given of them; namely, that, after more than thirty years application to the study of the Chinese language, in which he wrote and conversed daily, he would have found it utterly impossible to put the "Praise of Moukden" into an intelligible shape, had he not also been conversant with the Mantchoo Tartar language, by which he was enabled to compare the corresponding passages. Yet this poem, as he calls it, has neither metre nor rhyme. The Ode on Tea, from the same imperial pen, is fit only, in our plebeian judgments, to occupy a place in the Almanack des Gourmands, or Mrs. Glass's Art of Cookery; and as neither of those valuable compilations possesses the emperour's receipt for making tea, we shall insert a translation of this culinary ode:

"Set an old three-legged teapot over a slow fire; fill it with water of melted snow; boil it just as long as is necessary to turn fish white, or lobsters red; pour it on the leaves of choice in a cup of youé. Let

it remain till the vapour subsides into a thin mist, floating on the surface. Drink this precious liquor at your leisure, and thus drive away the five causes of sorrow."

If the merit of Kien-Lung's Moukden rested on the selection of its characters, and consequently was meant for the eye. His Miao-tsé is of a different kind, and puts in its claims to gratify the ear. This is sufficiently evident, from the regular measure in which it is composed, and still more so from the melody to which it is set, and of which Mr. Weston has endeavoured to convey some idea by affixing the monosyllables *sol*, *fa*, *me*, *ut*, &c. to the Chinese words in each stanza. Musick being thus the invariable companion of what may strictly be called oral poetry; or, in other words, all measured sentences being meant to be recited in a peculiar tone and modulation of voice, it may not be deemed irrelevant to the subject in hand, if we take a concise view of the state of the musical art as practised in China; for it can scarcely be said that in this country, musick has yet taken the shape of science or system. Like that of the Greeks, it would appear rather, as the abbé Roussier has observed, to be the remaining fragments of some complete system, now no more, belonging to a people more ancient than either of them. The ingenious Baillie was pretty much of the same opinion with regard to the remains of astronomical and mathematical science discovered among the Hindoos. Indeed, throughout the whole peninsula of India, in China, the bordering regions of Tartary, and in all the inferiour nations of Asia, so many dazzling fragments of art and of science are every where scattered around, but so distorted and disjointed, or so awkwardly put together, as to leave little doubt that there existed, at some remote period, in some of those regions, a splendid and magnificent edifice, of which these detached masses are the venerable ruins; but of which neither the site, nor the plan, nor the elevation has yet been discovered. History affords no light to clear up this interesting subject. There is not, in all Hindoostan, a single page that deserves the name; and, although the Chinese boast of a regular and well authenticated series of annals carried back, in an uninterrupted succession, more than 2000 years before the Christian era, yet they are silent, or unsatisfactory, as far as regards the rise and progress of the arts and sciences.

But to return to Chinese musick. Their gamut, or scale of musical notes, is the same natural or diatonick scale as that of the Greeks, consisting of five whole notes and two semitones. These they distinguish by so many characters; but they have neither lines nor spaces to assist in noting down musick, nor do they employ any marks or characters to denote the time, the key, the mode of expression, &c. In point of fact, their scale for instrumental musick, and the instruments themselves, are very imperfect, and the keys so inconsistent, wandering from flats to sharps, and the contrary, that the performers are usually obliged to be directed by a small bell or cymbal. While they are thus playing, a by-stander would say that they had not the least knowledge of semitones, and, indeed, doctor Burney was of opinion, that there were no semitones in the Chinese scale. The doctor, however, would have altered his opinion, if an opportunity had been offered him of hearing a Chinese sing; he would then find him exhibiting such a display of half and intermediate tones, brought out in so drawling and drowsy a manner, as to be perfectly intolerable. In their transitions to a fourth or fifth, instead of rising or falling, as we do, to the intermediate third, they sweep through all the intervening whole tones, half tones, and even quarter tones.

The Chinese airs are almost invariably sung in slow movements, generally in a plaintive and querulous tone, and are mostly accompanied with a guittar of four strings. Doctor Burney imagines that these melodies bear a strong analogy to the old Scottish tunes; indeed he considers their whole scale to be Scottish; and, though he does not say in express terms, that either of those nations is indebted to ancient Greece for its melody, however strong the resemblance in all three; yet, contrary to the opinion of the abbé Roussier, he infers, that they ought all to be considered as original and natural musick. The Chinese are wholly ignorant of counterpoint or playing in parts; sometimes, indeed, an instrument will take the upper or lower octave, which gives an appearance of harmony; but they have no feeling of that union of parts, which, while each keeps its own and proper melody, are so blended together as to produce one whole and perfect concord. In short, the Chinese seem utterly incapable of producing any thing that deserves the name of musick. The studied gravity of their manners, and their unsocial habits, are most unfavourable to the cultivation of this elegant art, which cannot be expected to arrive, even at mediocrity, among a people so little acquainted with the muses, a people whom the loves, and the graces have not yet condescended to visit.

Yet, so excessively conceited are the Chinese in their opinions, respecting their own excellence, that they affect to ascribe, to the powers of their numbers, and to their musick, effects not less extraordinary than those said to have been produced by the lyres of Orpheus and Amphion. The Book of Odes frequently inculcates the doctrine, that, so long as the institutes of the empire continue to be respected, and musick to be cultivated, China will remain a mighty and invincible nation. "Would you conquer your enemies," says one of the emperour's, "diffuse among them tender songs, set to voluptuous melodies, which will soften their hearts and enervate their bodies; after this, send them plenty of women, and your conquest will be complete." This is precisely Voltaire's plan for subduing the Caraibs of St. Vincent; a plan which he probably derived from the passage we have quoted; for he has few claims to originality, or invention. In the same strain of extravagance Père Amiot has composed a large quarto volume, on the excellence of Chinese musick; though it appears, by his own confession, that he knew very little about the matter. "In order," he says, "to obtain the true dimensions of every tone, and the exact measure of the intervals which constitute them, they have submitted to the most painful operations of geometry, to calculations the most tedious and disgusting in the science of numbers;" not one word of which, we are convinced, has the least foundation in truth.

It is remarkable that, in this low state of poetry and musick, there should be found a singular coincidence in the construction and conduct of the Chinese drama and the Italian opera. In both, the dialogue is delivered in a sort of whining and querulous recitative, not exactly monotonous, though seldom rising or sinking through the interval of a third from the general tone. The Chinese recitative is also accompanied with instrumental musick, and the pauses are filled up with a most horrible crash of gongs, drums, trumpets, rattles, and cymbals, a practice, which, we are sorry to say, seems of late years to have been followed by many European composers.

In the Chinese drama, too, the more violent passions are invariably recited in song; and the catastrophe

generally is the last paroxysm of a despairing lover, or the nervous agitation of a criminal going to the gallows. Our knowledge, however, of the real state of the Chinese stage is very imperfect. Of their select pieces, said to be chiefly the production of the 14th century, and consisting of one hundred historical plays, one only has made its appearance in a European dress, and the fidelity of the translation is, with reason, more than suspected. Those wretched performances, usually exhibited before Europeans at Canton, may probably be considered by this conceited people as suited to the taste and capacity of the audience. Any degree of impertinence may be expected from a people who have the arrogance to proclaim the most civilized nations of the earth possessed only of one eye, while heaven in its bounty has furnished the Chinese with two, and left the rest of the world in total darkness. The language of these scenick representations is, in general, grossly indecent, and it is always set off, in the action, by gestures so appropriate, that even the rough and unpolished sailor has sometimes been compelled to leave the theatre in disgust.

After what we have stated on the subject of Chinese musick, we may be allowed to express our doubts as to the legitimacy of the title which Mr. Weston has thought proper to place at the head of his poem. He calls it "*A Choral Song of Harmony*," but as their musick does not admit of that union of sounds which constitutes harmony, they consequently cannot have any such word to express it in their language. It is rather a simple song of melody, consisting of thirty stanzas, which may be considered as a succession of bulletins, composed and set to musick by *Kien-Lung*, probably to beguile the time, during the progress of a five year's campaign. Each stanza has four columns of seven characters or syllables, making in the whole 840 characters. Not having the text before us, we are unable to say what number of different characters it may contain, but we scruple not to give our opinion, that if they amount to 100, Mr. Weston has taken too much trouble in turning over the leaves of his Chinese dictionary that number of times, in order to pick out the doubtful sense, and, after all, to adopt perhaps a different one from that in which *Kien-Lung* employed them. While we applaud that indefatigable pursuit of knowledge which actuates Mr. Weston, and the fruits of which are apparent in the catalogue of his works, inserted at the end of this little volume, we cannot but earnestly repeat our advice to him, by all means to abandon Chinese poetry, we had almost said Chinese literature, but for the unwillingness we feel to repress the laudable curiosity of so venerable a tyro. We shall, therefore, suggest that there is not wanting in this country a variety of Chinese books in prose, the contents of which would be acceptable, if rendered into our language; and it is a new field, whose cultivation would, we will venture to say, amply compensate all the labour and attention which he might be required to bestow upon it.

The subject of *Kien-Lung's* poem is, "The Conquest of the *Miao-tsé*," or the mountaineers who border on the western provinces of China, particularly on those of *Setchuen* and *Koei-tcheou*, which borders, however, by a trifling geographical errour, occasioned, it would seem, by a laudable desire to correct a supposed mistake of sir George Staunton [note, p. 4] Mr. Weston has unluckily placed in "*Hou-nan*, in the very heart of China." The *miao-fee* mentioned by sir George Staunton were a set of rebellious subjects in *Hou-nan;* the *Miao-tsé* were an independent horde on the borders of China; so little reliance is to be placed on Chinese

monosyllables written in any of the European letters. The history of these hordes of independent people is briefly as follows: About the beginning of the reign of *Kien-Lung* the *Miao-tsé* had occasioned very serious alarm to the neighbouring provinces by their incursions and depredations. A large army was, in consequence, sent against them; but the Chinese general was baffled in all his attempts to subdue them, ultimately defeated, and, as a matter of course, recalled to the capital, where he lost his head. The officer who succeeded to the command, instead of carrying on a destructive war with these hardy mountaineers, sent presents to their chiefs, and thus contrived to keep them in order, while the court of Pekin was easily persuaded that the *Miao-tsé* had submitted to the arms of the emperour, and acknowledged his authority. This state of tranquillity, however, was but of short duration. These restless tribes once more sallied forth, and a favourite general, at the head of 120,000 men, was sent to reduce them to submission. Ignorant, however, of the nature of the country, as well as of the temper of the enemy, he pushed through the narrow defiles of the mountains, and so entangled his army among the woods and fastnesses, that the greater part of it was either cut off by the natives, or perished for want of supplies. At length, however, a general was selected, who, after a five years' campaign, was fortunate enough to succeed in reducing the tribe *Miao-tsé*, bordering on *Se-tchuen*, to do homage to the emperour of China; and this event is the ground work of the "Imperial Poem by *Kien-Lung*, entitled, a Choral Song of Harmony for the first Part of the Spring."

One of the thirty stanzas (and we shall take the first of them) will be quite sufficient for us to transcribe as a specimen of *Kien-Lung's* poetical powers, and of Mr. Weston's metaphrastick translation, which, by the way, is the only sort of translation that can convey a just idea of the original:

"*Nien*	*se*	*tchong*	*tseoo*	*ye*	*tchoo*	*shee*
Twenty	four	middle	8th month	night	1st to 3d watch	time
Mou-lan	*ing*	*lee*	*tee*	*hong*	*kee*	
Mou-lan	camp	banner	letter brought	red	flag with two dragons	
Pen	*lai*	*poo*	*mo*	*vouen*	*koon*	*pau*
Principal	made	strange	how could I	believe	army	reward
Shoo	*pouei*	*kin*	*siau*	*voaen*	*Kien-tchée*	
Proclaim	early	morning	night	like	see."	

To which stanza, with the help of a few "winged words," and other auxiliaries, Mr. Weston has contrived to give the following meaning:

"It was on the twenty fourth of the eighth moon, between the second and third watch, in the middle of the night, in the camp of *Mou-lan*, that they came to tell me of the arrival of a messenger from the army with a red flag. How could I believe that this night I should see the certain sign of victory, and have so early an occasion of proclaiming the glory and reward of my army."

Our readers will not thank us for obtruding on their patience any more specimens of *Kien-Lung's* thirty musical bulletins, or of Mr. Weston's translation of them. The poor, old emperour is so much amused with the arrival of the "red flag," that it is paraded through no less than seven stanzas. He can neither put off his clothes during the night, nor sleep for joy; [p. 29] his attendants are equally delighted, and cry out, "no more fighting! no more soldiers! no more war weapons!" [p. 42.] In fine, having subdued the rebellious foe "that fled

like wild geese before them," [p. 44] his troops are to receive the rewards of their toils; "the robe of peace with its scaly dragons of cerulean hue," is assigned to the general; and "baldricks, that stream like the belt of the heavens," are to be distributed among his officers.

In a verbal translation from a language like that of China, it would be idle to look for elegance of expression, strength of diction, or powers of versification; a language so remarkably scanty in words cannot possess any of these qualities; but it is sufficiently copious to express both feeling and sentiment, and very capable of conveying, by its compound characters, new and striking images; yet, if Mr. Weston's translation be correct, as we make no doubt it is, nothing of the kind appears in the whole poem. It is true the emperour utters something like a moral feeling, where he says, "that he has now sent the ox to graze, and the horse to his stable, as it was ever his pure intention," [p. 44.] At the same time, this apparent mildness of disposition is destroyed by the ferocious delight he seems to anticipate in the execution of the rebel, or rather hostile chiefs, who, under promise of pardon, had been allured to Pekin [p. 48.] The few images which he introduces, and the comparisons he makes use of, bear no stamp of an imperial origin. In his Ode on Tea, we have heard him talk of boiling water long enough to turn lobsters red; here he says, "the blast of his artillery choaked up the embrazures of their fortresses, as the breath of a fish is stopped when thrown into a cauldron of boiling water" [p. 33] In fact, *Kien-Lung*, like the eating heroes of the Iliad, seems to have had a taste of culinary matters, and could probably have served up a *perpetual chine* as dexterously as Agamemnon himself. In another place he tells us that the enemy, "like flies of a larger size, preys upon men." [p. 49] We are not aware that any of our travellers have noticed these anthropophagous flies. Mr. Weston, perhaps, may have made some little mistake, and given the literal for the metaphorical sense. It is possible, however, that although these similies savour a little of the vulgar to us, they may, to a native, partake of the sublime and beautiful. They are at least imperial, and that consideration is quite enough to give them currency among the Chinese.

We would just hint to Mr. Weston, that it is by no means necessary a book on a particular subject should be eked out with "shreds and patches" which have no relation whatever to it. We would not have recommended, for instance, that an imperial poem on a military campaign, should be prefaced with a shopkeeper's card, stating the price of his silks, nor with a translation of the common inscription on the small tablets of China ink. Nor can we conceive that his book would have suffered materially had he omitted the appendix of *one* page, purporting to give a list of "certain words in the *European* languages that bear an accidental resemblance to the names of Chinese characters, both in sound and sense;" more especially as out of the twelve words in the *European* languages of which it is composed, *five* of them are stated to be *Persian* and *Arabick*. We are also much at a loss to discover, under another part of the appendix, entitled: "A specimen of modern Chinese characters that have some likeness to the things they stand for," what possible degree of similitude there can exist between the character *Kien* (compounded of the character *woman* thrice repeated) and its signification *adultery*, and *holding communication with the enemy*. This, it may be recollected, is one of those compound characters, concerning which, in our review of the "penal code," we confessed our inability to trace the connexion between the

component parts of the character and its signification. Mr. Weston, however, finds no difficulty, but boldly asserts "that *kien*, three women [*neu*] means adultery, and communication with the enemy; because he who has to do with three women, to one of whom he is married, communicates with the enemies of his wife." This explanation may, perhaps, be satisfactory to Mr. Weston, though it is rather beyond our comprehension. Perhaps, however, it may be as he says in Europe, but "they order these things better" in Asia. In this delightful region of the world, where there is no such thing as love, and consequently none of the tormenting pangs of jealousy, the first, or *equal* wife, contrives to be comfortable enough with all the inferiour wives whom her good husband may think proper to introduce into his household establishment. The Chinese, indeed, have a common maxim, that "three wives are more easily managed than two. We would just observe, that in this list of *modern* characters, we verily believe, not one of them to be less than two thousand years old; many of them probably date their origin from the foundation of the empire. The signature of Confucius, for instance, which is one of them, must have been in use since the fifth century before the Christian era. We notice these little lapses and inconsistencies merely as the effect of carelessness and hasty composition; which, however, both for the sake of the reputation of the author, as well as for the prevention of erroneous impressions on the reader, should be avoided as much as possible.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

A Comparative View of the Plans of Education, as detailed in the Publications of Dr. Bell and Mr. Lancaster. The Second Edition. With Remarks on Dr. Bell's "Madras School;" and Hints to the Managers and Committees of Charity and Sunday Schools, on the practicability of extending such Institutions upon Mr. Lancaster's Plan. By Joseph Fox. 8vo. pp. 76. London. 1809.*

Instructions for forming and conducting a Society for the Education of the Children of the labouring Classes of the People, according to the general Principles of the Lancastrian or British Plan. Second Edition, with considerable Additions. 8vo. pp. 30. London. 1810.*

The New School; being an Attempt to illustrate its Principles, Details, and Advantages. By Sir Thomas Bernard, Bart. Third Edition. 8vo. pp. 111. London. 1810.†

THESE tracts relate to one of the most interesting and momentous subjects which have ever attracted the notice of those whose stations or whose virtues, give them an influence over the lot of their fellow creatures. A method has been devised, and, after various improvements, seems now to be brought very near to perfection, by which the blessings of education may be extended to persons in the lower ranks of society, at a price within the reach of all but the poorest, and to them also, with a very moderate assistance from their happier brethren; by which the

* The two first mentioned works are printed at Mr. Lancaster's press; an establishment, the profits of which are devoted to the promotion of his system.

† This tract is published for and by the Society for bettering the condition of the poor; of which Mr. (now sir T.) Bernard has long been a most active and distinguished member.

facility of learning is incalculably augmented to children of every class, and a vast saving of time secured, even to those whose circumstances may put economy of money out of the question; while the facility of teaching is so much increased, that, within almost any given time, an indefinite number of instructers can be provided. This method, which, from its regular form and successful, experimental improvements, we may well denominate a practical system, having, from the first, attracted considerable attention, has of late (owing, in some degree, to certain hostile demonstrations on the part of the bigoted and persecuting classes of society) increased in popularity, and shown signs of spreading, we would fain hope, over the whole empire. It is with the view of contributing our aid to so great and good a work, and of recording the history of the system, that we now again bring this subject before our readers, after an interval of three years; during which, the new doctrines have been working their way, through the affected contempt of some, and the feeble and forgotten resistance of others.

We have, on former occasions [see Select Reviews, vol. I, page 73] explained the principles of this plan of education, and traced their operation in practice; and we refer the reader to those articles, and to the excellent writings of Mr. Lancaster and Dr. Bell themselves, for a full elucidation of the system. We purpose, at present, to consider the questions connected with its more general diffusion; and it is with unfeigned regret, that, in the outset of this inquiry, we find ourselves involved in a controversy, which we heartily wish we could avoid, on every account; from our respect for the excellent persons engaged on both sides; from a natural dislike of all such disputes; but more especially from an apprehension, that the great cause itself may suffer by a protracted discussion among persons, who, having the same benevolent object in view, should exert themselves in perfect harmony to attain it.

The subject now before us, the extension of popular education, gives rise to two distinct questions. It has, unhappily, been contended by some persons, that no good can result from promoting the instruction of the bulk of the community. They have even pretended to foresee a variety of evils, as likely to originate in the greater diffusion of knowledge; and, combining with their fanciful anticipations of danger, views of past events just as fanciful, have not scrupled to raise apprehensions of anarchy, tumult, and revolution, from the progress of information among the people. The first question, then, and one of a preliminary nature, is raised by those persons; and, should their objections be successfully obviated, there follows, of course, the inquiry as to the best means of diffusing education; which involves the matters in dispute between the patrons of the different plans now under consideration.

The general objections to educating the poor need not, surely, detain us long. Had they not received a higher sanction in the authority of some eminent statesmen, than they usually claim from the character of their ordinary supporters, we should willingly have left them to their fate. They are certainly not of a modern date; and the following passage from Mandeville will show that they are not purely of clerical origin. After expatiating upon the uses of poverty in society, and the necessity of keeping up, by all possible means, the stock of poor people, this licentious writer proceeds: "To make society happy, and people easy, under the meanest circumstances, it is requisite that great numbers of them should be igno-

rant, as well as poor. Knowledge both enlarges and multiplies our desires; and the fewer things a man wishes for, the more easily his necessities may be supplied."* Now, were it not trifling with our readers to answer such positions, we might observe in passing, that his two arguments in favour of ignorance and of poverty, are altogether at variance with each other; for, the more contented a poor man is, the less will he work; and you have no surer way of getting him to labour, than by multiplying his desires; that is, by enlarging his knowledge. Dr. Mandeville always supposes, like his orthodox followers in modern times, that, by increasing the knowledge of a poor man, you give him, not merely new desires, but new supplies, without labour, both of those necessities which he always had, as well as new gratifications of his newly acquired desires. In this strain he proceeds: "The welfare and felicity of every state and kingdom, require, that the knowledge of the working poor should be confined within the verge of their occupations, and never extended (as to things visible) beyond what relates to their calling. The more a shepherd, a ploughman, or any other peasant, knows of the world, and the things that are foreign to his labour or employment, the less fit he'll be to go through the fatigues and hardships of it with cheerfulness and content."† The answer to all which is so singularly apt, in a subsequent passage of the same work, that we shall save our own time by placing them together. "A man," he observes, "who has had some education, may follow husbandry by choice, and be diligent at the dirtiest and most laborious work; but then the concern must be his own; and *avarice*, the *care of a family*, or *some other pressing motive*, must put him upon it."‡ It is, no doubt, exactly so. The *pressing motive* of want alone could make any man work as a day-labourer; nor will all the learning of the schools lessen that motive, unless knowledge shall somehow or other acquire the property of filling the belly or covering the back. Nor, again, is it educated men alone to whom Dr. Mandeville's remark applies, unless he can also show that, without reading and writing, a man cannot tell whether or not he wants food and clothing. And then, if it be said that a learned peasant will neither do without eating, nor work to gain his bread, it must follow, that the love of labour, for its own sake, is natural to man, and that it requires deep learning to make him prefer plenty and ease.

But let us look to his other arguments; for it does so happen, that this *pious* author has anticipated all the topicks which have lately illuminated some of our pulpits, excepting the common addition of the French revolution, which is, now-a-days, added to every argument against improvement, as regularly as the money counts, or the names of two distinguished legal characters, are to certain parts of a record. Dr. Mandeville pursues his reasoning thus: "Reading, writing, and arithmetick, are very necessary to those whose business requires such qualifications; but, where people's livelihood has no dependence on these arts, they are very pernicious to the poor, who are forced to get their daily bread by their daily labour. Few children make any progress at school, but, at the same time, they are capable of being employed in some business or other; so that every hour those sort of poor people spend at their book, *is so much time lost to the society*."§ To which the answer is obvious: Either instruct children at so early an age,

* Fable of the Bees, vol. 1. p. 256. (Essay on Charity, and Charity Schools.)
† Id. Ibid. ‡ Ibid. p. 258. § Ibid. p. 257.

that the loss of their labour is not worth the trouble of reckoning; or, if you teach them when they might be employed in earning their subsistence, take care to let their parents maintain them all the while; and educate no one for nothing, unless his parents can, at the same time, afford to support him. This check will affix limits, within which the gratuitous assistance of the higher classes never can, by possibility, either diminish the industry of the lower orders, or in the smallest degree derange the general structure of society. And let it be observed, that this remark presupposes no material benefit to be derived from the education of the children in question; nothing to be communicated which is worth the value of their labour.

The *reverend* author, whose work we are consulting, then brings forward another, and one of the most favourite of the modern topicks: "Reading and writing," he says, "are not attained to without some labour of the brain, and assiduity; and before people are tolerably versed in either, they esteem themselves infinitely above those who are wholly ignorant of them; often with as little justice and moderation, as if they were of another species."* To this also, the answer very commonly given, seems quite irrefragable; that if all men were well educated, no one would be vain of his acquirements, any more than any man is, in this country, vain of wearing a hat; which, nevertheless, is, in some countries, a distinction confined to the prince; and, of course, an object of great vanity. Akin to this, is the notion, that the education of the poor would be hostile to subordination; an argument much used in the present day, and mixed up with the "French revolution;" but fully expounded by our *venerable* author, although without that addition: "When obsequiousness and mean services are required, we shall always observe, that they are never so cheerfully, nor so heartily performed, as from inferiours to superiours; I mean inferiours, not only in riches and quality, but likewise in knowledge and understanding. A servant can have no unfeigned respect for his master, as soon as he has sense enough to find out that he serves a fool. When we are to learn or to obey, we shall experience in ourselves, that the greater opinion we have of the wisdom and capacity of those that are either to teach or command us, the greater deference we pay to their laws and instructions. No creatures submit contentedly to their equals; and should a horse know as much as a man, I should not desire to be his rider."† But, surely, it does not follow, that, because the poor learn something, the rich may not learn more. Nor, even if it did, would there be any proof given, that his learning must needs make a poor man despise his equals in knowledge; for, by the argument, they are only put on an equality. However, we utterly deny the whole of the facts on which this argument rests. As long as a man cannot live without labour, he will work, and no longer; whether he be ignorant or well informed. As long as servility is necessary to some men's livelihood, they will obey others who can support them. As long as servility is conducive to the fortunes, or supposed interests of some men, or to their gratification, they will truckle and fawn to their superiour, we much fear, without inquiring exactly whether he is their equal in learning or abilities. It is truly lamentable to see how far a theory will carry some people. Had Dr. Mandeville lived in a cloister (we ought, perhaps, rather to say a hermitage; or, at least, a convent where there was no supe-

* Id. Ibid.

† Id. p. 258.

riour) we might have expected to find him alarmed lest the progress of learning should level the distinctions of rank, and knowledge bear away their just influence from wealth, nobility, and power. But he lived in the world of squires and parsons; of patrons and poets; of dowagers and physicians; to which class he himself belonged; nay, he was born in the country of burgomasters, and passed a great part of his life in a land of bishops, priests, and deacons. But what shall we say of those who reecho his doctrines from the very centres of patronage and dependency? who, having reached the heights of society, by bowing down their knowledge and talents before wealthy ignorance and titled imbecility, cry out to the multitudes, over whose heads they have thus crawled. "Beware of knowledge, for it begets *pride!*" who feeling—one should hope, painfully feeling—how requisite to their progress abject submissiveness had been, and how useless mere merit, all of a sudden, and without changing their own humble nature towards such as are still above them, begin to feel, or to affect, a dread, lest the scattering of a little knowledge should absolve men from the necessity of cringing; reduce the office of a courtier to a sinecure; and people our levees, cathedrals, and counting houses with Spartans, and Catos, and Andrew Marvels!

We lament to find Dr. Bell* among the followers of Mandeville. We do not impute to his writings the intentions of that licentious author, or the immoral tendencies of his works; any more than we do his eloquence, his wit, or his acuteness. But we find the same foolish alarm about the dangers of knowledge to society; with this further exception, that as Dr. Bell is friendly to a certain portion of education, nay, has been one of the most useful promoters of the new system; when he comes to boggle at the *excess*, and to draw lines of distinction between reading, which is innocent, and writing and arithmetick, which are pernicious, he exposes himself to a charge of inconsistency, perhaps, not to be paralleled in the history of feebleness and bigotry; a charge from which his intrepid predecessor is wholly free. "It is not proposed," he says [p. 90, 3d ed.] "that the children of the poor be educated in an expensive manner, or even *taught to write and cipher*. Utopian schemes [*Utopian* our readers will recollect, always mean *modern*, or *French*] for the diffusion of general knowledge, would soon *realize the fable of the belly and the other members of the body*, and confuse that distinction of ranks and classes of society, on which the general welfare hinges, and the happiness of the lower orders, no less than that of the higher, depends." "There is a risk," he afterwards adds, "of *elevating*, by an indiscriminate education, the minds of those doomed to the drudgery of daily labour *above their condition*, and thereby rendering them discontented and unhappy in their lot." Now, passing over the manifest absurdity of supposing that all this can arise from *writing and ciphering*; whilst from *reading* to any extent, the worthy author apprehends no danger; does he really think that the influence of the belly over the other members, is founded in matter of opinion, or of fancy? Let him look once more into his Roman history (in *reading* there can be no danger; though we see now there may actually be some in *writing*) and he will find that he has

* To prevent all misconception, we must add, that it is in no respect whatever to Dr. Bell that we apply the remarks in the last paragraph. He owes his preferment to his intrinsick merits, and to the unsolicited patronage of the prelate, to whom he was personally quite unknown.

made a slip, of which Mandeville never would have been guilty. The limbs, puffed up with pride, mad, as it were, with too much learning, mutinied against the belly. But how did their rebellion end? Why, they were speedily, for all their learning and pride, starved into implicit obedience. And, to make the blunder of Dr. Bell still more unhappy, this fable was expressly introduced by the orator for the purpose of showing the *necessary* and natural dependence of the lower on the higher ranks, a purpose which it effectually served. "*Comparando hinc,*" says Livy, "*quam intestina corporis seditio similis esset vice plebis in patres, flexisse mentes hominum.*" [*Dec. I. lib.* 2.] It is thus that the fable of the belly and the other members always will be realized. And admitting (what it seems somewhat extravagant so constantly to assume) that the natural effect of knowledge is folly and discontent, until it shall also have the effect of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, we may feel quite secure against its either promoting idleness or revolt.

To all fears of the tendency which the diffusion of knowledge may have towards injuring the character of mankind, one answer has often been given, which seems absolutely decisive. Those fears, if well founded, go infinitely too far. They go to prevent all books from being published; all pictures from being exhibited; all discourse from being held among men, without the presence of the civil magistrate. Immoral or seditious books may, it is very true, be read by the people, if you teach them to read; but, then, so may improper discourses be heard, and improper pictures gazed at. And unless every one of them is kept equally ignorant, it signifies nothing to restrain a few, or even the greater number; for one man may read and tell; and they who repeat may make it worse; and, unless every book containing free discussion is prohibited, it is of no use to keep the multitude on short allowance of reading; because the few they do read, may do all the mischief. Nay, the less a man reads, the more likely he is to be misled by plausible errours, or injured by unsound morality; so that what is so safe to the well informed, that no legislature could think of suppressing it, may, to the ignorant, be dangerous in the extreme. And, accordingly, the evils which are now not unfrequently occasioned by the daily press, are owing entirely to the ignorance of the community.

As it is not our design, here, to enter at large into a question so trite, and, one should hope, so well settled as the present, we have only occupied ourselves in replying to the arguments most commonly urged against popular education, taking them where we could find them, both best stated and urged by a writer whom there was little danger in attacking. We shall not detain the reader with many words upon the positive benefits to be expected from a more general diffusion of knowledge. We should almost be contented to put the question upon one issue: Are talents equally distributed among the different orders of the community? or, is it contended that persons of a certain yearly income engross, among them, all the natural genius of the human race? We apprehend, that the most devoted slave of aristocracy will scarcely maintain the affirmative of the latter question. If, then, among two millions of persons, in the lower ranks, who now receive no education at all, there are a certain proportion of fine understandings, utterly buried, and for ever lost to the world, for want of cultivation; would it not be worth while to give all that brute matter a certain degree of attention, for the bare chance, that, in the mass, some vein of exquisite lustre may be made to

shine in the general polishing; for the possibility that some "mute inglorious Milton", may, perchance, be roused into deathless song; some Chatham awakened to stay the fate of empire; or another Newton, to raise the species itself in the scale of universal being. Fanciful, and even puerile, as the topick will, no doubt, seem to many of our readers, we cannot, by any means, abandon it, without admitting one of two positions, both of which are unquestionably absurd; either, that such minds are only to be found in families of a certain rank; or that, to give them a chance of displaying themselves, something more than education is required. But, to some readers, it will be a better defence, if we remind them, that the very argument which we have just stated, forms the chief of the reasons urged by Dr. Paley, in support of a national, religious establishment. It is, indeed, his answer to the main objection urged against a separate order of clergy. "We sow," says he [*Moral Philosophy, II.* 308.] "many seeds to raise one flower. In order to produce a few capable," &c.

To other readers, it might be more satisfactory, were we to enter upon that beaten question, of the connexion between morals and education; but we must confine ourselves to a few facts, which, being of recent occurrence, may be viewed as additions to the ample evidence already produced on this part of the subject. Mr. Raikes (whose enlightened and active benevolence is too well known to need our feeble testimony) has stated, that, during a period of twenty years, that is, since the first establishment of Sunday schools at Gloucester, about 3000 children have received education there; and, though he has regularly visited the county and city jails, he only has met, during that period, with *one instance of criminality*, in any of those 3000 persons. In like manner, Mr. Lancaster has never yet had occasion to learn, that any one of the four thousand children whom he has educated at the borough school (though taken from the lowest classes of society) has been charged, in a court of justice, with any offence; a piece of information, which, there is every reason to think, some of his enemies would have been too glad to communicate, had there existed such instance.

We shall hereafter have occasion to consider, more particularly, some of the calumnies lately vented against particular plans of education, for the most base and unworthy purposes. "*Revolutionary*" is the word generally resorted to by the meek, discerning, and pious personages to whom we allude; but, at present, we have only to do with the similar charge brought against *all* attempts to diffuse knowledge among the lower orders; brought, too, not by such interested and contemptible intriguers, but by men of unimpeachable character and unquestionable talents. There is nothing in this unhappy errour more to be regretted, than that it lends a sort of countenance to the arts of those little souls. When a being like Mr. Windham was seen to question the advantages of knowledge, from his fear of revolution (a fear which all men knew to be in him serious and systematick) the world felt mortified and humiliated; not because his resistance was likely to retard the progress of education, when it had been found so unavailing to protect the slave trade; not because it was afflicting to be forced to differ from such a man on any great question; nor yet because all the sad vicissitudes of human affairs offer no more humbling spectacle than the "fears of the brave and follies of the wise;" but because a protection was afforded to timidity and weakness; a veil was thrown over low, selfish artifice, under which it might take shelter and es-

cape detection, while it worked in secret the gain of the few, out of the publick loss; a sort of false lustre was shed by the high name, the unsullied honour, the fine genius, and exquisite accomplishments of so rare a personage, over the paltry things who were crawling, by accident, in the same path, but whom it would be a sort of sacrilege to name, in the same page with Mr. Windham. His fame, indeed, could not be contaminated by the unnatural association, any more than it could suffer by the fellowship which all lovers of *practical* corruption affected with the most illustrious enemy of reform. But it is the lot of extraordinary virtue, that, though it may pass unhurt through the darkness of errour, and sojourn undefiled in the tabernacles of the wicked, its eclipses more or less benight the age; and its evil communion lends strength to the arms of corruption.

We come now to that system of education which forms the subject of the works before us. Its general advantages, which we briefly stated in the outset of this article, are so vast, and so happy is the facility with which it may be introduced into any community, that its successful diffusion was, from the beginning, almost certain. This has been, however, retarded by some attempts, of which we are unwilling to speak harshly; because it is *possible* that they may have had their origin only in mistaken zeal for establishments that were never in danger, or in a real blindness to what, we think, no man of understanding, who considers the subject, can fail to look upon as the right path.

The system was first introduced, into this country at least, by Joseph Lancaster; a man so well known to all our readers, that it would be impertinent to detain them with any praise of his universally acknowledged merits. Thus much is admitted on all hands. Whether he invented the plan himself, or only imported it from Madras, or took a hint from that scheme, and improved upon it, is an after question. But there is no one who has ever denied, that he was the first who established in England (we may say in Europe) a system of education, whereby one master can teach a thousand, or even a greater number of children, not only as well, but a great deal better, than they can possibly be taught by the old methods, and at an expense of less than five shillings a year for each. While he was gradually bringing this plan to perfection, and struggling with the various difficulties which the novelty of his subject, and the slender amount of his pecuniary resources, almost daily opposed to his progress, his undertaking succeeded sufficiently to attract the notice of some distinguished patrons among the nobility and gentry of the metropolis; and, what was of infinitely greater moment, on every account, he obtained the countenance and support of the royal family; the king himself, to his immortal honour, standing forward to set the example. Had it not been for this most auspicious circumstance, there is no sort of doubt, that an outcry would have been speedily raised, by intrigue or bigotry, sufficient to have overwhelmed, in an instant, this meritorious person and his system together. For some of those persons, who, being on the look-out after comfortable temporalities, have a peculiarly nice sense of the approach of danger to the spiritual concerns of the community, soon discovered that this plan of education was fraught with the worst dangers, both to the church and to religion itself. Mr. Lancaster was a sectary; a respected and cherished member of that peaceful body of Christians, who alone never either persecuted, nor fought, nor intrigued, nor ruled; and who, having no establishment, nor, indeed, any order of priests, are not much in favour with such as delight to min-

gle, with the pure, clerical functions of Christian ministers, the enjoyment of patronage, wealth, and power. If then the first alarm was given, by the idea of "*the poor being taught*," a louder note was soon sounded, when it was found that "*the poor were to be taught by a quaker*." A thorough sifting of the plans and practices of Mr. Lancaster was then performed; for the countenance of the sovereign prevented an outcry of "*no quakery*;" and the law was against his being operated upon by fire.

From this scrutiny, various charges were collected and set forth by a reverend lady, who, without exactly possessing the kind of talents which render Mrs. Hannah More and Miss Edgeworth the envy of their sex, and the ornaments of their country, has unquestionably written as many volumes as both put together. Mrs. Trimmer, however, though extremely well disposed, was not very successful; and the cry which she set up was not much echoed, and soon died away. No doubt, she exhibited many charges against the system; scarcely a leaf of Lancaster's books was there, that did not teem with the principles of infidelity; or one of his practical methods, that did not aim some blow at the church, or the state, or the morals of England. Nor were the blows struck feebly, or at random. What more deadly attack upon religion, than teaching children to read the bible, without prescribing also the gloss and commentary which episcopacy has sanctioned? What greater injury to the establishment, than to instil the Christian religion, pure as it flows from the inspired penmen, without conveying along with it the thirty nine articles of the church of England? What more palpable satire against hereditary rank and the British constitution, than the practice of giving the children of paupers medals to wear about their necks, as rewards for spelling or reading? Nay, what lesson more hurtful to the morals, than teaching habits of ridicule, by allowing the boys to point or laugh at a slovenly or idle companion, instead of laying on, with "truly British vigour," the good, old birch of our ancestors? Will it be believed, that such alluring topicks almost wholly failed? Will it be credited, by those who read the history of Ireland during the last four years, that, during the same period, a cry, raised by persons both orthodox and feeble, upon such admirable grounds, was scarcely repeated at the moment, and is now almost quite forgotten? This phenomenon we owe to the honest and intrepid support which the monarch, the head of the church, gave to the oppressed sectary; and we really do, in our conscience, think it the brightest passage in the history of his long and eventful reign.

To some persons, however, the allurements held out by Mrs. Trimmer and her brethren, proved irresistible; and, among the first to be overpowered, was Mr. Archdeacon Daubeny. Indeed, like other great steps in the progress of society, it is not quite well ascertained which had the glory of converting the other; and the future historian will probably inquire, with anxiety, whether the reverend dignitary, or the voluminous female, first sounded that alarm, which had so much less success than its merits deserved; that only cry of danger to the church which ever failed. Certain it is, that the archdeacon was the first who sounded it from the pulpit. This is what not even the reverend lady can contest with him. In a visitation charge to the clergy of his diocese,* he denounced Joseph Lancaster as an infidel and a deist; or, if not so himself, as the tool of deists; and

* Sarum, June, 1806.

his system of education as "deism, under the imposing guise of philanthropy, making a covert approach to the fortress of Christianity, with a view to be admitted within her walls".

Still the cry did not spread. Somehow or other it did not answer. There was "more cry than wool;" and the practitioners in this line seemed shy of touching the subject. Lancaster published a confession of faith, sufficiently ample and earnest to satisfy the most orthodox Christian. The archdeacon was silent for a season; and there was no offence in Mrs. Trimmer's mouth. The new system flourished more and more. The subscription increased daily. The steady patronage of the royal family continued to defend and to promote it. By the assistance of his friends, the financial concerns of the able and zealous projector were reduced to order and regularity. Schools were established in different parts of the country; and tens of thousands of poor children were receiving the inestimable blessings of education, and acquiring regular habits of industry, who would otherwise have languished in ignorance and vice. The friends of ignorance and persecution began to suspect, that they had mistaken their age or country; or, at any rate, that they had not hit upon the right mode of attack; and, as it was obvious that the new system of education must succeed, and spread over the world, the only thing that remained was, to try and get the management of it into their own hands, whereby they might hope both to alter the course, and moderate the vehemence of its operation; at once to dole out to the lower orders that lower degree of knowledge which best fits their station, and that peculiar kind of instruction which most exactly suited their own interests and opinions. The cry, therefore, now became prevalent among the same persons, that it was the province of the establishment to educate the poor; that a sectary could only teach sectarian, or, at any rate, latitudinarian principles; and that, if the regular clergy did not take up the subject, the church, perhaps the religion itself, was gone. But the difficulty remained nearly as before. The royal family patronized Lancaster's plan; therefore, it must be attacked with infinite caution, out of delicacy to the royal feelings; always amiable and worthy; and never more so than when excited by the state of the poor; but, unhappily, by some misfortune, upon this occasion, taking a course, upon the whole, not quite satisfactory. Moreover, the plan itself, or something like it, would alone answer the universal demand of all ranks for a better system of popular education. Therefore, in order to supplant the sectary, there must be found a churchman; and the irregular, empirical scheme, already spreading with the rapidity of errour, and the steadiness of truth, must be succeeded by some more correct, orderly, clerical system, which should at once resemble it, and coincide with the establishment. By this means, the progress of the successful plan might be stopt; its misguided adherents reclaimed from their errours; and the royal patronage itself (the grand difficulty through the whole business) be either withdrawn and transferred to the regular establishment; or, at any rate, divided and weakened.

It happened, most fortunately for this design, that, about the period alluded to, the archbishop of Canterbury should have extended his patronage to Dr. Bell, whom he had called from his retirement at Swanage, to superintend a charity school; and that the bishop of Durham still more munificently bestowed upon that gentleman a valuable preferment in his diocese, with the superintendance of a similar establish-

ment for education. The resemblance originally perceived between Dr. Bell's mode of teaching, and Mr. Lancaster's, would have been sufficient foundation for the attempt which we are considering; but that resemblance had been greatly increased during the time which had elapsed since the first publication of the method. It becomes necessary, then, that we should here take up the history of Dr. Bell's method, from the beginning, to the period when it was so fortunate as to attract the notice of the distinguished prelates, who are now, to their great honour, its avowed protectors.

In the year 1789, Dr. Bell, then a chaplain in the East India company, undertook the management of a charity school, established at Madras, under the name of the Male Asylum. Beside himself, there were three, and afterwards four masters; but it appears that one of these was employed in superintending the boys when out of school. In their address of thanks to him, however, presented at his departure, they all call themselves both masters and teachers. The number of boys first admitted was smaller; but they amounted to two hundred, when Dr. Bell quitted the situation, in 1796.

Previous to the commencement of his superintendance, Dr. Bell had frequently observed the great advantages attending the mode of teaching by writing in sand, practised, from time immemorial, in all the native schools of Malabar. He was, therefore, resolved to adopt this practice in the asylum; but he met with many difficulties from the confirmed habits of his teachers, who were grown up men. He, therefore, had recourse to the plan of teaching the elder boys, whose habits and prejudices were easier overcome, and whom he could thus qualify to act as instructors to the rest. In adopting this expedient, he only did, systematically, what is more or less done in almost all schools in Europe; and, in some, very regularly. Mr. Fox [p. 11] has given, as an instance, the economy of a school at Tooting, where he was himself taught; but it is manifest, both that Dr. Bell's method was more entire and systematick, and that he made use of the boys, instead of adult teachers, with a view to overcome a specifick difficulty, viz. the prejudices of the latter against the sandwriting, and their unfitness to introduce it. There can be no doubt, then, that we owe a great improvement in education to Dr. Bell; because, even if he had only combined together two methods quite well known before, in their separate state, for the purpose of gaining a new object, he would have been fully entitled to the praise of invention. He did more; he improved one of those methods, and made it regular and systematick, for the sake of applying the other to his object; nor is it of any importance, that the consequences of this improvement have been far greater and more extensive than he appears to have had any notion of; and that the mere possibility of introducing sandwriting is now the smallest part of the benefit derived from the mode of teaching by means of the boys themselves. Were such objections as this admitted to weigh against the claims of an inventor, we should soon cease to use the word; unless the human faculties were, indeed, incalculably augmented. Nor was the ingenious and worthy author unaware of the real uses of this method. The title of his first publication upon the subject, in 1797, is: "An Experiment in Education, made at the Male Asylum of Madras, suggesting *a system by which a school or family may teach itself*, under the superintendance of the master or parent.

This being the foundation of the plan, whereof the sandwriting may now be said merely to constitute one of the additional details, or partial

and accidental improvements; another, and, as far as we can perceive, either in the writings of Dr. Bell, or his friend sir Thomas Bernard, only another improvement of a similar description, was added by Dr. Bell. He introduced a mode of reading and pronouncing by syllables, instead of the common way; thus teaching spelling with great additional ease and accuracy. Having instructed his elder boys in this, as well as the sandwriting, they were found perfectly capable of communicating it to the rest of the school. Various other branches of knowledge, as writing, arithmetick, grammar, bookkeeping, geometry, &c. were all taught in the common way. The school prospered under Dr. Bell's management; and so greatly did some of the pupils advance in their learning, that one of them exhibited philosophical experiments before Tippoo Sultaun, with much success. In 1797, Dr. Bell returned to England, published the pamphlet above alluded to, and then retired into the country; where he resided upon an obscure living at Swanage. The tract excited little or no attention; and he appears to have done absolutely nothing in relation to the subject, for about eight years thereafter.

In 1798, Joseph Lancaster began to exercise the honourable profession of a schoolmaster; and, if we are to give the same credit to his account, which we have given to Dr. Bell's, in the preceding pages, we must add, that he never saw Dr. Bell's publication until the year 1800. His plan was, from the beginning, to teach reading, writing, and arithmetick, to the children of the lower orders, at about half the usual price. Many not being able to pay, even at this reduced rate, he taught them for nothing; and his charities and his labours coming to the knowledge of some more opulent members of society, a subscription was commenced; and, in 1801, he ventured, with considerable actual sacrifices, and some additional risks, to convert his seminary wholly into a free school. It is manifest, from this simple statement, for the accuracy of which, many beside Mr. Lancaster can vouch, that the nature of his design, at the very first, turned his attention to every thing which might economize money and labour. If a man were placed in such circumstances, what more obvious means could present themselves, than to save the first great expense of schoolmasters' salaries, by a more rigid adherence than is usual, to a practice in some degree prevalent in all schools; the employment of the elder boys to assist in teaching. Putting out of the question our regard for Mr. Lancaster's veracity (which is, nevertheless implicit) we cannot imagine that it required the assistance of Dr. Bell's pamphlet to give this hint to a man intent on such objects, and who had, himself, been educated at a school where the same thing, though in a more imperfect manner, had been tried. "That school," we are informed, [Fox, p. 13] was organized, on the plan of division into classes, each being superintended by a monitor."

The next great expense of a school arises from the consumption of books, and materials for writing. To save, or greatly to diminish this cost, Mr. Lancaster introduced the admirable method of making a number of boys read from the same lesson, printed in large characters, and suspended on the wall; and the no less useful substitute, of slates for paper; whereby, not only the waste of that expensive article is saved, but any number of boys are enabled to spell and write the same word, at the same time, without the possibility of one being idle, while another is at work; or rather, as in the ordinary modes of education, of nineteen being idle, while one is employed. The same degree of alertness is kept up by the method

of reading, as it were, altogether; which, requiring the failure of one boy to be corrected by the next, for the sake of taking his place, prevents the possibility of idleness or inattention.

It is further evident, that no modification of the old division of classes, with monitors to each, not even when reduced to a system, as in Dr. Bell's scheme, can supply the want of masters for any thing but the simple operations of reading and writing. If Dr. Bell, for example, were called upon to make his monitors teach their boys arithmetick, he could only have done it, by himself teaching each monitor to cypher in the ordinary way. Indeed, when sir Thomas Bernard comes to this part of the subject (for, with the amiable solicitude of a friend, he would have the multiplication table itself to form a part of the Madras system) we find that Dr. Bell's scholars are taught to cypher by being examined repeatedly in the tables of the four fundamental rules of arithmetick [p. 58] which is precisely the common way of teaching that science. Here, therefore, was a great step to make; and Mr. Lancaster has made it. He has laid down a method, whereby reading alone is rendered sufficient to make any one teach; he says, arithmetick; we add, every thing; for we see no one science which may not be taught in the same way. But we take Mr. Lancaster's instance of arithmetick. The invention is as simple as it is efficacious; it consists in giving to one boy, who can read, a written or printed particular (if we may so speak) of the operation in cyphering which is to be performed, and making him distinctly read over to any number of boys, furnished with slates, the words and figures given to him. Thus the lesson is to be in addition—234

567

801.

and in order to teach this lesson to thirty boys, one of whom can read, and the other twenty nine can write the nine figures, and understand notation, a key is given to the reader, consisting of the following words: "First column. 7 and 4 are 11; set down 1 under the 7, and carry 1 to the next. Second column: 6 and 3 are 9, and 1 I carried are 10; set down 0 and carry 1 to the next. Third column: 5 and 2 are 7, and 1 I carried are 8. Total, in figures, 801. Total, in words, eight hundred and one." After each boy has written the two lines, 234, and 567, one under the other, the reader takes the above key, and reads it audibly; while each of the twenty-nine obey it, by writing down as it directs. Each boy also reads over the sum total, after the reader has finished; and he then inspects the slates, one after another. The whole are thus kept perpetually awake; and by repeated lessons of the same kind, the rule required is fixed in their minds. It is manifest, that any rule in algebra may be communicated by the same process; from the simplest to the most intricate and refined; from the addition of two quantities, to the methods of infinite series and fluents. Every part of geometrical science may be taught by similar means; from the first proposition in Euclid, to the sublime theorems of Newton and Laplace. It only requires that a form of notation, borrowed from the algebraick calculus, should first be agreed upon. In like manner, whatever branches of natural philosophy admit of a symbolical notation, as the whole of the mixed mathematicks, and, in general, the application of the sciences of number and quantity to experiment, are all capable of being communicated by a person ignorant of them, but able to read, to as many others as can hear the sound of his voice at once. By a few simple additions to this machinery, the method may be made to embrace even other branch-

es of knowledge; and, in short, we do not hesitate to assert, that it is applicable, or may soon be applied, to the whole circle of human knowledge. Observe, too, that all this instruction costs exactly the value of the single book, or key, used by the reader; the slates of the other boys, together with the rent of the schoolroom. This method may, therefore, most truly be pronounced a capital discovery, in every point of view; and we have little doubt that it will speedily be extended from the sciences to the arts, which seem all to admit of being taught upon similar principles.

Passing over the system of rewards and punishments, which Mr. Lancaster has devised, as it appears to us with a thorough knowledge of his subject; the nature of children; derived as much from long experience as from just and even philosophical reasoning; we shall only further notice the system of discipline which he superadded to his other grand improvements. Where a school of one hundred or one hundred and fifty boys is placed under the tuition of four or five masters, there is no great danger of disorder; even on the old plan of instruction, where only one boy in twenty or thirty is employed at a time; still less in the new system, where, instead of so many yawning or whispering little animals, we see nothing but attention and animation, and hear only the buz of industry. But where a single master was to be set over the same number of boys; and still more where the number was to be increased to eight hundred or one thousand, a discipline behoved to be introduced which should enable his authority to reach all over the body, and supply the want of actual inspection. A systematick arrangement of labour was likewise necessary, where classes were obliged to shift about from place to place, in order to use the same printed lessons; and change from task to task, in order to make use of the same materials. Into the details of these matters we cannot, of course, now enter; but it may be enough to state, in general, that the object is attained by applying to a school the organization of a regiment, and its evolutions, under the word of command. Nor shall we want a witness to vouch for its perfect success, in securing the order and regularity of the operations, if the reader should happen to have seen any one of the various seminaries now established on Mr. Lancaster's principles, and, for the most part, under his superintendance; or that of the many schoolmasters whom he has already educated.

Early in the year 1803, Mr. Lancaster published the first edition of his book, containing a very modest, natural, and intelligible account of the improvements in education, which we have been tracing; with the exception of the greatest of them all, however; the method of teaching arithmetick, which he had not then completed. An account of it was given in his second edition, published about the end of the same year. The number of his scholars had increased to above three hundred; and in 1805, when he published his third edition, he announced, that seven hundred boys were actually taught for 260*l.* at his school, which, with a very small additional expense, he intended to fit for the reception of one thousand. The whole expense of educating this large number, he estimated at no more than 300*l.* and an establishment had likewise been begun, for the education of schoolmasters, who might carry his methods into every part of the country. In the account of his plan, which Mr. Lancaster delivered in these publications, he gratefully acknowledged his obligations to Dr. Bell, both for the method of sandwriting and of syllabick spelling, or the *study* of spelling; claiming, however, for himself, the

peculiar mode of *teaching* spelling, which we have already described. He also represents the Madras experiment as, in its fundamental principle, similar to his own method of teaching by monitors; which, however, he seems not to have considered as peculiar to either of the new plans, but to have been borrowed, with little variation, from the old schools.

After the publication of the third edition, and when not only all Mr. Lancaster's improvements had been completed, and fully detailed to the world by his own hand, but also practically exhibited on a very large scale in his schools, Dr. Bell published a second edition of *his* pamphlet, in some respects greatly enlarged; but omitting several very material documents, which the first had contained. For example: the letter of thanks addressed to him by the four masters of the Male Asylum, and in which they describe themselves as *teachers*, is left out in the second edition. Such an omission, we acknowledge, is unfortunate, because it greatly benefits the argument of Dr. Bell and his friends, who have attempted to show, that these men were not exactly teachers. Indeed, the second edition makes no mention whatever of those masters; and, suppressing a table of the school which had been given in the first, it substitutes an arrangement closely resembling that of Mr. Lancaster, already both described in print, and exemplified in most successful practice. In 1807, the doctor published a third edition, with more omissions of the same kind, and so many additions, that the original forty eight pages had now swelled into one hundred and fourteen, notwithstanding all that he had suppressed. As a specimen of the additions, we may mention a chapter on the union of schools of industry, with schools of instruction; a topick which had occupied no less than thirty four pages of Mr. Lancaster's work. He also makes mention of slates and spelling cards, to which no allusion whatever can be found in the two first editions. Mr. Fox now published his "*Comparative View*," and took notice of those alterations; and, soon after, in 1809, Dr. Bell published a fourth edition, consisting of 348 pages, in which he restores the passages and documents suppressed in the two former editions; and adds a variety of views, which we can scarcely conceive that he should not have taken from Mr. Lancaster. It may suffice to say, that he, for the first time, extols the economy of the Madras plan or system; and recommends it as well adapted to the education of the lower orders; with the exception already commented upon, of writing and cyphering, which he is afraid to trust them with. The assertions, that, by his system, one master can teach one thousand boys; and that it can afford instruction at the rate of 10*s*. 7*s*. or 4*s*. according to the number; assertions, which, at the time he wrote them, Lancaster had fully proved, by actually teaching eleven hundred at that rate; but which the Madras plan, as originally described, was utterly inadequate to exemplify. These assertions form a very remarkable feature in the improvements, we regret to say the unacknowledged and unnoticed improvements, which Dr. Bell's pamphlet has, in its progress to the state of a book, derived from the writings and the teaching of Joseph Lancaster.

We are here upon ground which comprises the very gist of the controversy, into which we are forced, so much against our inclination. And as, from the same ground, conclusions will spring, of more general importance than the comparative merits of the two individuals, we must stop the reader upon it for a moment longer. First, as to the number of masters; it seems vain to deny that Mr. Lancaster's school

was *the only one*, before 1806, in which a *single* master taught even so many as two hundred boys. The Madras school had Dr. Bell to superintend; a schoolmaster; and three assistant masters. How, then, can we allow Dr. Bell and sir Thomas Bernard to discover, *now*, that those men had nothing to do with the school, when, in 1797, Dr. Bell particularized one of them [R. Taylor] as having "*a general charge in one of the school rooms;*" and another [F. Johnson] as "*the schoolmaster who had a general charge;*" when they all four, in their letter of thanks, describe themselves to be "*employed as teachers;*" and when he, in his answer, treats them all four as "the masters of the Male Asylum;" putting on the same footing, the three assistants and the person whom he allowed to be a schoolmaster properly so called: It is not exactly one of Mr. Lancaster's improvements, that he, even for a body of one thousand boys, requires no one to act like R. Taylor, who has "a general charge in one of the school rooms?" And is not the power of dispensing with R. Taylor, that which enables Mr. Lancaster to boast, that *one master* can educate one thousand children? Dr. Bell is exactly in the situation in which Mr. Lancaster would have been, had he made this boast; challenged an examination; and allowed us unwarily to discover R. Taylor behind the door, when we went to see whether his pretensions were well founded. He must abide by his Madras school, and be tried by his first edition.

Then, as to the grand point of economy, which is, in truth, every thing in this inquiry; but is only now brought forward by Dr. Bell, and not even now considered as of primary importance by his friend sir Thomas Bernard; it appears that, at Madras, three of the masters had thirty pagodas a month; and there was another, whose salary is not mentioned; but, take the medium of ten pagodas for each, and we have (at 8*s.* the pagoda) 16*l.* a month, or 192*l.* a year. But Dr. Bell was there, likewise, much in the manner in which Mr. Lancaster is in the borough school; and, although he states that he declined all pecuniary recompense in India, Mr. Fox [p. 41] informs us, that in July, 1797, after his return to England, the East India Company settled 200*l.* a year upon him as a compensation "for his having given up, while at Madras, the remuneration of 480*l.* a year, to which he was entitled for attending the Male Asylum School." This tallies singularly with the statement of Dr. Bell in his first edition, that the highest salary of a schoolmaster, on the old plan, would be 100 pagodas a month; for this makes exactly the odd sum of 480*l.* a year. No doubt, then, this was the calculation of Dr. Bell's natural salary; and they who know the honourable company, and their servants at the presidencies, will have as little doubt that an office of this value has not been suffered to expire for want of occupants. Here, then, we have, in masters' salaries, to begin with, 672*l.* a year; to which must be added, the rent, and other expenses of a schoolroom. Furthermore, a sum must be set apart for books, writing materials, and rewards; all of which, are, even in the last stage of improvement, to which Dr. Bell has brought his plan, viz. in his last edition, out of all comparison, more costly than in Mr. Lancaster's system. Each child must have all the books used, to the number of fourteen or fifteen, and must use paper, pen, and ink from the beginning of his writing; and the rewards, consisting of so much money by the week, to monitors and boys who excel in each class, amount, as we have calculated from sir T. Bernard's account of the Barrington school, to 38*l.* a year for two hundred boys. It is impossible to esti-

mate the books and paper on this plan at less than 100*l.* a year, being 10*s.* a boy; so that 900*l.* must be required to clear all expenses. But, call it only 800*l.* which is allowing nothing for rent and other expenses of the room; the result is, that Dr. Bell's plan educates the children of the poor at four pounds a head by the year, which is three times as much as the expense of the first *grammar school* in Scotland; and, instead of being a very cheap, turns out to be a very costly education. Nay, were we to deduct the superintendant's salary, the expense would be, allowing only 50*l.* for the room, 380*l.* or 38*s.* a head, which is half as much again as the High School of this city. In truth, the want of economy is inherent in Dr. Bell's system; even in its latest state of improvement; for many of the expenses increase exactly with the number taught. Thus rewards, books, and writing materials, form a large item for each boy, not less than 14 or 15*s.* at the lowest computation; and the proportion is the same in a school of one thousand, and in one of one hundred. The beauty of Mr. Lancaster's principle is, that it diminishes this, like every other expense of education, in proportion as the numbers taught are increased; while, even to the smallest schools, it brings those charges far below the estimates of the other scheme. Of this, even sir Thomas Bernard seems to have been sensible; for, he says [p. 101] "Upon the last article, the *economy of a school*, Mr. Lancaster is above all praise. In this respect he will be found to surpass Dr. Bell, even when the misconceptions which have been entertained by some persons, respecting his Madras school, shall have been entirely done away;" an admission, which, like most of his valuable tract, does much honour to the worthy baronet's candour; though we lament, that he should have, from an oversight, added a few words, rather underrating the point of economy, in which, truly, the whole, or nearly the whole, question between the two plans lies, and the whole, or nearly the whole, merit of either, as compared with the old system, is comprised.*

We have now only to resume the history of the two plans, in order to complete this comparative view, both of their several merits, and of the grounds upon which the two inventors assert their claims to originality. And, to say the truth, our preference of Mr. Lancaster to Dr. Bell (since we are compelled to contrast men who ought always to have been regarded as fellow labourers, and not as rivals) rests, if possible, yet more confidently upon the material points already established.

It has already been observed, that Dr. Bell retired to a distant part of the country, as soon as his pamphlet was published. There he remained occupied with the sacred duties of his profession, and, for above eight years, appears to have done nothing towards carrying the Madras method into practice. He drops a hint once about a Sunday school in his parish; but, had it contained any exemplification of his principles, he would, no doubt, have *described* that institution. In the end of December, 1806, we are informed, that,

* In another passage of his work, sir Thomas repeats the same inaccuracy, rather more in detail. He objects to Mr. Lancaster's method of making one book serve for the whole school; and gives us his reason, that a book is a gratification to a child. It is," says he, "property to them; it is a crown and a sceptre to them." [p. 94] forgetting that the question is, whether the child can afford to have the crown and sceptre. And as for the assertion which follows, that 20*s.* a year will supply books to a whole school of 100 boys; it proceeds on the assumption, that only one little book shall be used, and that, at the price at which a religious society distributes it from a peculiar fund.

one month before, a school on his plan had been begun at Swanage; and this is the first and the last time that we hear of it. Afterwards, he refers us to two other schools on his principles, as instances of their application to practice. But one of these, the Mary-le-bone, seminary, was visited by Mr. Fox; and he found, to his no small surprise, that this school had been *organized by Mr. Lancaster, on his own principles*, and that a vote of thanks to him, on that account, had been passed by the subscribers, the worthy dean of Westminster being in the chair; the other, at Whitechapel, was then just set on foot. The Barrington school, very recently established, under Dr. Bell's immediate superintendance (for he enjoys a large salary as master of Sherborne hospital, and has, we are informed, no other occupation than the care of the school*) educates, or is intended to educate, 120 boys.

Such have been the actual, *practical* exertions of Dr. Bell to propagate the system of popular education. He did *nothing* till Mr. Lancaster's schools were bestowing education on thousands; were known by reputation every where; and admitted, by all who saw them, to be a completely successful experiment on a very large scale. He then began to establish some seminaries on the Madras plan; and, in five years, he has set a going three, one of which we know nothing about, except that, when it was a month old, we were told it had been begun; another of which is still in its first infancy; and is supported by every sort of costly patronage and gratuitous endowment;† and the whole of which put together, do not profess to educate more boys than one of Lancaster's schools used to do, before he had extended his subscription, and enlarged his plan in 1805.

During the same five years, Mr. Lancaster's system has been advancing with the steadiness derived from the firm construction of all its parts, and their artist-like combination. He devised the principles, and executed the mechanism with his own hand; and the invention derives a vast portion of its merits from the master having shown all mankind how he himself uses it. By his indefatigable activity, he has trained numberless persons fit to carry the practical benefits of his discovery over the whole world; and he has made the tour of nearly the whole island, every where exciting the friends of humanity to cooperate with his honest zeal, and establishing, by their means, in all parts of the country, seminaries, which may at once educate the poor in their immediate neighbourhood, and serve as patterns for the imitation of other districts, but which all the pamphlets that could be printed would never have founded, nor even encouraged men to attempt, without the marvellous stimulus communicated by an able and accomplished enthusiast, and the well grounded confidence inspired by having the actual inventor for a fellow labourer. Had Dr. Bell's plan been published twenty years ago, in its last and most perfect form; nay, had it even coincided entirely with the other, and had no man but he, alone, ever pretended to any invention of methods, or discovery of principles; if, in such circumstances, we were now called upon to say who founded the new system of education, and to

* It is a painful, but necessary part of all controversies, that the disputants must be ever putting the bystanders on their guard against listening to undue insinuations. We, therefore, desire, once more, to have it understood, that we view the preference bestowed on Dr. Bell as equally honourable to his patron and himself.

† There are houses and gardens at the Barrington school, for a number of boys, on a foundation; and a perpetual provision made for this, by the munificence of the right reverend founder.

record, for the veneration of posterity, the man who had made the blessings of knowledge as common as the light of the sun, we could not cast our eye for one moment over the last fact that has been unfolded, without pronouncing the name of Joseph Lancaster.

We deeply regret to find, that Dr. Bell has not had the prudence and good sense (we say nothing of generosity or courage) to allow this simple minded and most deserving man, a merit which he cannot, by any stretch of self complacency, pretend to dispute with him. And herein lies the charge, which, we are unwillingly compelled to admit, has sunk most in our minds against that reverend person. We could have pardoned the senseless distinction between teaching writing and reading, and passed over the alarm, lest the minds of the lower orders, "*who are doomed to the drudgery of daily labour*," should be too much elevated by instruction. In favour of so considerable a benefactor of society, we could have done a little violence to our suspicious habits; and imputed such doctrines to sincere, though groundless fears, and to the remains of narrow minded notions. We could have exercised a similar charity towards his most ludicrous rant about "*throwing aside the hornbook of our ancestors;*" and refrained, or endeavoured to refrain from tracing, in the various insinuations against liberal opinions, which his writings contain, a fellowship of feeling, if not of motives, with the Daubenies, the Trimmers, and the Sprys. But when we find Dr. Bell printing book after book, to explain his system; years and years *after* Mr. Lancaster had, by the most unwearied exertions, we will only say of bodily labour, succeeded completely in carrying every one principle of that scheme into *complete practical effect*, and in spreading the beneficial use of it over the whole island; and when, in those books, Dr. Bell does not even make mention of Mr. Lancaster;* offers him no acknowledgment for his corporeal fatigues (we go no further) tenders him no thanks for having, we will call it, taken the trouble of adopting and disseminating his doctrines; presents to him no gratulations upon the unhoped for success which had attended his preaching and his practice of those doctrines; nay, deigns not even to record the fact, so important to his *own fame*, that the Madras system had wonderfully prospered in England, under the management of one Joseph Lancaster (need we clear our position by any *further* admissions? *can* we strip the one man any closer, in order to try the other's conduct, and scrutinize his motives?) truly this silence is too unnatural even to be mysterious, and, in our ears, do all we can to shut them, to stop them up with the remembrance of the man's former merits, it loudly rings a distinct charge against the reverend gentleman, of pitiful jealousy towards one whom he may be desirous of thinking his imitator, but towards whom he thus betrays the feelings of a disappointed rival. But if the jealousy be denied, then it is time to infer a still graver accusation; for, in that case, Dr. Bell must be considered as leagued in most unnatural union with the combination of bigots and timeservers, against one of the greatest benefactors of his species.

The efforts of that combination were, as we before observed, most unfortunately aided by the accident of Dr. Bell's right reverend patron's calling him from his retirement to bring forward his claims to originality, and to assist in the establishment of schools. The clamour which had gone forth partially, and with

* Unless, indeed, at the foot of one page, where he alludes to his pamphlet, in order to speak slightingly of it.

little success, against Mr. Lancaster, was now renewed, under the form of ascribing all the merit to Dr. Bell; lavishly applauding his method, and decrying his competitor's. The attempt, however, to obstruct Mr. Lancaster's course, failed so signally, that we shall spare ourselves the trouble of again alluding to the facts. The royal and noble patronage* still stood in the way of any very gross violations of decency towards his principles and character, and whatsoever was to be thrown out against the tendency of his system, or against his motives, behoved to be guardedly conveyed by insinuation, rather than launched in the common shape of a *cry*. Mr. Lancaster was stigmatized as a quaker; the tenets of that innocent and amiable sect were abused; and then, in order to heighten the charge against Mr. Lancaster, at the expense of consistency, as well as truth, he was said to be a person whom his sect renounced. But the expected success of Dr. Bell's plan, from the patronage he had recently met with, soon gave a new turn and a bolder form to the argument; and the watchmen of the church (as these unquiet persons are fond of calling themselves) now openly sounded the alarm of danger to the establishment, from the system of the man whom the royal head of the church had graciously deemed worthy of his peculiar favour and protection.

The archdeacon Daubeny once more ascended the pulpit, and raised again, within the walls of St. Paul's, that voice of persecution, with which he had made Sarum echo. He warned his brethren to be on their guard against "the projected improvements in the education of the poor." He accused Mr. Lancaster of excluding from his plan the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. The plan itself, he stigmatized, as "calculated to answer no one purpose, so much, as that of amalgamating the great body of the people into one great, *deistical compound;*" and he designated Mr. Lancaster as one, who, in these "days of rebuke and blasphemy," had become the author of "a deceitful institution, the whole secret of which, for the *purpose* of neutralizing the effect of all established opinions," consisted in teaching "the rejection of all peculiar tenets," and the adoption of "a kind of *philosophical deism;*" an institution "which called to mind the crafty design of *the apostate Julian* to confound Christianity, by encouraging dissension, as the best means of gradually extirpating the name of Christ from the earth." Finally, this reverend person plainly stated, that the "*archdeceiver*" himself (meaning, as we conjecture, not Buonaparte, but only Satan) had an interest in the new system of education, inasmuch as this "industrious pro-

* To enumerate the distinguished persons who have publickly given their support to Mr. Lancaster and his system, would take up far more room than we can now spare for this subject. Yet we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of recording, upon such an occasion, the name of the right reverend Dr. H. Bathurst, bishop of Norwich, who, to the many proofs of liberality, of mild and intrepid philanthropy which his pastoral life affords, has lately added that of a publick sermon in favour of Joseph Lancaster, and his plan of education. In Scotland, we are proud to say that it has hitherto met with no opposition from any party in our church; and that the established clergy in general have indicated a laudable zeal for its universal adoption. One clergyman, indeed, not of the establishment, and not the most esteemed of the very respectable communion to which he belongs, has emulated, as we understand, the archdeacon Daubeny, and made the pulpit the vehicle of his calumnies against Lancaster. As we do not apprehend any great mischief from his exertions, we have no wish that he should be made to expiate this, as he *has expiated* other calumnies.

moter of heresy would not fail to turn it to "the promotion of infidelity."*

Let us hope that such topicks failed altogether of success. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied, that one charge is mixed up with them, which has attracted the notice of a few among the more worthy and rational portion of the churchmen; a charge, which, we grieve to say, for a short season, had some influence in creating alarm against the new system. This accusation resolves itself into a single point. Mr. Lancaster teaches no particular religious articles. To which the plain answer always has been, that he teaches *reading*, *writing*, and *arithmetick*. He gives his pupils a key, by which they may unlock all the stores of sacred knowledge. But, moreover, he teaches *the scriptures;* daily and hourly does he set before his scholars the history and the doctrines of Christ, as delivered by his apostles. There is not a word taught in his schools, that is not taken from the writings of the inspired penmen. All this is granted. No one can venture to deny it. His bitterest adversaries explicitly admit it. But, will it be believed, that this does not satisfy them? Will it be credited, that, in the nineteenth century, in a protestant country, in times signalized by nothing more than the zeal displayed against the Romish religion, and the daily sacrifices of every kind, which that zeal demands; will it be credited, that the very faction, whose outcries against popery are the loudest, and whose demeanour towards its professors is the most intolerant, have not blushed to use the very worst arguments of the Romish bigots, and to proclaim the dangers of intrusting an unprepared multitude with the free use of *the scriptures?* To teach merely the bible, it seems, is to encourage dissent, heresy, latitudinarian principles, indifference, deism, infidelity, irreligion. And we grieve to say, that sir Thomas Bernard himself, whom we have found, in general, so candid towards the new system; so fair, and even liberal, towards Mr. Lancaster, in other topicks; so favourable even to his method of teaching the scriptures; lends a kind of sanction to this worst of popish abominations, in one passage of his tract, where he lays it down, that the bible should not be put into the hands of children, until after they have gone through a preparatory course of religious instruction.† How much more enlightened and rational an authority have we in the conduct of the king of England; the patron of the Lancastrian system! and how noble is the commentary upon it, which his own memorable speech to the author of the system, affords! We allude to that exalted saying of his (which, we own, strikes us as infinitely finer than the celebrated wish of Henry IV. of France) that "*he hoped to see the day, when every poor child in his dominions should be able to read his bible!*"

When this truly Christian and

* In other tracts, the abuse of Mr. Lancaster and the quakers is still more unmeasured, particularly in a "*Dialogue between a Master and Apprentice,*" supposed to speak pretty correctly the sentiments of the persons of whom we are treating. The quakers are there denominated "*an antichristian sect.*" It is said, that "the brood of them was of the most unpromising kind, from their first hatching." The term *bigot* is stated to be "engraved on their door;" and, of the sect which destroyed the African slave trade, it is observed, that little good can be expected from their efforts, either in church or state.

† The worthy baronet (we cannot too often commend him for it) boldly defends the religious part of Mr. Lancaster's course of tuition; but the reprehensible passage alluded to in the text, comes into his account of Dr. Bell's course of reading. It may possibly be an oversight.

truly patriotick wish is accomplished, we, for our parts, shall think, that an inestimable benefit has been conferred on that generation, and an incalculable advantage obtained for the whole community. But even those who may think differently, have no reason, on this account, to undervalue the discovery of Mr. Lancaster. The system which he has invented, may be applied to teach the catechism as well as the scriptures; and should be extolled and adopted, therefore, by all those who really wish to see the catechism familiar to all the children in the kingdom. Mr. Lancaster does not bind over the schoolmasters whom he instructs, to take all their lessons, as he himself does, from the inspired writings alone. He has no objection that they should employ his method to imprint the catechism of the church of England; or the confession of faith of the Scottish church; or the liturgy of the Romanists, upon the minds of their respective disciples. All that he wants is, that *his method* should be made known and adopted; and all that his advocates want is, that the merit of discovering, and of bringing that method to practical perfection, should be ascribed to him who deserves it. What should we think of the liberality of those who should pretend to undervalue the invention of *printing*, because the inventor happened to be a sectary? or of *their* common sense, who should cry out against its general adoption, upon the same orthodox ground? Yet printing is not more capable of being applied to diffuse *all* truth and *all* knowledge, than the beautiful discovery of Mr. Lancaster. Considering him, indeed, as the sole practical teacher of that inestimable discovery; the only person from whom, as yet, this art of universal instruction can be safely derived; we cannot help regarding it as a most fortunate and providential circumstance, that he should happen to belong to a sect which does not think it necessary to bring forward its peculiar doctrines in a system of elementary education. If the inventor of this valuable method had been a bigoted catholick; a sour presbyterian; or a narrow minded member of the church of England, and had, consequently, insisted upon exemplifying it only in teaching the peculiar dogmas of his own particular church; it is evident that none but the members of that church could have derived any benefit from his exertions; and that it would have been difficult for persons of another persuasion to have acquired that thorough and practical knowledge of it, which might qualify them to act as schoolmasters within the limits of their own congregations. The unexceptionable demeanour of Mr. Lancaster, however, can revolt none; and holds out an acceptable invitation to all. He appears, in his school, as a Christian only; teaching nothing but what *all* Christians agree in revering; and desiring them all to come and learn, from his manner of teaching the bible, how every thing else that they may wish to add to it, may be most effectually taught.

The real motive of the opposition which has been attempted to Mr. Lancaster, is, we will venture to say, by no means the fear of infidelity, but of dissent; and it is truly pitiable to see Dr. Bell himself among the first in furnishing us with proofs of this assertion. He has not scrupled, indeed, to insinuate, in his last publication [p. 317] that the instruction of youth should be committed to the parochial clergy; and that schoolmasters should be licensed by the bishop. After stating that such is the law *(which it is not)* he suggests, that "little more remains to be done, than to give it consistency, uniformity, and stability;" (that is to say, to *repeal* the existing statutes) and, he adds, that "it may suffice for the present, to begin with putting Sunday schools

for the poor under *existing and appropriate authorities.*"

We certainly do not quote this for the purpose of entering into a legal argument with the reverend author. We do not mean to take the trouble of reminding him, that all manner of toleration has now, for above thirty years, been the right of dissenting teachers by statute, as it always was, in sound policy and natural justice. Nor do we intend to upbraid him with referring, for the rights of the church, to obsolete canons, which denounce a series of excommunications against persons guilty of omissions, habitual to almost every British subject, of whatever religious denomination. But we state the substance of Dr. Bell's suggestion, for the sake of recording the fact, that there exist certain persons, whose almost avowed designs are hostile to toleration; who are preparing the minds of the people for attempts to extend the powers of the hierarchy; who, not content with seeing the established church in possession (we thank God, in undisturbed, undisputed, unenvied possession) of the privileges so conducive to the temporal, as well as spiritual welfare of the realm; would madly seek to extend her power, and lessen her security; to exalt her name, and debase her character; to clothe her with new attributes, and bring into jeopardy her very existence. Now, therefore, we, in our turn, must be permitted to speak of dangers, and to occupy ourselves with alarms; we must presume to warn and admonish; we must denounce, as enemies to the peace and liberties of the community most certainly, but as worse enemies, if it be possible, to the welfare of the church, and the whole religious interests of England, those who first, by half concealed stratagem, and now by more than half declared aggressions, undermining where they durst not assault, and attacking what they hoped to find defenceless; would wage war against the dearest rights of the people, for the purpose of involving the clergy in trouble and shame; and lay society itself waste, in order that the church might pass through the highest perils, to the most certain corruption. Against the machinations of such men, we warn, above all, the wise and pious part of the sacred order to which they belong, and the temporal rulers whose ears they may, perhaps, seek to gain, by promises of assistance and support. Distrusting both our authority and our powers of persuasion, we would warn both those classes, in the language of the most powerful supporter of the establishment who was ever suffered to die unmitred: "The single end," says Dr. Paley, "which we ought to propose by religious establishments, is the preservation and communication of religious knowledge. Every other idea, and every other end, that have been mixed with this; as the making of the church an engine, or even an *ally* of the state; converting it into the means of strengthening or of *diffusing* influence; or regarding it as a support of regal, *in opposition to popular* forms of government; have served only to debase the institution, and to introduce into it numerous corruptions and abuses."

Whoever has done us the honour to follow us through the detail which we have now brought to a close, will probably be prepared to admit, among others, the following positions:

That the new system of education is calculated to promote the cheap, rapid, and easy diffusion of knowledge, in an unprecedented degree.

That the merit of devising it be-

* Moral and Political Philosophy, vol. ii. p. 305.

longs to Joseph Lancaster,* although one of its principles had been previously known to Dr. Bell, and exemplified in the school at Madras, but without those other principles, which, when taken together, constitute the new system.

That to Joseph Lancaster, *alone*, belongs the praise of introducing the new system into practice, and enabling mankind to benefit by it, and preparing the way for its universal reception.

That the plan pursued by Dr. Bell, and recently attempted to be set up in opposition to Mr. Lancaster's, has no one peculiarity which can entitle it to a preference; while, on the contrary, it is deficient in many of the most important points, and especially fails in the article of economy.

Lastly, that, while great praise is due to Dr. Bell for his exertions in Madras, and for his attempts in England, there is no good whatever to be expected from any endeavours to keep alive the opposition to Mr. Lancaster, commenced by his friends; but that every real friend to the education of the poor, will consider the system of the latter as the only one well adapted to the attainment of that desirable object.

The length to which this article has already extended, precludes the possibility of adding (as was our intention) a sketch of the proceedings of Mr. Lancaster's friends, and of the success which has attended their liberal and persevering exertions in behalf of the best interests of mankind.

FROM THE LITERARY PANORAMA.

HUMBOLDT'S POLITICAL ESSAYS ON NEW SPAIN.

[Concluded from p. 236.]

VERY little foresight was necessary to authorize our opinion, that the colonies of New Spain were ripe for separation from the parent state, as suggested in the former part of this article. It is not, therefore, as claiming much credit for sagacity, that we introduce the continuation of this subject, by remarking, that, since our last publication, intelligence has arrived, of Mexico, with its provinces, generally, having assumed the character of independence. This event was to be expected. Whether it will issue in such an entire separation of interests from Old Spain, as too often converts old friends into new enemies, cannot, at present, be determined. Many are the questions which may arise in consequence of such a revolution. For instance, as to religion. Being catholicks, will the Mexicans retain their subjection to the head of the catholick church? will the head of the catholick church continue to bestow his apostolick benediction on revolters

* It is admitted by sir T. Bernard, that no charge of borrowing from Dr. Bell can possibly be brought against Mr. Lancaster. Indeed, he accuses both Mr. Lancaster and his defenders, of never having "examined Dr. Bell's principles or their application." [p. 103] And, if they never did understand them, Dr. Bell himself furnishes their best apology; for, after the lapse of twelve years, and the publication of three editions of his plan, he announces the purpose of additional matter in the fourth to be, to "*give minute and particular instructions for reducing his scheme to practice.*" p. 29.

from their natural sovereign, his most catholick majesty? Great was the traffick, formerly, in this country, in religious articles, bulls, indulgences, pardons, rosaries, girdles, &c. but this source of wealth to the popedom, must now fail. Not much can the peninsula afford to expend at Rome, for such purchases; and still less will the fervour of religious zeal, after a while, induce the Mexicans to remit for that purpose.

As to the political condition of the inhabitants, it should seem, that no great energy has been of late transmitted from the sovereign in Europe to his subjects in the new world. The wisdom that emanated from the court of Madrid was not prodigious; and the vigour of administration was not superiour, in degree, to what the country to be governed might have afforded. The mass of the people will feel no loss when the European parent is devested of the supremacy over them. Whether they will be sensibly gainers by the change, must, with many other inquiries, be referred to the decision of time.

We avail ourselves of M. de Humboldt's words, to state, that old "Spain is *five times smaller* than Mexico." [We do not approve of this mode of stating the proportion: the translator should have said, "Mexico is *five times larger* than Spain.] Should no unforeseen misfortunes occur, we may reckon, that, in less than a century, the population of New Spain will equal that of the mother country." At present, the population of Mexico is almost equal to that of the United States of America. Our traveller thus compares these two countries:

"If the political force of two states depended solely on the space which they occupy on the globe, and on the number of their inhabitants; if the nature of the soil, the configuration of the coast, and if the climate, the energy of the nation, and, above all, the degree of perfection of its social institutions, were not the principal elements of this grand dynamical calculation, the kingdom of New Spain might, at present, be placed in opposition to the confederation of the American republicks. Both labour under the inconvenience of an unequally distributed population; but that of the United States, though in a soil and climate less favoured by nature, augments with an infinitely greater rapidity. Neither does it comprehend, like the Mexican population, nearly two millions and a half of aborigines. These Indians, degraded by the despotism of the ancient Azteck sovereigns, and by the vexations of the first conquerors, though protected by the Spanish laws, wise and humane in general, enjoy very little, however, of this protection, from the great distance of the supreme authority. The kingdom of New Spain has one decided advantage over the United States. The number of slaves there, either Africans or of mixed race, is almost nothing; an advantage which the European colonists have only begun rightly to appreciate since the tragical events of the revolution of St. Domingo. So true it is, that the fear of physical evils acts more powerfully than moral considerations on the true interests of society, or the principles of philanthropy and of justice, so often the theme of the parliament, the constituent assembly, and the works of the philosophers."

When reporting on Mr. Arrowsmith's map of these provinces (copied mostly from M. de H.) we suggested the possibility, that, hereafter, the sceptre of dominion, over both east and west, might be held by a sovereign of Mexico. The baron enables us to add, that "a king of Spain, resident in the capital of Mexico, might transmit his orders in five weeks to the peninsula in Europe, and in six weeks to the Phillippine Islands in Asia." He might raise in his kingdom what commerce collects from the rest of the globe: sugar, cochineal, cacao, cotton, coffee, wheat, hemp, flax, silk, oils, and wine, metals of all kinds, not excepting quicksilver, superb timber, with various requisites for the support of marine power. The eastern coast, nevertheless, is ill provided with ports; for Vera Cruz, which is one of the best

now used, is merely a bad anchorage, between dangerous shallows. It is well known, that the project of a canal, cut across the isthmus, to unite the two seas, has long been contemplated with interest in Europe; and we remember to have seen a private memorial addressed to the king of France, the burden of which was, the dread entertained by the French statesmen, lest England should obtain possession of this territory, by permission of Spain; should form a canal, and, thereby, obtain facilities for commerce in the South Sea; against which, all the navy of France might in vain attempt to oppose effectual obstacles. M. de H. examines the feasibility of this scheme, and describes the localities of nine different points, on which it has been proposed to be executed; stating the advantages and disadvantages of each. There is no present appearance, favourable to the execution of such a plan, which leads us to investigate further the character of this proposal.

The elevations above the level of the sea, which distinguish the provinces of New Spain, are known, among the inhabitants, under three appellations. The first is the *Tierras Calientes;* the sultry districts; these produce abundance of sugar, indigo, cotton, and bananas; but they are visited by the yellow fever. Yet impetuous winds, from October to March, cool the air to 60° of Fahrenheit at Vera Cruz; at the Havanna to 32°.

Rising on the Cordilleras, we come to the *Tierras Templadas*, the temperate region; about 4,000 or 5,000 feet above the level of the sea; the mean heat of the whole year is from 68° to 70°; and it seldom varies more than eight or ten degrees. But to this height the clouds ascend; thick fogs, therefore, are frequently their envelope; but when this country is free from them, it is a delightful region.

The third elevation is the *Tierras Frias*, the cold districts; rising from 7,000 to 8,000 feet or more. The mean temperature is under 62°. At Mexico the thermometer has been known to fall several degrees below the freezing point. Still higher elevations have winters proportionately rude; with snow, ice, and other atmospherick phenomena. It would be worthy of some intelligent naturalist, to form a comparison between these gradations under the torrid zone, which, rising in height, increase in rigour; and those countries, northward and southward, of which the winters are more severe as we advance towards the poles. Supposing the earth to be depressed at the poles, it is fair to ask whether the elevation of one country produces effects analagous to the depression of the other? and to infer, that nature has more than one way of producing the same effects.

The heights at which the precious metals are found, deserve our attention.

"A remarkable advantage for the progress of national industry, arises from the height at which nature, in New Spain, has deposited the precious metals. In Peru the most considerable silver mines, those of Potosi, Pasco, and Chota, are immensely elevated very near the region of perpetual snow. In working them, men, provisions, and cattle, must all be brought from a distance. Cities situated in plains, where water freezes the whole year round, and where trees never vegetate, can hardly be an attractive abode. Nothing can determine a free man to abandon the delicious climate of the valleys to insulate himself on the top of the Andes, but the hope of amassing wealth. But in Mexico, the richest seams of silver, those of Guanaxuato, Zacatecas, Tasco, and Real del Monte, are in moderate elevations of from 1700 to 2000 metres.* The mines are surrounded with cultivated fields, towns, and villages; the neighbouring summits are crowned with forests; and

* From 5576 to 6561 feet.

every thing facilitates the acquisition of subterraneous wealth."

Our author drops many interesting suggestions on the mines.

"The working of the mines has long been regarded as one of the principal causes of the depopulation of America. It will be difficult to call in question, that at the first epoch of the conquest, and even in the seventeenth century, many Indians perished from the excessive labour to which they were compelled in the mines. They perished without posterity, as thousands of African slaves annually perish in the West Indian plantations, from fatigue, defective nourishment, and want of sleep. In Peru, at least in the most southern part, the country is depopulated by the mines, because the barbarous law of the *mita* is yet in existence, which compels the Indians to remove from their homes into distant provinces, where hands are wanted for extracting the subterraneous wealth. But it is not so much the labour as the sudden change of climate, which renders the *mita* so pernicious to the health of the Indians. This race of men have not the flexibility of organization for which the Europeans are so eminently distinguished. The health of a copper-coloured man suffers infinitely when he is transported from a warm to a cold climate, particularly when he is forced to descend from the elevation of the Cordilleras into those narrow and humid valleys, where all the miasmata of the neighbouring regions appear to be deposited.

"In the kingdom of New Spain, at least within the last thirty or forty years, the labour of the mines is free; and there remains no trace of the *mita*, though a justly celebrated author* has advanced the contrary. No where does the lower people enjoy, in greater security, the fruit of their labour, than in the mines of Mexico, no law forces the Indian to choose this species of labour, or to prefer one mine to another; and when he is displeased with the proprietor of the mine, he may offer his services to another master, who may pay, perhaps, more regularly. These unquestionable facts are very little known in Europe. The number of persons employed in subterraneous operations, who are divided into several classes [Barenadores, Faeneros, Tanateros, Bareteros] does not exceed, in the whole kingdom of New Spain, 28 or 30,000. Hence there is not more than one hundredth part of the whole population immediately employed in the mines.

"The mortality among the miners of Mexico is not much greater than what is observed among the other classes. We may easily be convinced of this, by examining the bills of mortality in the different parishes of Guanaxuato and Zacatecas. This is a phenomenon, so much the more remarkable, as the miner in several of these mines, is exposed to a temperature 6° above the mean temperatures of Jamaica and Pondicherry.† I found the centigrade thermometer at 34°‡ at the bottom of the mine of Valenciana (*en los planes*) a perpendicular depth of 513 metres, while at the mouth of the pit, in the open air, the same thermometer sinks in winter to 4° or 5°§ above 0. The Mexican miner is, consequently, exposed to a change of temperature of more than 30.°|| But this enormous heat of the Valenciana mine is not the effect of a great number of men and lights collected into a small space; it is much more owing to local and geological causes, which we shall afterwards examine.

"It is curious to observe how the Mestizoes and Indians employed in carrying minerals on their back, who go by the name of *Tenateros*, remain continually loaded for six hours with a weight of from 225 to 350 pounds, and constantly exposed to a very high temperature, ascending eight or ten times successively, without intermission, stairs of 1800 steps. The appearance of these robust and laborious men would have operated a change in the opinions of the Raynals and Pauws, and a number of other authors, however estimable in other respects, who have been pleased to declaim against the degeneracy of our species in the torrid zone. This occupation of *Tenateros* is accounted unhealthy, if they enter more than three times a week into the mines. But the labour which ruins most rapidly the robustest constitutions is that of the *Barenadores*, who blow up the rock with powder. These men rarely pass the age of 35, if from a thirst of gain they continue their severe labour for the whole week. They generally pass no more than five or six years at this occupation, and then betake themselves to other employments less injurious to health.

"From five to six thousand persons are

* Robertson, History of America, vol. ii. p. 373.

† Nearly 11° Fahrenheit.

‡ 93° Fahrenheit. || 39° or 41° Fahrenheit. § 54° Fahrenheit.

employed in the amalgamation of the minerals, or the preparatory labour. A great number of these individuals pass their lives in walking barefooted over heaps of brayed metal, moistened and mixed with muriate of soda, sulphate of iron, and oxid of mercury, by the contact of the atmospherick air and the solar rays. It is a remarkable phenomenon to see these men enjoy the most perfect health. The physicians, who practise in places where there are mines, unanimously assert, that the nervous affections, which might be attributed to the effect of an absorption of oxid of mercury, very rarely occur. At Guanaxuato part of the inhabitants drink the very water in which the amalgamation has been purified [*agua de lavaderos*] without feeling any injury from it. This fact has often struck Europeans, not intimately acquainted with the principles of chymistry. The water is, at first, of a grayish-blue colour, and contains in suspension black oxid of mercury, and small globules of native mercury, and amalgamation of silver. This metallick mixture gradually precipitates, and the water becomes limpid. It can neither dissolve the oxid of mercury nor the muriate of mercury, which is one of the most insoluble salts which we know. The mules are very fond of this water, because it contains a little muriate of soda in dissolution."

We shall now direct our attention to the character and condition of the Indians, generally, a race of men, in our opinion, much more injured than our author seems willing to allow. Nevertheless, whether they have cause to rejoice in the prospect of a political revolution, we cannot pretend to determine. Happy should we be did circumstances allow us to flatter ourselves that that portion of the human race which is appointed to inhabit these countries, would benefit, as we wish them, by such an occurrence. The following extracts contain matter of mingled gratification and sorrow; that Mexico should have taken so small a share in the slave trade, we rejoice; but, to see wras maintained by *Christian* missionaries, is much more afflictive than the contemplation of those scenes of distress which Africa was formerly compelled to witness almost incessantly.

"The kingdom of New Spain is, of all the European colonies under the torrid zone, that in which there are the fewest negroes. We may almost say that there are no slaves. We may go through the whole city of Mexico without seeing a black countenance. The service of no house is carried on with slaves. In this point of view, especially, Mexico presents a singular contrast to the Havanna, Lima, and Caraccas. From exact information procured by those employed in the enumeration of 1793, it appears that in all New Spain there are not six thousand negroes, and not more than nine or ten thousand slaves, of whom the greatest number belong to the ports of Acapulco and Vera Cruz, or the warm regions of the coast [*tierras calientes.*] The slaves are four times more numerous in the *capitania general* of Caraccas, which does not contain the sixth part of the population of Mexico. The negroes of Jamaica are to those of New Spain in the proportion of 250 to *one!* In the West India islands, Peru and even Caraccas, the progress of agriculture and industry in general, depends on the augmentation of negroes. In the island of Cuba, for example, where the annual exportation of sugar has risen in twelve years from 400,000 to 1,000,000 quintals, between 1792 and 1803 nearly 55,000* slaves have been introduced. But in Mexico the increase of colonial prosperity is no wise occasioned by a more active slave trade. It is not above twenty years since Mexican sugar was known in Europe; Vera Cruz, at present exports more than 120,000 quintals; and yet the progress of sugar cultivation which has taken place in New Spain since the revolution of St. Domingo has not perceptibly increased the number of slaves. Of the 74,000 negroes annually furnished by Africa to the equinoxial regions of America and Asia, and which are worth, in the colonies, the sum of 111,000,000 francs,† not above 100 land on the coast of Mexico.

"By the laws there can be no Indian slaves in the Spanish colonies; and yet, by a singular abuse, two species of wars very different in appearance give rise to a state very much like that of the African

* According to the customhouse reports of the Havanna, of which I possess a copy, the introduction of negroes, from 1799 to 1803, was 34,500, of whom 7 per cent die annually.

† 4,625,370*l.* sterling.

slave. The missionary monks of South America make, from time to time, incursions into the countries possessed by peaceable tribes of Indians, whom they call savages [*Indios bravos*] because they have not learned to make the sign of the cross like the equally naked Indians of the missions [*Indios reducidos.*] In these nocturnal incursions, dictated by the most culpable fanaticism, *they lay hold of all whom they can surprise, especially children, women, and old men. They separate, without pity, children from their mothers,* lest they should concert together as to the means of escape. The monk who is chief of this expedition, distributes the young people among the Indians of his mission who have the most contributed to the success of the *Entrados.* On the Orinoco, and on the banks of the Portuguese Rio Negro, these prisoners bear the name of *Poitos;* and they are treated like slaves till they are of an age to marry. The desire of having Poitos and making them work for eight or ten years, induces the Indians of the missions to excite the monks to these incursions, which the bishops have generally had the good sense to blame, as the means of attaching odium to religion and its ministers. In Mexico the prisoners taken in the petty warfare which is carried on *almost without interruption,* on the frontiers of the *provincias internas* experience a much more unhappy fate than the Poitos. They are generally of the nation of the Mecos or Apaches, and they are dragged to Mexico, where they languish in the dungeons of a correction house [*La Kordada*]. Their ferocity is increased by solitude and despair. Transported to Vera Cruz and the island of Cuba, they soon perish, like every savage Indian removed from the high, table land into the lower, and consequently hotter regions. These Mecos prisoners sometimes break from their dungeons, and commit the most atrocious cruelties in the surrounding countries. It is high time that the government interested itself in these unfortunate persons, whose number is small, and their situation so much the easier to be ameliorated."

What is the condition of the Indians already under the Spanish government, we learn from our author in different parts of his work.

"The Indians, or copper-coloured race, are rarely to be found in the north of New Spain, and are hardly to be met with in the *provincias internas.* History gives us several causes for this phenomenon. When the Spaniards made the conquest of Mexico, they found very few inhabitants in the countries situated beyond the parallel of 20°. These provinces were the abode of the Chichimecks and Otomites, two pastoral nations, of whom thin hordes were scattered over a vast territory. Agriculture and civilisation, as we have already observed, were concentrated in the plains south of the river of Santiago, especially between the valley of Mexico and the province of Oaxaca.

"From the 7th to the 13th century, population seems in general to have continually flowed towards the south. From the regions situated to the north of the Rio Gila issued forth those warlike nations who successively inundated the country of Anahuack. We are ignorant whether that was their primitive country, or whether they came originally from Asia or the northwest coast of America, and traversed the savannas of Nabajoa and Moqui, to arrive at the Rio Gila. The hieroglyphical tables of the Aztecks have transmitted to us the memory of the principal epochs of the great migrations among the Americans. This migration bears some analogy to that which, in the fifth century, plunged Europe in a state of barbarism, of which we yet feel the fatal effects in many of our social institutions. However, the people who traversed Mexico, left behind them traces of cultivation and civilisation. The Toultecks appeared first, in the year 640, the Chichimecks in 1170, the Nahualtecks in 1178, the Acolhues and Aztecks in 1196. The Toultecks introduced the cultivation of maize and cotton; they built cities, made roads, and constructed those great pyramids which are yet admired, and of which the faces are very accurately laid out. They knew the use of hieroglyphical paintings; they could found metals, and cut the hardest stones; and they had a solar year more perfect than that of the Greeks and Romans. The form of their government indicated that they were the descendants of a people who had experienced great vicissitudes in their social state. But where is the source of that cultivation? where is the country from which the Toultecks and Mexicans issued?

"The Indians of New Spain bear a general resemblance to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. They have the same swarthy and copper colour, flat and smooth hair, small beard, squat body, long eye, with the corner directed upwards towards the temples, prominent cheek bones, thick lips, and an expression of gentleness in the mouth, strongly con-

trasted with a gloomy and severe look. The American race, after the hyperborean race, is the least numerous; but it occupies the greatest space on the globe. Over a million and a half of square leagues, from the Terra del Fuego islands to the river St. Laurence and Baring's Straits, we are struck, at the first glance, with the general resemblance in the features of the inhabitants. We think we perceive that they all descend from the same stock, notwithstanding the enormous diversity of language which separates them from one another."

"In the forests of Guiana, especially near the sources of the Oronoco, are several tribes of a whitish complexion, the Guaicas, Guajaribs, and Arigues, of whom several robust individuals, exhibiting no symptom of the asthenical malady which characterizes *albinos*, have the appearance of true Mestizoes. Yet these tribes have never mingled with Europeans, and are surrounded with other tribes of a dark brown hue."

"The Mexican Indians, when we consider them *en masse*, offer a picture of extreme misery. Banished into the most barren districts, and indolent from nature, and more still from their political situation, the natives live only from hand to mouth. We should seek almost in vain among them for individuals who enjoy any thing like a certain mediocrity of fortune. Instead, however, of a comfortable independency, we find a few families whose fortune appears so much the more colossal, as we least expect it among the lowest class of the people. In the intendancies of Oaxaca and Valladolid, in the valley of Toluca, and especially in the environs of the great city of la Puebla de los Angeles, we find several Indians, who, under an appearance of poverty, conceal considerable wealth. When I visited the small city of Cholula, an old Indian woman was buried there, who left to her children plantations of *maguey* [agave] worth more than 360,000 francs.* These plantations are the vineyards and sole wealth of the country. However, there are no caciques at Cholula; and the Indians there are all tributary, and distinguished for their great sobriety and their gentle and peaceable manners. The manners of the Cholulans exhibit a singular contrast to those of their neighbours of Tlascala, of whom a great number pretend to be the descendants of the highest titled nobility, and who increase their poverty by a litigious disposition and a restless and turbulent turn of mind.—Among the most wealthy Indian families at Cholula, are the Axcotlan, the Sarmientos, and Romeros; at Guaxocingo, the Sochipiltecatl; and, especially, the Tecuanouegues in the village de los Reyes. Each of these families possess a capital of from 800,000 to 1,000,000 of livres.† They enjoy, as we have already stated, great consideration among the tributary Indians; but they generally go barefooted, and covered with a Mexican tunick of coarse texture and a brown colour, approaching to black, in the same way as the very lowest of the Indians are usually dressed."

Of negroes, this country contains very few: of creoles it contains many; and these, we conjecture, are destined to become the ruling powers, when the convulsive struggle is over. From these extracts our readers may form their opinion on the contents of this work. It would have been, at any time, an accession to our stock of information; but the present moment imparts to it an importance in which it is altogether unrivalled. The subject has never been so scientifically treated. But the present volumes do not contain the natural history, or other philosophical illustrations: they are to be sought elsewhere.

If we were criticising the labours of a translator who had been allowed full leisure to execute his task, and revise it with diligence, we should think it our duty to complain of many offences against propriety, which occur in these volumes: but it seems that haste has domineered over talent on this occasion. We know not whether to censure with severity the translator who undertakes more than he can perform, or to wish him a greater allowance of time on the next occasion: but of this we are certain, that maugre the commands of his master the bookseller, his labour would have been more honourable to his abilities had he carefully reinspected it, before it was committed to the press. The plates annexed to this edition, equally bear marks of hurry: those who have seen the originals will bestow but moderate commendation on these *translations*.

* £ 15,000 sterling.

† From £33,336 to £41,670 sterling.

FROM THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

The Select Works of Antony Van Leeuwenhoek, containing his Microscopical Discoveries in many of the Works of Nature. Translated from the Dutch and Latin Editions published by the Author. By Samuel Hoole. Vol. 2d. 4to. 2*l.* 2*s.* Boards.

SEVERAL years having elapsed since the first volume of this translation was published, we almost despaired of its continuance; but we were glad to perceive that our fears were unfounded, and to have it in our power to announce its completion. The present volume, like the former, consists of a number of unconnected treatises on different branches of natural history, the chief interest of which depends on the microscopical observations for which the author is so justly celebrated. We shall mention the subjects of the different articles in the order in which they stand, enlarging on some of the most curious of them.

The first essay is on the formation of different kinds of wood, elm, beech, willow, alder, &c. accompanied by plates of the appearances which they exhibit, when highly magnified; the principal object being to point out the relative size and situation of the perpendicular vessels, as affected by the annual growth of the tree. We have next some observations on the herring, particularly on its food; and afterward an essay on the ant. In his account of the latter, the author combats some opinions which have been generally adopted respecting it, and which still form a part of the popular belief. He was led to conclude "that the ant, as well as the weevil and other minute animals (in these cold regions) does, in the winter season, lie without motion, and does not take any nourishment; and that the collections of food which ants are observed to make, and to heap together in their nests, during the summer season, is for no other purpose than to feed their young." This opinion is rendered very probable, by many of the facts which are adduced. Respecting the bodies vulgarly called ant's eggs, it is remarked, that they are found nearly as large as the ant itself, and, therefore, must have grown after they left the body of the parent. This consideration led the author to examine more particularly into their nature, when he found them to be maggots, in which the rudiments of the future animal may be perceived; the proper eggs are much smaller, and may be detected in great numbers in the nests. It is for the supply of these maggots that the old ants carry food during the summer, the maggots being themselves incapable of motion. M. Leeuwenhoek conjectures that the food is first received into the stomach of the ant, and there undergoes some change, which renders it more proper for the support of the young animal. This, altogether, forms one of the most curious articles in the volume, and announces information, which has not, perhaps, been sufficiently noticed by subsequent naturalists.

An amusing paper occurs respecting the flea. As soon as the young worm leaves the egg, it spins for itself a web, in which it lies for some time quite concealed; and it appears that there is an immediate necessity for this process, because a minute insect of the mite kind exists, which would prey on the worm, if it had not this protection. Perhaps no animal exhibits a greater display of curious mechanism; and the author seems to have examined and described it with the most minute accuracy. The succeeding observations are on the seeds of some different kinds of trees, on the generation of eels, and on the eye of the

beetle. So far from the last animal possessing an imperfect sight, according to the vulgar proverb, it is furnished with above 3,000 eyes, each of them possessing a distinct lens and optick nerve. The same essay contains some remarks on the brain of the gnat, and the circulation of the blood in the crab. The next object that is described, is, the proturberance which is occasionally found on the leaf of the willow; and which is the work of an insect that lays its eggs on the surface of the leaf, and, at the same time, seems to penetrate into its substance, and act on it in such a way as to produce this excresence, which serves as a receptacle for the future animal. A section on the loadstone follows, which is less interesting than some other parts of the work, because our knowledge of the propertics of this substance is very much extended since Leeuwenhoek wrote. We cannot assent to an opinion advanced by the translator, that any analogy subsists between the loadstone and the polypus, merely because every fragment of a magnet becomes itself a perfect magnet, in the same way as the parts of a divided polypus each form a perfect animal.

The next essay, on the brain of the turkey, the sheep, and the sparrow, is particularly to be noticed, as containing many observations on the size of the particles of the blood. The hypothesis which the author formed of a descending series of globules, which was afterward taken up and embellished by Boerhave and the other humoral pathologists, seems to be one of the few instances in which M. Leeuwenhoek suffered his fancy to warp his accuracy of observation. He informs us in his essay, that he saw a fluid issue from the vessels of the brain, "composed of very minute globules, 36 of which would not be equal in size to a globule of the human blood;" and that, "besides these small globules, there were some larger ones, of which," he says, "I judged that six would be equal in size to one globule of human blood." Some curious remarks follow on the minute fleshy fibres. The author was able, by means of his glasses, to detect them when of so small a size, that a million occupied only the size of a square inch. He particularly examined the muscles of a flea's foot; and, by comparing them with those of the larger animals, he inferred that the ultimate fibres of all were of the same size.

"I continued my observations," he says, "by examining the flesh taken out of the feet of a flea, and I saw no difference between the formation and figure of the fibres, taken out of the breast and the feet, and I saw more than twelve of such fibres in the foot of a flea, joining to each other, and also many smaller fibres, in which I could not distinguish the folds or wrinkles; these last I took to be exceeding small blood vessels and nerves.

"I also took the flesh out of the feet of small flies, and saw the fleshy fibres in them to be formed in the same manner as beforementioned.

"The fibres which compose the substance of a whale, I also found to be each enclosed in a membrane, and to be composed of still smaller filaments; and with regard to the size of these fishy fibres, each single fibre was no larger than in the smaller fish; and, indeed, I have seen the fibres in some codfish, eight times the size of those in a whale.

"I also examined the component fibres in the flesh of a mouse, a calf and a hog, and found their formation to be the same as before described, namely, each surrounded with a particular membrane, and composed of smaller filaments: the fibres in the flesh of all these animals was nearly of the size I have before laid down, so that I may say, the fleshy fibres composing the body of an ox are not, singly taken, larger than those which go to the substance of a mouse, though, as I have computed, the one animal is thirty thousand times the size of the other."

From some interesting remarks on the external membrane of the human skin, it appears to consist of a continuous layer of proper scales,

so extremely minute that 200 of them "may be covered by a common grain of sand;" they are disposed with great regularity, and are of a pentagonal figure. It would seem that the skin has no proper pores, except such as exist in the interstices of these scales. The author thinks that their number is the same at all ages, and that therefore, as the body increases in size, each individual scale must grow proportionably. We have next some observations on gouty and urinary concretions, and on the nature of gunpowder; subjects on which the author's knowledge was necessarily very deficient; and we afterward come to a train of microscopical experiments on the louse, which, were it not for the disgust excited by the object, we should rank among the most attractive parts of the volume. We shall only notice one fact, which the writer seems to have discovered, that the sensation of itching, produced by these animals, is not caused by their bite, but by a sting which the male protrudes from the extremity of its body.

M. Leeuwenhoek's next investigations relate to some of the most minute animals that are perceptible to the naked eye, viz. the mite, the different kinds of insects which injure fruit-trees, and the animalcules that are found in the sediment of water. To the subsequent paper, which gives an account of the circulation of the blood in the tail of the eel, the translator subjoins a description of the microscopes which were employed, taken from the writings of Mr. Baker. In the next essay, on frogs, and on the manner in which they are produced from tadpoles, we have a number of additional observations on the globules of the blood, especially respecting their shape and size:

"In my several observations on the circulation of the blood in fishes, I have not been able clearly to satisfy myself with regard to the shape of the globules or component particles of the blood, for they sometimes appeared of a spherical, and sometimes of an oval and even a flat shape, and sometimes an irregular figure; this I sometimes attributed to my glasses not being of sufficient magnifying power to distinguish them, and sometimes to the position in which they appeared to the eye, for, while in circulation, they tumbled one over another, sometimes presenting one part and sometimes another to the view; and I also thought that it might be owing to the straightness of the vessels, in which the particles of blood, being of a yielding nature, might, by the compression, lose their spherical figure.

"In order to satisfy myself in some degree on this head, I cut off pieces from the tails of several small, flat fish, such as plaice and flounders, in order to view the blood when drawn out of the vessels, and the rather, because I could not persuade myself, that the natural shape of the particles of blood in fishes was an oval; forasmuch, as a spherical seemed to me to be the more perfect form. For I was of opinion, that the particles of blood in fishes were composed of six globules, in like manner with the blood in man, and in terrestrial animals: and I several times saw the particles of fishes' blood, the original texture of which was broken, and in which I could distinctly see four or five, and in some few of them six component particles. I, however, thought it worthy of note, that many of these particles of blood appeared to me of an oval shape, some few others roundish, and others of a perfect spherical figure.

"In order farther to prosecute my inquiries on this subject, I took the blood of a salmon not quite dead, which was received into a glass tube, about the size of a small writing pen: this blood, after a short time, became coagulated; but having restored it in part to its fluidity, I put it into a smaller glass tube, in which I viewed it, holding it so, that the particles of blood might be kept in motion continually, by which means many of the particles appeared before my sight with a flat and oval shape; in others, the sides of which were turned towards me, I could scarcely perceive any sensible thickness; and in short, others, where their sides were not exactly turned towards me, appeared somewhat broader in proportion to their size; but I could not discover one particle of blood of a perfect spherical shape."

We have quoted this description

at length, because it is a subject which has given rise to much controversy, and the passage must impress the reader with a favourable opinion of the author's candour. Apparently, he could scarcely be deceived respecting the shape of the globules, although we do not assent to his theory of their composition.

We now come to some remarks on phosphorus, and on the sting of the gnat; experiments on insensible perspiration; observations on the common fly, and on the eggs of the shrimp; essay on the salts contained in pepper, tea, and cantharides; on the embryo plant discoverable in seeds and buds; and on the structure of the nerves. The observations on the nerves are very curious; and had they obtained more general attention, they might, perhaps, have prevented the appearance of some of those idle hypotheses which have been formed respecting the origin of the sensations. The author speaks of the nerves as being "composed of very minute vessels of an incredible thinness, which, running by the sides of each other, constitute a nerve." As to the size of them, the vessels are described as being so small, that "some hundreds of them go to the composition of a nerve no larger than the hair of a man's beard; and although (says the writer) these cavities, or the orifices of these vessels, are so wonderfully minute, I have seen living creatures in the waters, which could have moved and swam about in them with freedom." We are informed that the author, at the time when he made these minute observations, was not less than eighty five years of age.

A paper succeeds on the quantity of air contained in water and other fluids; and afterward a description of an ingenious contrivance for illustrating the effect which the earth's motion about its axis must have on the atmosphere. It is supposed that the centrifugal force will throw off the clouds from the centre, and thus support them at some distance from the earth's surface. In some remarks on the circulation of the blood, the principal object is to show that the circuit must be complete in different times, according to the distance of the parts from the heart. By comparing together the observations which he has made on various subjects, the author concludes that the blood circulates through the tail of the eel thirteen times in an hour, while in the upper parts of the body it will circulate ninety six times. Provided that the blood in the human body moves at the same rate as in the eel, it will pass through the lower extremities only between two and three times in an hour, through the upper extremities above four times; and through the head eight times: but, in an hour, as much blood will pass through the heart as is equal to fourteen times the quantity contained in the whole body. The proportions of these numbers may probably be correct, but we think that the whole estimate is considerably too low. With some remarks on the nature of lime, on wood that has been worm-eaten, and on the eyes of fish, the volume concludes.

The estimate of Leeuwenhoek's merits as a naturalist must be considerably raised in the minds of those who peruse these volumes; and who, though they may have frequently heard him quoted, or have occasionally examined some parts of his works, had not before so fully conceived the extent of his labours. His writings have certainly been too much neglected, and therefore we cannot but express our obligation to Mr. Hoole for putting them in so commodious a form, in a translation which seems to be well executed; and we must not omit to render a due tribute of applause to the excellence of the engravings. The notes, which are occasionally added, do not, in our opinion, increase the value of the work: but they are not very numerous.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

BIOGRAPHY OF VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE.

[Concluded from page 283.]

Bolingbroke, on being appointed minister, immediately repaired to Paris, to solicit succours of all kinds from Louis XIV. His embassy, however, did not prove completely successful; for, although something was obtained, yet the aged monarch was hastening fast towards the conclusion of his career, and had become not only indisposed to a new war with France, but almost incapable of business. A little money, some arms, and one or two vessels fitted out by the merchants, constituted all the supplies he could obtain in the name of "king James."

The regency of the duke of Orleans, was still less favourable to the affairs of the exiles; and the keen and discerning eye of Bolingbroke had already anticipated the disasters which soon after occurred to his party, both in England and Scotland.

Bolingbroke did not accompany the prince in his ill-concerted expedition to Scotland, having remained at Paris for the purpose of obtaining succours from Spain; but on the return of this personage, he was dismissed from a service which was not very pleasing to him; "for he conceived but a low opinion both of the talents and character of his royal highness. For example, it was never possible to obtain a categorical answer on the article of religion, supposing he ever ascended the throne of Great Britain, and although that was a principal article with the English, this prince, therefore, was at bottom no better than a bigot, as his faith was founded on the fear of the devil and of hell, and not on the love of virtue, the horrour of vice, the knowledge of the reciprocal duties of men living in society, and, in short, on the respect due to the supreme Being.

It is but justice to Bolingbroke to add, that the duke of Berwick, who was an eyewitness of his conduct, allows that he acted with great honour and propriety; and remarks, with great force and efficacy, on the jealousies of the earl of Mar and the duke of Ormond, who envied his superiour talents and credit. "One must be entirely destitute of good sense," says this celebrated general, "not to know that king James committed a most enormous fault, in dismissing the sole Englisman capable of managing his affairs, and that too, at a time when he stood in the greatest need of his services."

From this moment, Bolingbroke most sincerely abjured not only the services, but also the cause of the pretender: "I then took a resolution," says he, "to make my peace with king George, and to employ all the experience, which I had unfortunately acquired out of my native country, for the purpose of undeceiving my friends, and thus contributing to the reestablishment of union and tranquillity."

Soon after this, some explanations took place between lord Stair, the English minister at the French court,

and the subject of this biographical memoir, by means of a common friend. And it appears evident, that it was the decided opinion of the former, that the latter should be restored to his country. During this negotiation, in the course of which, the ex-secretary refused to disclose any intelligence that might affect his credit or wound his honour, the earl of Oxford, who had been committed so long to the tower, was brought before the house of peers, and acquitted, in consequence of a dispute with the commons.

Notwithstanding this, his colleague still remained in a foreign land. The urbanity and gayety of the French nation appeared to be very suitable to his disposition; he was accustomed to deem himself "the least unfortunate of exiles;" He possessed a sufficiency of money to live in a handsome style; and his company was eagerly solicited by all the men of talents in France. In 1717, he formed an acquaintance with the marchioness de Villette whose maiden name was Maria Claire Deschamps de Marcilly, and who had been married to the marquis Villette Mursay, a relation of madame de Maintenon. She was then a widow with several children, had been educated at St. Cyr, and lived in the faubourg Saint Germain. This lady was about fifty-two years of age, possessed a very considerable fortune, and at the same time had a number of law-suits. "Without being handsome, she knew how to please. She possessed wit, and might be said to have conversed with great effect, provided she had spoken but a little less." Bolingbroke soon felt himself in love with her; and as she was pleased with him, a close and intimate friendship immediately commenced, which was, however, frequently interrupted and embittered by his jealousy.

Imagining one day, at dinner, that she had a liking for Mr. Macdonald, first esquire to the pretender, and a very handsome man, he overturned the table in a fury, and broke all the glasses. The abbé Alari, who was a witness to this scene, was accustomed to observe, in addition; "that in 1715, Madame de Villette had intrusted him to carry to the count de Boulainvilliers, who piqued himself on drawing horo-copes, the date of her birth, and a variety of other particulars, for his opinion." The answer was, "that the lady was affected by a great number of passions; that she would experience one stronger than all the rest at the age of fifty-two, and at length die in a foreign country." All this prophecy," adds the editor, "was afterwards fully realized; and yet no reliance whatsoever ought to be placed on the skill of the fortuneteller, who was completely deceived in respect to the predictions made by him in respect to himself.

At length, after a variety of lapses, lord Bolingbroke concentrated his passion for the whole sex in Madame de Villette alone, and his own lady, who had turned devotee, having died in November, 1718, the publick conduct of the two lovers from that moment became less embarrassing. He first accompanied this lady to her estate at Marcilly, near Nogent *sur Seine*, and afterwards conducted her to the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, where it was generally believed that they were married in May, 1720. It was also asserted, that Madame de Villette, at the same time, abjured the catholick religion: but the abbé Alari, and all those intimate in the family, were fully persuaded that no abjuration had taken place, and that no marriage had ever been completed. It was convenient, however, to keep up appearances, although they never avowed their union until the month of July, 1722.

The viscount loved the country, and Marcilly would have proved a most agreeable residence; yet in 1719, he purchased the little estate of *la Source*, near Orleans, and con-

verted it into an enchanting abode. There he spent many happy days in the arms of philosophy, the muses, and voluptuousness, assigning to his pleasures that portion of time which he had never refused them, reserving for study the hours formerly devoted to business; and reuniting around him a society selected from men of letters, men of the world, and the most amiable of the other sex. Voltaire, who formed one of the party, declares he was enchanted with his visits. "I have found," said he, "in this illustrious Englishman, all the irrudition of his country, mingled with all the politeness of our own. I never heard any one pronounce our language with more energy and propriety. This man, who has been all his life engaged in pleasures and business, has, nevertheless, found means to learn, and to retain every thing. He is as well acquainted with the history of the Egyptians as of the English. He is equally familiar with Virgil and Milton; and he loves French, Italian, and English poetry; but he loves them differently, because he perfectly discerns the different genius of each."

Meanwhile, the mind of viscount Bolingbroke was continually busied about the means of returning to his native country. The earl of Stanhope, one of his most bitter enemies, was now dead [1721] but sir Robert Walpole was still in credit; the earl of Sunderland and the duke of Marlborough, who were his friends, did not long survive; while the dutchess dowager, who professed a particular esteem for the man, "who alone, was worthy to praise her husband," no longer enjoyed any credit.

As means were about to be recurred to in London, for repealing the bill of attainder, Madame de Villette was sent thither, and, under the name of lady Bolingbroke, acted in concert with lord Harcourt. All their solicitations, however, would have proved ineffectual, but for the patronage of the dutchess of Kendal, who is said to have *sold* his lordship's pardon at an enormous price! Be this as it may, he arrived at Calais on the 11th of May, 1723; four days after it had passed the great seal: but on learning that it extended only to his life, and that he was deprived of the peerage and his estates, he immediately repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle.

In 1725, lord Bolingbroke at length revisited his native country; and an act of parliament was soon after passed for the purpose of restoring his property to him; but the enmity, and it has been added, the jealousy of Walpole, prevented the restoration of his dignities. The conduct of the minister on this occasion excited the bitterest animosity on the part of Bolingbroke, who soon became one of the most violent, as well as most formidable, of his political foes. As his father was still alive, and in possession of the principal estates, the viscount resolved to settle at "Dawley," near Uxbridge, and there resigned himself to the enjoyment of country amusements, and the company of the learned, such as Swift and Pope. He also connected himself openly with the opposition, and published many able letters in the Craftsman, besides a variety of pamphlets, which occasioned a great sensation. On the demise of George I. it was supposed that a change in the administration would have taken place; but Walpole was enabled to obtain a greater share of credit under that than the preceding reign. The viscount, who was not discouraged by this unexpected circumstance, immediately formed a strict union with William Pulteney, afterwards earl of Bath, and then at the head of a most powerful party.

Notwithstanding this, in 1735 he returned to France, and as he had sold the estate of la Source, he now hired the castle of Chanteloup, which was afterwards embellished by the celebrated duke de Choiseul, while an exile like himself. Here,

as usual, he resigned himself to study, to an intercourse with men of wit, and to good cheer.

His father having died in 1740, lord Bolingbroke received a considerable augmentation to his fortune; and in 1742, on the change of ministers, he returned a second time to England. He now obtained the confidence of the prince of Wales, father of the reigning monarch in our own time, to whom he addressed, and for whom, indeed, he is said to have written, one of the most celebrated of his works.

He spent the chief part of his time in Wiltshire,* and at Battersea, near London, where he had a library, equally valuable on account of the number and the rarity of the books contained there. "Bolingbroke, during the latter part of his life, was considered as an oracle, and regularly consulted as such by statesmen and men of letters. He was in full possession of glory, and was enjoying himself in the bosom of opulence and repose, when he became completely miserable from a single shock from the hand of blind destiny. The marchioness de Villette, after languishing for several years, died on the 18th of March, 1750, and he regretted her during the short remainder of his own life, which was only twenty months continuance. Throughout the whole of that period, this philosopher never passed a single day without shedding tears. He himself was at length attacked by a slow and lingering malady, which put his constancy to the severest proofs. An ulcer in his face gave him great pain; but he supported his anguish with a stoicism, which had always constituted the basis of his principles. He died at Battersea, November 25, 1751, at the age of 79, and his fortune devolved on his nephew.

Immediately after the demise of the lady just alluded to, her relations commenced a process against lord Bolingbroke, which not only tended to deprive him of his property in France, but to throw discredit on a person who had been so long dear to him. The cause was heard, and the sentence pronounced proved unfavourable to the hopes and wishes of the subject of this memoir, whose life closed before he was enabled to take the proper means for obtaining a reversion of the judgment. But the marquis de Matignon, actuated by the impulse of that mutual regard which had subsisted so long between them, immediately appealed to the parliament of Paris, and obtained a final decision at a period when his friend was no more, with a view of rescuing his character and fortune from unmerited censure and loss.

The character of Bolingbroke has afforded a fertile subject of discussion, both to his friends and his enemies. The earl of Orrery, on one hand, has observed, "that he united in himself the wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the delicacy of Horace, both in his writings and conversations. He has been also praised by two great men, the earls of Chatham and Chesterfield, as well as by Swift, Pope, &c. On the other hand, Sheridan, Harvey, the bishop of Cloyne, with a multitude of others, have attacked his memory. And, indeed, it has been for many years past, the fashion to condemn his principles without scruple, and without remorse. The French editor of his works, maintains that he was not an atheist. On the contrary, he asserts, on the credit of Mrs. Mallet, who died about fifteen years since, at the age of eighty, "that himself, Swift, and Pope, constitued a society of pure deists; and that, although the second of these, being dean of St. Patrick's, was somewhat more reserved than the rest, yet he was fundamentally of the same way of thinking."

* "Au chateau de Lydiard, dans la province de Wilts."

WILLIAM PENN, AND THE TRIAL BY JURY.

THE great, singular, and intrepid Englishman, whom it is here proposed to exhibit in a new point of view, was born in London, in the year 1644. His father, who was an admiral of some note, not only assisted in the capture of Jamaica, during the protectorate of Cromwell, but also served with applause under the duke of York. Having distinguished himself in a seafight with the Dutch, he was knighted, and admitted into favour, notwithstanding his zeal during the usurpation.

Young Penn completed his education at Christ Church, and, as he then gave an early presage of his future talents, a fond father, doubtless, formed high expectations of the fortunes of so accomplished a son. But those hopes were apparently blasted by a most extraordinary event; for our Oxonian suddenly became a convert to the doctrines of the quakers, a new and obscure sect; suspected by the royalists, and odious to the reigning monarch. So recently had their peculiar doctrines sprung up, that George Fox, the founder, was still alive; and William Loe, one of his most zealous disciples, who had enlisted the subject of this memoir under his banners, in imitation of his master, was about to travel into foreign countries, for the sole purpose of propagating the faith abroad.

The enraged parent remonstrated in vain; his threats to discard, and even to disinherit, his only son, were of no avail; for filial obedience was not proof against a *call of the spirit*, and the sacrifice of a father's love, and a father's wealth, appeared, in the heyday of life, and amidst the fervour of enthusiasm, to be only a step towards that martyrdom, of which he then seemed to be ambitious. The admiral, however, never forsook him entirely; and it was through his intercession, that the young man was relieved from prison at Cork, after having been committed for preaching there.

Notwithstanding this incident, which might have abated the fervours of one less replete with zeal, we find our young quaker, on his return to London, employed in writing and publishing a book, for the express purpose of showing the benefits to be derived from suffering; and this very book, entitled, "No Cross, no Crown," was the cause of his suffering anew, as it occasioned his committal to the tower.

On his release, he persisted in his former course of life, and preached frequently in publick; but, notwithstanding this, the admiral at length became reconciled to, and bequeathed him his whole property, which was pretty considerable. That very year in which the latter died, was rendered memorable by the bold, manly, and patriotick conduct of a son, who, notwithstanding the singularity and seeming *quaintness* of his religious opinions, would have conferred honour on the noblest family in the kingdom. Persisting in his original intentions, and neither swayed by worldly interests on one hand, nor alarmed by the fear of a very jealous, capricious, and arbitrary government, on the other, Mr. Penn pursued that career which he considered to be pointed out by a sense of duty. Notwithstanding a body of soldiers had taken possession of the meeting house in "Gracious street,"* August 15, 1670, he preached in the immediate vicinity as before. On this, he was apprehended, committed by the lordmay-

* Gracechurch street.

or, and tried for the same, along with William Mead,* at the Old Bailey, on the first, third, fourth, and fifth of September following. On this occasion, the bench consisted of:

Samuel Starling, lordmayor.
John Howel, recorder.
Thomas Bludworth, William Peak, Richard Ford, Sir John Robinson, Joseph Shelden, Richard Brown, } Aldermen.
John Smith, James Edwards, } Sheriffs.

It is important here, that the names of the jury should be also recorded, not only as a mark of respect to them, but also as an example to their fellow subjects, viz.

1. Thomas Veer.
2. Edward Bushel.
3. John Hammond.
4. Charles Milson.
5. Gregory Walklet.
6. John Brightman.
7. William Plumsted.
8. Henry Henley.
9. James Damask.
10. Henry Michel.
11. William Lever.
12. John Baily.

The indictment purported, "that William Penn and William Mead, the latter late of London, linen draper, with divers persons to the jurors unknown, to the number of three hundred, did unlawfully, assemble, and congregate themselves with force of arms, &c. to the disturbance of the peace of our lord the king; and that William Penn, by agreement between him and William Mead, did take upon himself to preach and speak, in contempt of the said lord the king, and of his law, to the great disturbance of his peace," &c.

Having pleaded "not guilty," the court adjourned until the afternoon, and the prisoners, being again brought to the bar, were there detained during five hours, while house breakers, murderers, &c. were tried. On the 2d of September, the same ceremony took place as before, with only this difference, that on one of the officers pulling off the hats of the two prisoners, the lord mayor exclaimed: "Sirrah, who bid you put off their hats? put on their hats again?"

Recorder, to the prisoners.—Do you know where you are? Do you know it is the king's court?

Penn. I know it to be a court, and I suppose it to be the king's court.

Recorder. Do you not know there is respect due to the court? And why do you not pull off your hat?

Penn. Because I do not believe that to be any respect.

Recorder. Well, the court sets forty marks a piece upon your heads, as a fine for your contempt of the court.

Penn. I desire it may be observed, that we came into the court with our hats off (that is, taken off) and if they have been put on since, it was by order of the bench; and, therefore, not we, but the bench should be fined.

After this, the jury were again sworn, on which sir J. Robinson, lieutenant of the Tower, objected against Edward Bushel, as he had not kissed the book, and, therefore, would have him sworn again; "though, indeed, it was on purpose to have made use of his tenderness of conscience in avoiding reiterated oaths to have put him by his being a juryman, apprehending him to be

* On inquiry it has been discovered, that Mr. Mead had been originally a tradesman in London; but, during the civil wars, he, like many others, obtained a commission in the army, and was known by the appellation of captain Mead It is not at all improbable, that he took the same side as William Penn's father; and, indeed, his conduct on this occasion displays somewhat of the republican intrepidity of those days.

a person not fit to answer their arbitrary ends."*

James Cook, the first witness, being called, swore that he saw Mr. Penn speaking to the people in Gracechurch street, but could not hear what he said, on account of the noise. Richard Read deposed exactly in the same manner, and to the same effect; but added, that he "saw captain Mead speaking to lieutenant Cook, yet what he said he could not tell." The third witness was equally incompetent to prove any thing against Mr. Penn; and as "for captain Mead," said he, "I did not see him there."

Mr. Recorder Howel. What say you, Mr. Mead, were you there?

William Mead. It is a maxim of your own law, *nemo tenetur accusare seipsum;* which, if it be not true Latin, I am sure it is true English, "that no man is bound to accuse himself;" and why dost thou offer to ensnare me with such a question? Doth not this show thy malice? Is this like unto a judge that ought to be counsel for the prisoner at the bar?

Recorder. Sir, hold your tongue; I did not go about to ensnare you.

Penn. We confess ourselves to be so far from recanting, or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, pray, or worship the eternal, holy, just God; that we declare to all the world, that we do believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet incessantly upon so good an account; nor shall all the powers upon earth be able to divert us from reverencing and adoring our God who made us.

Alderman Brown. You are not here for worshipping God, but for breaking the law; you do yourselves great wrong in going on in that discourse.

Penn. I affirm I have broken no law, nor am I guilty of the indictment that is laid to my charge; and to the end the bench, the jury, and myself, with these that hear us, may have a more direct understanding, I desire you would let me know by what law it is you prosecute me, and upon what law you grounded my indictment?

Recorder. Upon the common law.

Penn. Where is that common law?

Recorder. You must not think that I am able to run up so many years, and eversomany adjudged cases, which we call common law, to answer your curiosity,

Penn. This answer, I am sure, is very short of my question; for, if it be common, it should not be so hard to produce.

Recorder. Sir, will you plead to your indictment?

Penn. Shall I plead to an indictment that hath no foundation in law? If it contain that law you say I have broken, why should you decline to produce that law, since it will be impossible for the jury to determine or agree to bring in their verdict, who have not the law produced by which they should measure the truth of this indictment, and the guilt, or contrary, of my fact?

Recorder. You are a saucy fellow; speak to the indictment. [At this time, several upon the bench urged hard upon the prisoner to bear him down.]

Penn. I say it is my place to speak to matter of law; I am arraigned a prisoner; my liberty, which is next to life itself, is now concerned; you are many mouths and ears against me, and if I must not be allowed to make the best of my case, it is hard: I say again, unless you show me, and the people, the law you ground your indictment

* See a scarce and valuable tract, printed for William Butler, 1682, and entitled, "The People's ancient and just Liberties asserted, in the Trial of William Penn and William Mead, at the Sessions held at the Old Bailey, &c. against the most arbitrary procedure of that court." 'Wo unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and write grievousness, which they had prescribed to turn away the needy from judgement, and take away," &c. *Isai.* x. 1, 2.

upon, I shall take it for granted, your proceedings are merely arbitrary.

Recorder. The question is—Whether you are guilty of this indictment?

Penn. The question is not whether I am guilty of this indictment, but whether this indictment be legal? It is too general and imperfect an answer, to say it is the common law, unless we knew both where and what it is; for where there is no law, there is no transgression; and that law which is not in being, is so far from being common, that it is no law at all?

Recorder. You are an impertinent fellow; will you teach the court what law is? It is *Lex non scripta*, that which many have studied thirty or forty years to know, and would you have me to tell you in a moment?

Penn. Certainly, if the common law be so hard to be understood, it is far from being common; but if the lord Coke, in his Institutes, be of any consideration, he tells us that common law is common right, and that common right is the great charter of privileges confirmed 9 Henry 3, 29, 25. Edward I; 1 and 2; Edward III, 8. Coke Instit. 2 p. 56. I design no affront to the court, but to be heard in my just plea; and I must plainly tell you, that if you will deny me *Oyer* of the law, which you say I have broken, you do at once deny me an acknowledged right, and evidence to the whole world your resolution to sacrifice the privileges of Englishmen, to your sinister and arbitrary designs.

Recorder. Take him away: my lord, if you take not some course with this pestilent fellow to stop his mouth, we shall not be able to do any thing to night.

Lord Mayor. Take him away, take him away; turn him into the Baile Dock.

Penn. These are but so many vain exclamations: Is this justice or true judgment? Must I, therefore, be taken away, because I plead for the fundamental laws of England? However, this I leave upon your consciences who are of the jury (and my sole judges) that if these ancient fundamental laws, which relate to liberty and property, and are not limited to particular persuasions in religion, must not be indispensably maintained and observed, who can say he hath a right to the coat upno his back?

Recorder. Be silent there.

Penn. I am not to be silent in a case wherein I am so much concerned, and not only myself, but many ten thousand families besides.

They now dragged him into the Baile Dock; but William Mead, being still left in court, spoke as follows: "You men of the jury, here I do now stand to answer to an indictment against me, which is a bundle of stuff, full of lies and falsehoods: for therein am I accused, that I met *vi et armis, illicite et tumultuose*. Time was when I had freedom to use a carnal weapon, and then I thought I feared no man; but now I fear the living God, and dare not make use thereof, nor hurt any man. You men of the jury who are my judges, if the recorder will not tell you what makes a riot, a rout, or an unlawful assembly, Cook [Coke] he that once they called the lord Cook [Coke] tells us, that a riot is, when three or more are met together to beat a man, or to enter forcibly into another man's land, to cut down his grass, his wood, or break down his pales.

Recorder. I thank you, sir, that you will tell me what the law is.—[Scornfully pulling off his hat.]

Mead. Thou mayest put on thy hat, I have never a fee for thee now.

Alderman Brown. He talks at random; one while an independent, another while some other religion; and now a quaker, and next a papist.

Mead. Turpe est doctori cum culpa redarguit ad ipsum.

Lord Mayor. You deserve to have your tongue cut out.

Recorder. If you discourse in this manner, I shall take occasion against you.

Mr. Mead having been now also thrust into the Baile Dock, the following charge was given to the jury, in the absence of the prisoners:

Recorder. You have heard what the indictment is. It is for preaching to the people, and drawing a tumultuous company after them; and Mr. Penn was speaking. If they should not be disturbed, you see they will go on; there are three or four witnesses that have proved this, that he did preach there, and that Mr. Mead did allow of it; after this, you have heard by substantial witnesses what is said against them. Now we are upon the matter of fact, which you are to keep to and observe, what has been fully sworn, at your peril.

Penn. [With a loud voice, from the Baile Dock] I appeal to the jury, who are my judges, and this great assembly, whether the proceedings of the court are not most arbitrary, and void of all law, in offering to give the jury their charge in the absence of the prisoners. I say it is directly opposite to, and destructive of, the undoubted right of every English prisoner, as Cook, in the 2d Inst. 29, on the chap. of Magna Charta speaks.

Recorder. Why ye are present; you do hear, do you not?

Penn. No thanks to the court that commanded me into the Baile Dock; and you of the jury take notice, that I have not been heard; neither can you legally depart the court before I have been *fully* heard, having at least ten or twelve material points to offer, in order to invalid their *appointment.*

Recorder. Pull the fellow down; pull him down.

Mead. Are these proceedings according to the rights and privileges of Englishmen, that we should not be heard?

Recorder. Take them away into the *hole.*

The jury were now desired to go up stairs, in order to agree upon a verdict; and the prisoners remained in the "stinking hole." After an hour and a half's time, eight came down agreed, but four remained above, until sent for. The bench used many threats to the four that dissented; and the recorder, addressing himself to Mr. Bushel, said; "Sir, you are the cause of this disturbance, and manifestly show yourself an abettor of faction. I shall set a mark upon you, sir."

Alderman sir J. Robinson, lieutenant of the tower. Mr. Bushel, I have known you near this fourteen years; you have thrust yourself upon this jury, because you think there is some service for you; I tell you, that you deserve to be indicted more than any man that hath been brought to the bar this day.

Mr. Bushel. No, sir John, there were three score before me; and I would willingly have got off, but could not.

Alderman Bludworth. Mr. Bushel, we know what you are.

Lord Mayor. Sirrah, you are an impudent fellow; I will put a mark upon you!

The jury being then sent back to consider their verdict, remained for some time; and, on their return, the clerk having asked in the usual manner: "Is William Penn guilty of the matter wherein he stands indicted, or not guilty?" the foreman replied, "Guilty of speaking in Gracious street.

Court. Is that all?

Foreman. That is all I have in commission.

Recorder. You had as good say nothing.

Lord Mayor. Was it not an unlawful assembly? You mean he was speaking to a tumult of people there?

Foreman. My lord, this was all I had in commission.

Here some of the jury seeming "to buckle to the questions of the court," Mr. Bushel, Mr. Hammond, and some others, opposed themselves, and said, "they allowed of no such terms as an unlawful assembly:" at which the lord mayor, the recorder, sir J. Robinson, lieutenant of the tower, and alderman Bludworth "took great occasion to vilifie them with most opprobrious language;" and this verdict not serving their turn, the recorder expressed himself thus: "The law of England will not allow you to part till you have given in your verdict, therefore go and consider it once more."

On this the jury declared, that they had given in their verdict, and could give in no other. They withdrew, however, after demanding and obtaining pen, ink, and paper; and returning once more, at the expiration of half an hour, the foreman addressed himself to the clerk of the peace, and, presenting the following decision, said, here is our verdict: "We the jurors, hereafter named, do find William Penn to be guilty of speaking or preaching to an assembly met together in Gracious street, the 14th of August last, 1670; and that William Mead is not guilty of the said indictment.

Foreman. Thomas Veer.
Edward Bushel," &c.

Lord Mayor. What! will you be led by such a silly fellow as Bushel? An impudent canting fellow: I warrant you, you shall come no more upon juries in haste: you are a foreman, indeed! I thought you had understood your place better.

Recorder. Gentlemen, you shall not be dismissed till we have a verdict that the court will accept, and you shall be locked up without meat, drink, fire, and tobacco; you shall not think thus to abuse the court; we will have a verdict by the help of God, or you shall starve for it.

Penn. My jury, who are my judges, ought not to be thus menaced; their verdict should be free, and not compelled; the bench ought to wait upon [for] them, but not forestal them. I do desire that justice may be done me, and that the arbitrary resolves of the bench may not be made the measure of my jury's verdict.

Recorder. Stop that prating fellow, or put him out of the court.

Lord Mayor. You have heard that he preached, that he gathered a company of tumultuous people, and that they not only did disobey the martial power, but the civil also.

Penn. It is a great mistake; we did not make the tumult, but they that interrupted us! The jury cannot be so ignorant as to think that we met there with a design to disturb the civil peace, since, first, we were by force of arms kept out of our lawful house, and met as near it in the street, as their soldiers would give us leave; and secondly, because it was no new thing, and it is known that we are a peaceable people, and cannot offer violence to any man. The agreement of twelve men is a verdict in law; and such a one being given by the jury, I require the clerk of the peace to record it, as he will answer at his peril. And if the jury bring in another verdict, contradictory to this, I affirm they are perjured men in law. Then looking towards them, he emphatically added, "You are Englishmen! mind your privilege, give not away your right!"

One of the jury having pleaded indisposition, and desired to be dismissed, the lord mayor said, "You are as strong as any of them; starve then, and hold your principles."

Recorder. Gentlemen you must be contented with your hard fate, let your patience overcome it; for the court is resolved to have a verdict and that before you can be dismissed.

Jury. We are agreed!

The court now swore several of

its officers to keep the jury all night, without meat, drink, fire, &c. and adjourned to seven o'clock next morning, which proved to be Sunday. They were then brought up as before, when, having persevered in their verdict, Mr. Bushel was reproved as a *factious fellow*, by the lord mayor; on this he replied, that he acted "conscientiously." The other observed, that such a conscience would cut his throat; 'but I will cut your's,' added he, 'so soon as I can."

Mr. Penn now asked the recorder, if he allowed the verdict given in respect to William Mead? That magistrate replied, no; as they were both indicted for a conspiracy, and one being found "not guilty," and not the other, it could not be a verdict.

Penn. If *not guilty* be not a verdict, then you make of the jury, and Magna Charta, but a mere *nose of wax!* I affirm, that the consent of a jury is a verdict in law; and if William Mead be not guilty, I am clear, as I could not possibly conspire alone.

The jury again received a charge; were sent out; returned, and presented the same verdict. On this, the recorder threatened Mr. Bushel, and said, "while he had any thing to do in the city, he would have an eye upon him!" The lord mayor termed him a pitiful fellow, and added, "I will cut his nose."

Penn. It is intolerable that my jury should be thus menaced: Is this according to the fundamental laws? Are not they my proper judges by the great charter of England? What hope is there of ever having justice done, when juries are threatened, and their verdicts rejected? I am concerned to speak, and grievous to see such arbitrary proceedings. Did not the lieutenant of the tower render [treat] one of them (the jury) worse than a felon? And do you not plainly seem to condemn such for factious fellows, who answer not your ends? Unhappy are those juries who are threatened to be fined, and starved, and ruined, if they give not in verdicts contrary to their consciences.

Recorder. My lord, you must take a course with that same fellow.

Lord Mayor. Stop his mouth, jailor, bring fetters, and stake him to the ground.

Penn. Do your pleasure; I matter not your fetters!

Recorder. Till now, I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards, in suffering the *inquisition* among them; and certainly it will never be well with us, till something like unto the Spanish inquisition be in England.

The jury were once more required to give another verdict; Mr. Lee, the clerk, was also desired to draw up a special one, which he declined; and the recorder threatened to have the jurors carted about the city, as in Edward III.'s time. The foreman remonstrated in vain, that any other verdict *would be a force on them to save their lives;* and the jury refused to go out of court until obliged by the sheriff. On this, the court immediately adjourned until next morning at seven o'clock, when the prisoners were, as usual, brought from Newgate, and, being placed at the bar, the clerk demanded, Is William Penn guilty, or not guilty? *Foreman.* Not guilty! Is William Meade guilty, or not guilty? *Foreman.* Not guilty! The bench being still dissatisfied, each of the jury was required to answer distinctly to his name, which being done, and they proving unanimous, the recorder spoke as follows:

I am sorry, gentlemen, you have followed your own judgments and opinions rather than the good and wholesome advice that was given you. God keep my life out of your hands! But for this the court fines you forty marks aman, and [commands] imprisonment until paid.

William Penn. I demand my liberty; being freed by the jury.

Lord Mayor. No, you are in for your fines, for contempt of the court.

Penn. I ask if it be according to the fundamental laws of England, that any Englishman should be fined, or amerced, but by the judgment of his peers, or jury? since it expressly contradicts the 14th and 29th chapter of the great charter of England, which says, "No freeman ought to be amerced, but by the oath of good and lawful men of the vicinage."

Recorder. Take him away, take him away; take him out of court.

Penn. I can never urge the fundamental laws of England, but you cry, *take him away, take him away!* But it is now order, since the Spanish inquisition hath so great a place in the recorder's heart. God Almighty, who is just, will judge you all for these things.

So far this curious tract.

Both jury and prisoners were now forced into the Baile-Dock, for non payment of their fines, whence they were carried to Newgate. These proceedings, of course, aroused the attention of a nation, justly jealous of the government of such a profligate and arbitrary prince as Charles II. and indignant at the conduct of such a judge as Howel. Sir Thomas Smith, about a century before, had considered the fining, imprisoning, and punishing of juries, to be violent, tyrannical, and contrary to the custom of the realm of England. While the celebrated sir Matthew Hale, who had been chief baron of the exchequer, and chief justice of the king's bench, in this very reign, observed, in his Pleas of the Crown, p. 313, that it would be a most unhappy case for the judge himself, if the prisoner's fate depended upon his directions, and unhappy also for the prisoner; as, if the judge's opinion must rule the verdict, the trial by jury would be useless.

Edward Bushel, a citizen of London, whose name deserves to be handed down to posterity with applause, immediately sued out a writ of *habeas corpus.* Upon the return, it was stated, that he had been committed "for that, contrary to law, and against full and clear evidence openly given in court, and against the direction of the court in matter of law, he, as one of a jury, had acquitted William Penn and William Meade, to the great obstruction of justice." This cause was at length heard in the superiour court; and, after a solemn argument before the twelve judges, the above was resolved to be "an insufficient cause for fining and committing the jury." They were accordingly discharged, and they brought actions for damages.

Eleven years after this, William Penn bent the whole force of his capacious mind to a great and noble undertaking. Having, in 1681, obtained from the crown the grant of a large tract of land in America, since named Pennsylvania, after himself, as a compensation for the arrears due to him as executor to his father, he took over with him a colony of quakers, and founded Philadelphia, or the City of Brethren, in allusion to their union and fraternal affection. After thus establishing the beginnings of a future empire, and propounding a body of laws, this truly great man, who reflects so much lustre on the name of Englishman, returned to his native country, and died near Beaconsfield, in Berkshire, of an apoplexy, in 1718, at the age of seventy four.

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON SHAKSPEARE.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act I. Scene 1.

———My gracious duke,
This man hath witched the bosom of my child;
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rhimes.

By *rhimes*, seem to be meant some kind of metrical charms, and not merely love-verses, which Lysander is afterwards charged with singing by moonlight at Hermia's window. So Rosalind, in As You Like It. Act iii. Scene 6. "I was never so berhimed since Pythagoras's time, when I was an Irish rat, which I hardly remember."

The human mortals want their winter here, &c. *Act II. Scene* 2.

"Shakspeare, without question, wrote," says Dr. Warburton, "winter heryed," that is, praised or celebrated. The word is to be found in Spenser's Calendar. Sir Thomas Hanmer, with far superiour judgment, proposes to read "winter cheer." And Dr. Johnson, yet more happily, "wonted year," though he still thinks Titania's account confused and inconsequential; and therefore, in imitation of Scaliger's experiment upon the Gallus of Virgil, he ventures upon a transposition of the lines, containing, it must be allowed, much display of ingenuity. There is, however, no occasion for carrying critical temerity so far. Titania enumerates the various calamities with which the earth was afflicted, in consequence of the quarrel subsisting between her and Oberon; and apparently closes the account with observing, that "the human mortals want their wonted year." She immediately adds, not by way of consequence, but as resuming the subject:

"No night is now with hymn or carol blest
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger washes all the air,
And through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter," &c.

That is, we are perpetually disturbed with thy brawls; therefore, our hymns and carols are neglected: therefore, the moon, the governess of floods, is offended: therefore, no longer adored, and pale in her anger, she washes all the air: therefore, the seasons alter, &c. There is hereby a regular series of deductions. Dr. J. supposes the devotion of the human, not of the fairy race, to suffer interruption; and his construction is, "Men find no winter; therefore, they sing no hymns; therefore, the moon, provoked by this omission, alters the seasons;"—that is, the alteration of the seasons produces the alteration of the seasons. This is clearly erroneous.

"The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for wax-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes." *Act III. Scene* 1.

"I know not," says Dr. Johnson, "how Shakspeare, who commonly derived his knowledge of nature from his own observation, happened to place the glow-worm's light in his eyes, which is only in his tail." But is it not evident that Shakspeare purposely sacrificed, in this instance, physical accuracy of description to poetical effect? Who would advise, or could approve of, any alteration?

And what poor duty cannot do,
Noble respect takes it in might, not merit. *Act V. Scene* 1.

The meaning is, that a generous mind takes the laborious effort, or endeavour, to please in lieu of merit. Dr. Johnson proposes to read, "take not in might but merit." This is plausible, but it is not Shakspearian phraseology.

This drama exhibits an extraordinary mixture of humour and invention, of poetry and pathos, of negligence and absurdity. We may conjecture, from the title of Midsummer Night's Dream, bestowed upon it by the author, that Shakspeare himself was not insensible of its wild and fantastical complexion. Yet it contains scenes of distinguished excellence, and many passages which the inspiration of the highest genius only could dictate.

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MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act IV. Scene 1.

———For affections,
Mas'ers of passion, sway it to the mood
Of what it likes or loaths.

This passage has been deemed very difficult, and it has given rise to numerous alterations and conjectures. Mr. Malone's is the last and best. He understands, by affection, the disposition of the mind; and, by passion, corporal sensation: that is, the inclinations of the mind govern the acts of the body. A similar distinction prevails in a passage in All's Well that Ends Well:

———Come, come, disclose
The state of your affections; for your passions
Have to the full appeached.

It seems extraordinary that the character of Shylock should ever have been regarded as allied to comedy. Yet we know, that before Macklin appeared, it was represented, or rather misrepresented, by Hippesley, the Shuter of his time, in a style of merriment. And very recently, Mr. Cooke, who is an excellent comedian, but whose powers in tragedy are very limited, has attempted to introduce something of comick effect into his performance of this character, which cannot be approved by those who remember the deeply-tragick colouring of Macklin.

" Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. *Act V. Scene* 1.

Dr. Warburton changes, erroneously, beyond a doubt, *souls* to *sounds*. Dr. Johnson rightly explains the passage, by interpreting harmony to be the power of perceiving harmony; as musick in the soul is the quality of being moved with concord of sweet sounds. But he alters, without necessity, and by a deviation from the true meaning, " immortal souls" to " the immortal soul." The purport of the passage is, " such power of deriving bliss from harmony resides in the immortal souls of men, as well as in angels and cherubims; but we cannot exercise it in the present inferiour state of existence.

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AS YOU LIKE IT—*Act II. Scene* 7.

———And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part.

Dr. Warburton observes, that Shakspeare uses *modern* in the double sense; that the Greeks used καινος both for *recens* and *absurdus*. But *modern* is not used by Shakspeare, either for *recens* or *absurdus*, but for slight or trivial; as in this very play, act iv. scene 1: " And betray themselves to every modern censure." So in king John, " And scorns a modern invocation." And in All's Well that Ends Well, " Her insuit coming with her modern grace;" and in Macbeth (to quote no farther examples) " Where violent sorrow seems a modern ecstacy. The meaning is, That the justice has collected a great number of commonplace max-

ims, which he is forward and eager to apply to every slight and trivial occasion.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. *Ib. Ib.*

Various attempts have been made to correct the fifth line of this stanza, but with very ill success. Dr. Warburton would fain persuade us to read, "thou art not sheen;" that is, shining or smiling. Sir Thomas Hanmer, by a dangerous and unwarrantable license, changes the whole line to "thou causest not that teen." Dr. Farmer proposes, "because the heart's not seen." And Mr. Musgrave, "because thou art foreseen." After all, perhaps, the only alteration necessary may be *teen* for *seen*, and the sense will then be, "Because, though thou art pain, thou art not sorrow; though thou art a sharp and bitter evil, still thou art a natural and not a mental one."

——— Will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops? *Act III. Scene 5.*

After several learned notes on this passage, and proposals of amendment, we have a common-sense explanation of it in three lines, by Mr. Tollet, viz. "He who lives and dies by bloody drops, continues to the end of life in the office of an executioner." So, act v. scene 2, of this play, we read:

"Here will I live and die a shepherd."

Many will swoon when they do look on blood,
There is more in it—cousin!—Ganimede!"
Act IV. Scene 3.

"Celia, in her first fright," says Dr. Johnson, "forgets Rosalind's character and disguise, and calls out, cousin! Then recollects herself, and says, 'Ganimede!' And, in her fright, too, it may be remarked, she is very near blabbing the secret of Rosalind's love for Orlando. "There is more in it." These are genuine touches of nature.

This is a very interesting and beautiful comedy. The pastoral and forest scenery, connected with the fable, gives it a wild and romantick air. The characters are natural, and delineated with skill and felicity. That of the melancholy Jaques, is altogether original, and exhibits exquisite touches of Shakspeare's creative pencil.

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Taming of the Shrew.

Dr. Farmer has, without any external proof, and in contradiction to the strongest internal evidence, pronounced Shakspeare's property in this excellent drama to be extremely disputable. The truth is, that a play under the same name, and founded upon the same story, had appeared, A. D. 1607; and it cannot be denied that this play was closely imitated by Shakspeare, in respect both to character and incident. But the general composition of the old play is very mean, and the dialogue was almost entirely new-written by the great poet. Who can doubt that the following passages, amongst many others, are the genuine production of Shakspeare's magick pen:

"O Tranio, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness;
I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio;
O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face:—
Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath she did perfume the air;
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.
Act I Scene I.

It is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit;
What! is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Act IV. Scene 4.

The principal merit of this play, however, does not consist in the poetry, but in the freedom and vi-

gour with which it is throughout imbued and animated. All the parts of the induction are exquisitely humorous. There is a passage in the old play, of such superiour excellence, that we cannot hesitate to ascribe it to Shakspeare, to whose revisal, as theatrical manager, it was not improbably submitted previous to its appearance on the stage.

Fair lovely lady, bright and crystalline,
Beauteous and stately as the eye-trained bird,
As glorious as the morning washed with dew!
Within whose eyes she takes her dawning beams,
And golden summer sleeps upon thy cheeks!

WINTER'S TALE.

This play is strangely supposed by some of the commentators to be surreptitious; but Dr. Warburton truly pronounces it "to be throughout, written in the very spirit of Shakspeare," who, in this simple and pleasing drama, "warbles his native wood notes wild," in a strain which no other writer could ever successfully emulate. The conduct of the fable is, indeed, extravagant; but the inspiration of genius pervades the whole, and incongruity and impropriety vanish before it. The story of this play is taken from a novel, written by R. Green, entitled: The pleasant History of Dorastus and Fawnia; but the parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are, as Mr. Steevens informs us, of Shakspeare's own invention. It has been very justly remarked by Mr. Horace Walpole, that the characters of Leontes and Hermione bear an allusion to those of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. The subject could not be treated on the stage without a veil, and the poet has discovered great address in his mode of managing it. The task was by no means easy to vindicate the innocence of the queen, without making the character of the king too odious; and it must be acknowledged, that Leontes, rash, credulous, and passionate as he is, exhibits much too favourable a portrait of the merciless tyrant he is supposed to represent.

——— You may ride us,
With one soft touch a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heap an acre, but to the goal. *Act I. Scene 2.*

"That is," says Dr. Warburton, "good usage will win us to any thing; but with ill we stop short, even there where both our interest and inclination would otherwise have carried us." This is, indeed, assigning that sense to the words which suits the general tenour of the passage; but how the words themselves will admit of such a construction, the learned commentator has not attempted to explain. "But to the goal" must mean, except to the goal; which is directly contrary to the conclusion we are led to expect. The true reading seems to be "be it to the goal;" that is, with ill usage we make no exertions, though we should be within reach of the goal.

——— What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort, and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again,
With a sweet fellow to it?
Act V. Scene 1.

Dr. Warburton changes the structure of the second line in the following manner: "Than to rejoice the former queen? This will." And Dr. Johnson so far countenances this strange alteration, as to say, "it is plausible, and such as we may wish the author had chosen." "What," says Dion, "were more holy in the present state of things, than, instead of repining to rejoice that the former queen is released from her troubles? Instead of wishing her sainted spirit again to possess her corpse," as it is subsequently expressed, what can be holier than, for royalty's repair, to fill up the vacancy in the bed of majesty with a partner worthy of it. When the sense is so plain, why indulge this propensity to innovation or amendment?

ACCOUNT OF JOSEPH PAISLEY, THE GRETNA GREEN COUPLER.

THE deceased, Joseph Paisley, of coupling celebrity, was born on the borders of England, in the year 1728, or 1729, at the obscure hamlet of Lenoxtown, about a mile distance from Gretna Green; at which place, and at Springfield (its immediate neighbourhood) the subject of this memoir half a century continued to weld together the chains of matrimony; to render happy or miserable great multitudes of anxious lovers. Early in life, Paisley was apprentice to a tobacconist; but becoming disgusted with this employment, he changed it for that of a fisherman, and was allowed by his brethren to bear the palm on all occasions, where strength and agility were required. It was in this humble capacity that he was initiated into the secrets of a profession, which he managed with such address. He had formed a connexion with one Walter Cowford, who lived very near to Sarkfoot, upon the seashore; and who, though strange it may appear, was both a *smuggler* and a *priest*. Old Watty had the misfortune to be but indifferently lodged, having "a reeky house," and what is perhaps worse, a scolding wife, so that he was necessitated to perform the marriage ceremony on the open beach, among the furze, or, as it is provincially called, *whins;* on these occasions young Paisley officiated as clerk. But our hero had ambition, and he only wanted an opportunity for its exertion. An opportunity soon offered itself. One time Watty went to the Isle of Man, for the purpose of fetching over a cargo of contraband brandy; whilst his assistant remained at home to perform the necessary rites, during the absence of the former. Finding that he could rivet the matrimonial band equally as well as his master, and being at the same time under some pecuniary embarrassment, he began business on his own account, and by his ability and address, soon overcame all competition.

About the year 1794, he was served with a subpœna to give evidence at Bristol, respecting the validity of a marriage. It was expected by thousands, that the event of the trial would put an end to Joe's matrimonial career. The contrary, however, took place; for, by his dexterous management, he not only succeeded in rendering the match valid, but was enabled to follow his favourite profession with increased security.—During this journey, he visited the metropolis, where he was much noticed by the nobility and gentry. Had he been of a covetous disposition, he might have accumulated a considerable fortune; but, since the time to which we allude, he had never been distant a single mile from Springfield.

Of Joseph's personal strength, there are many well authenticated accounts. His strength of arm was prodigious. He could have taken a large oaken stick by the end, and continued to shake it to and fro, until it went to pieces in the air! The excellence of his constitution was likewise often tried; though it must be allowed that his intemperance was proverbial, yet he reached his eighty second year. He was accustomed to relate, with great pleasure, a celebrated achievement, in which he and a jovial companion, a horse breaker, were once engaged, when they consumed the amazing quantity of *ten gallons of pure brandy* in the short space of sixty hours; and, what is more, these two thirsty souls kicked the empty cask in pieces with their feet, for having run dry so soon. It may be conjectured, that the conversation of such a character could not be very engaging. Juvenile feats of activity, and

his beloved brandy, formed the chief topicks of his discourse, which, until very lately, never turned upon religious subjects.

But let justice be done to the character of the man. It must be allowed, indeed, that he was too fond of a stoop of liquor, and was of coarse and unpolished manners; but was not addicted, as reported, to prophane talking and obscene discourse. Without hazard of contradiction, it may be averred, that he was a very honest and charitable man, and an inoffensive neighbour, and that he was generally respected by all who knew him.

Paisley is succeeded in the capacity of coupler, by a young man, a friend of his; and there is no fear that the business will fall off, as three weddings have already taken place since the interment of the old man.

ANECDOTES.

DURING the late expeditions against different parts of the coast of Spain, a party of seamen had been trained, for a day or two, in military tacticks, and no small number of admonitory precepts were bestowed upon them by a military officer, as to the necessity of obeying, with promptitude, the words of command. However, in the attack of a fort, the words "Incline to the right" having been given, the Jacks pushed on in the same direction as before, and appeared to care for nothing but the enemy in view, towards whom they were rushing with their usual dauntlessness. A naval lieutenant, seeing the errour, immediately rushed forward in front of the party, and bawled out: "Starboard, my boys!" an exhortation which was instantly attended to, with an *aye, aye, sir*, by the whole party.

THE mayor of a certain great and respectable borough near Norwich, not half a century ago, summoned a full assembly of the corporation; and, on its being met, he arose and said: "It has been a matter of much surprise to me, considering the length of time since the decease of queen Anne, that the compliment should still be paid her memory, of mentioning her name in all publick deeds, &c. and I wonder at it the more, as every gentleman must agree with me, that we never had a more gracious monarch than his present majesty, king George the third. I have, therefore, called this assembly for the purpose of making a proposition, which, from the known loyalty of my worthy brethren, I doubt not, will be unanimously approved of; namely, that in all deeds, charters, and publick papers, belonging to, and issued from the borough of ———, instead of the usual words *Anno* Domini, for the future, shall be substituted the word *George* Domini;" which motion was lost by a majority of three.

A new Mode of Challenging a Jury.—An Irish gentleman, previous to a trial, in which he was defendant, was informed by his counsel, that if there were any of the jury, to whom he had any personal objections, to legally challenge them. "By — and so I will," replied he, "if they don't bring me off handsomely, I will *challenge* every man of them.

POETRY.

ANECDOTES IN FAMILIAR VERSE.

SNUB.

OLD Snub, who to a married life
Was partial, took a second wife,
Who thought his disposition curst,
From always speaking of his first;
He checked her hopes, roused all her fears,
Constantly dinning in her ears,
"His first wife's merit, beauty, grace;
"Her even temper, lovely face;"
Which praise, left-handed and absurd,
She heard, but spoke no single word;
And though she was no paltry beauty,
She only sighed and did her duty.
Snub's friends allowed but little credit
Due to his first wife, though he said it;
For they could contradict him flat,
And knew they'd lived like dog and cat;
And, to do justice, often reckoned
He'd the best bargain in the second.
One day he gave a sumptuous treat;
The wine was famous, good the meat!
Naught could their lavish praise excel;
"Why, yes," cry'd he, "'tis pretty well;
"I'm generally good dinners giving;
"But had my dear, first spouse been living!"—
The wife, howe'er he might provoke,
Felt all her wrongs, and seldom spoke;
But now, so palpably offended,
Said something more than she'd intended;
"Sir, all must your misfortunes see;
"You've a most wretched wife in me;
"But to be honest in your dealing,
"You should allow for fellow-feeling;
"Though sorry your first wife should die,
"*You can't regret her more than I*"

BADINE.

THE AMATEUR.

AN Amateur, by musick caught so,
That he excelled, at least he thought so,
Would dash away in such a style,
As made some wonder, and some smile;
He went to Rome, with money plenty,
And charmed the flattering cognoscenti;
All instruments he clever thought,
Cost what they would, he always bought.
Once at a crash, in full display,
He heard the famed Nardini play;
And, as he joined the glorious din,
He swore he'd buy his violin;
The Italian was not very nice,
But made him pay a handsome price.
Scarcely the fiddle was sent home,
When he began to rage and foam;
He tried it, scraped through all the keys,
Yet his spoiled ear he could not please;
He said 'twas in a strange condition,
And called it a vile imposition;
That he Nardini would attack,
And make him give the money back.
Big with this very wise intent,
His steps he to the fiddler bent;
Blamed every thing; the strings, the bow,
'Twas bad in alt, and worse below;
In short, the fiddle to his chin,
He cry'd: "Sir, you have ta'en me in."
"Saire!" said Nardini, "let me try:"
Swift o'er the chords his fingers fly;
And, as each sense became his capture,
The amateur exclaimed, in rapture,
"I could not make it play like this!"
"Good sir, I'll tell you vat it iss;
"'Twas you took in yourself a little;
"'Tis true, sir, I can sell my fittle;
"And English gold have great much charm,
"*But, tamn it, I can't sell my arm!*"

BADINE.

TIME AND OPPORTUNITY.

WHEN Chronos ranged the world below,
And reveled with impunity,
From *age* he *flew*, with *youth* moved *slow*,
But courted OPPORTUNITY.

The ardent *nymph*, fleet as the *stag*,
Receded from community;
Then would to *disappointment* brag,
"He's missed his *opportunity*."

"Let *virgins*, therefore, in their prime,
Grant *Hymen's* importunity;
For if they dally long with TIME,
They'll lose fair *opportunity*."

SCOTTISH SONG.

I.

I HAVE a lock of raven hair,
I have a white silk glove;
And they are rained with many a tear
Of sad despairing love;
And I have kisses on my lips,
Sealing the lover's token;
I have a treasury of vows,
But faithless all, and broken.

II.

Ye lovers rich in sighs and prayers,
And many a smile and vow,
O deem them coined in base alloy!
These were my treasures too.
I like a miser nightly priz'd
Those stamps of virgin ore;
But oh! heaven's best impress was forged,
Upon a drossy core.

III.

Dear was once her lillie hand,
Which propped her rosie cheek;
Dear was the blink of her black eye,
Which speechless love could speak;
Dear, dear was her lisping tongue,
Confessing love so meek;
And dearly she dwells within this heart,
Which her neglect doth break.

IV.

She cast aside her broached gray plaid,
Her skin wool hose and shoon;
A gold weft veil o'er her neck is laid,
And a silver dropped goun;
And she has forgot her bonnie Scotch song,
Which so sweet from her lips did move,
And thrown a nobler raiment off,
My long and faithful love.

V.

She may show at the church her chain of gold,
Hung o'er her bosom bare;
She may show those silver-netted sprains
Which truss her inky hair;
And she may show her new domain,
So richly laid and fair;
And she may show her heart to God,
What broken vows are there.

HIDALLAN.

SONNET.

By THOMAS EDWARDS, *Esq. author of the Canons of Criticism,*

To T. WRAY, *Esq. written during a Fit of Sickness.*

TRUST me, dear Wray, not all these three months' pain,
Though tedious seems the time in pain to wear.
Nor all those restless nights, through which in vain
I've sought for kindly sleep to lull my care.
Not all those lonely meals and meagre fare,
Uncheered with converse of a friendly guest,
This close confinement, barred from wholesome air
And exercise, of medicines the best;
Have sunk my spirits or my soul oppressed,
Light are those woes and easy to be born;
If weighed with those which racked my tortured breast,
When my fond heart from Amoret was torn;
So true that word of Solomon I find—
"No pain so grievous as a wounded mind."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

RECENT AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By Thomas Burton Zantzinger, and Co. Philadelphia,

Published—The third number of the 3d volume of the Mirror of Taste and Dramatick Censor, for March 1811; embellished with a striking likeness of Mrs. Wood

By Farrand and Nicholas, Philadelphia,

Published—The American Review of History and Politicks, and General Repository of Literature and State Papers. No. II. for April 1811.

By David Hogan, Philadelphia,

Published—The first number of the first volume of Reports of Cases, Adjudged in

the Courts of Common Pleas of the First Judicial District of Pennsylvania. By Peter A. Browne.

By E. Low, New York,

Published—No. 141 of the new and complete American Encyclopædia.

By the Franklin Company, New York,

Published—The 6th Volume of Johnson's New York Reports. Price 6 dollars. Also, Part I. Vol. 7 of do. Price 2 dolls.

By J. Belcher, Boston,

Published—The Poor Lodger. A Comedy in 5 Acts. By W. C. White, author of the Clergyman's Daughter.

Also—The Clergyman's Daughter. A Tragedy.

By E. Morford, Willington and Co. Charleston,

Published—Minstrelsey of Edmund the Wanderer. Collected by his early companion and intimate friend,- lieutenant Spence, of the United States' Navy. Price 2 dollars.

" Love is a tender passion, felt alone
By kindred souls of feeling and of fire;
Few are the blissful number who have known
The joy, which Love, requited, can inspire;
He knew those raptures, but, alas! not long,
Crossed in affection in its early day,
He felt in bitterness of grief its wrong,
Fled from the world to wretchedness a prey."

Also—The Weekly Monitor. A series of Essays on Moral and Religious subjects. By a Layman.

PROPOSED AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

J. Simpson and Co. New Brunswick, N. J.

Have in press—Spiritual Treasury. By W. Mason, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. on fine paper at 4 dolls. per set. The work will be published with all convenient despatch.

The Franklin Company, New York,

Propose to publish—A Synthesis of the Rules and Principles of the Law of Nisi Prius, deduced from the authority of adjudged cases from the earliest authentick period to the present time; but, particularly showing the doctrine of Bailments, Bills of exchange and Promisory Notes, Marine and other Ensurances, Merchant Ships and Seamen—Also, the Law of Evidence; thereby adapting this work as well to the use of every professor of the law as to that of every merchant and underwriter. To which is added, a Table of the principal titles, divisions, and subdivisions, and Repertorium of the cases doubly and systematically digested. By Richard Whalley Bridgman, Esq.

RECENT BRITISH PUBLICETIONS.

The Shipwreck, or Memoirs of an Irish Officer and his Family. A Novel. By Theodore Edgeworth, Esq. 3 vols. 12mo 15*s.*

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PROPOSED BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Sir George Alley, M. D. of Fermoy, is preparing for the press, Reports of the utility and employment of Mercury, in the treatment of inflammatory and other diseases, in which the exhibition of that remedy has been neglected, or considered as inadmissible.

A new and complete edition of Richardson's Works, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. E. Mangin, an eulogium by Diderot, and an original portrait, in 19 volumes crown octavo, is nearly ready for publication.

The Hitopadesa in the Sanskrita Language, the first Sanscrit Book ever printed in Europe, printed at the Library of the Honourable East India Company, will be published in a few days.

Sir John Carr is about to publish, in one vol. quarto—Descriptive Travels in Spain and the Balearick Isles, during the years 1809 and 1810, to be embellished with engravings of Views taken on the spot by the author, and executed in the best manner.

The second edition of a Selection of Curious Articles from the Gentleman's Magazine, is expected in the course of a month. The editor is now preparing a fourth volume (to be published separately) which will contain Biographical Memoirs, Literary Anecdotes, Character of Eminent Men, and Topographical Notices.

The Rev. G. F. Nott has in the press, the poems of Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, and of certain authors, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII. accompanied with notes, and biographical accounts of the several writers.

Mr. James Montgomery, author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, has a poem in the press, entitled the World before the Flood.

The Jubilee, or the Disappointed Poet, in a series of elegies, by Peter Pindar, esq. is in preparation for the press.

SELECT REVIEWS,

FOR JUNE, 1811.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Present State of the Spanish Colonies, including a particular Report of Hispaniola, or the Spanish Part of St. Domingo. By William Walton, junior, Secretary to the Expedition which captured the City of Santo Domingo from the French, and resident British Agent there. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1810.

BEFORE we opened these volumes, we had a sort of presentiment that the author would begin with Columbus. And accordingly, his book sets off with the following sentence: "It was in the year 1492 that Columbus first undertook his projected discovery of a western hemisphere, and in his passage observed the variation of the compass." And then Mr. Walton proceeds to tell us, that this discovery was founded on "cosmography, astronomy, and the theory of the antipodes!"

All the great booksellers keep *beginnings* ready for all subjects, with which authors like the present, little habituated to composition, are pleasingly accommodated. These beginnings are furnished from Westmoreland and the Scottish universities by the gross; and used up, as occasion requires, for the introduction of plain narrative, and the embellishment of homely sense.

Having fairly landed Columbus, Mr. Walton enters upon his subject; dedicating his first volume to the description of St. Domingo, and his second to that of the Spanish settlements on the main. We will not pay Mr. Walton the compliment of saying, that we should have bestowed any extraordinary portion of time or attention on his book, were the subject less important than it really is; but, in proportion as the prospect becomes more gloomy in the old world, our attention is naturally excited by those little known and immense regions, which are slowly rising into power on the opposite side of the Atlantick. We must look to them for commercial resources; and we may be compelled to look to them for refuge from that tyranny, which is sedulously preparing the destruction of its last and most obstinate victim. Thus situated, we are happy to hear what Mr. Walton has to say upon these subjects. It is not very much, nor very excellent; but we are not in a state of knowledge to reject any contribution of this nature. We are glad to get any books now which relate to New Spain. We shall get

better by and by. An oak tree must be first entered by a wedge, before it is fashioned by a chisel, or smoothed by a plane.

The French division of Hispaniola contained, in the year 1790, 497,000 souls; which are reduced, by the wars of Rigaud, Toussaint, and the devastation of the French, to about 100,000. General Petion, like a king at chess, holds possession of the south side of the island, at the head of the brown colour; a man educated in Europe, of prepossessing manners, and mild disposition. His revenues arise principally from the rents of confiscated estates, though these are not inconsiderably aided by the export and import duties. By means of a general requisition of all males above fourteen years of age, he musters about 9000 men; and has lately increased his population, by collecting the people of colour who left Spanish St. Domingo. After such a draught of the male population, it may easily be imagined, that the harvest is left to be gathered by females; the prude, the coquette, the beldame, the beauty, all set to work; and the whole of one sex reaping, binding, and pulling; while the other is cutting, gashing, and charging.

Christophe, the other king in this long contested game, is in possession of the north side, at the head of the black colour; and can bring into the field about 10,000 men. His fleet is also the most numerous, and consists of two corvettes, nine brigs, and a few schooners, commanded by a white admiral. He is now attempting to increase this formidable armament, by purchases in North America. Though Christophe is a ruffian in character, and fond of governing by the scymitar, the Spaniards seem to consider him as the least formidable neighbour; and a defensive treaty is said to be in agitation between them.

Kingship being in these times a fashionable profession, and larger fortunes having been made in that line than in most others, there has recently sprung up a third monarch in St. Domingo; a certain *Philippe Dos*, the elève of *Toussaint*, late in the employment of *Christophe*, but now at war both with *Petion* and him. Seated among the populous and fertile mountains of *Mirbalais*, in the centre of the island, and bordering upon the Spanish dominions, he has increased his numbers to more than 6000 persons; and hopes to increase them still more, by the nature of his defensive system; pledging himself never to invade his enemy, but only to call his subjects out when his lines are actually attacked. While the French division of St. Domingo is torn to pieces by the wars of their barbarous and semibarbarous chiefs, the Spanish part remains in the most profound peace and tranquillity.

"To convey an idea of the aspect of this country," says Mr. Walton, "would rather require the fancy of the poet, or of the painter, than the narrative of the traveller; for, to mix the beautiful with the sublime; to depict shores lined with the mangrove, often bending under adhering oysters; scattered fields of luxuriant coffee, bearing flowers to rival the white jessamin, and berries the coral cherry; the cocoa grove; the light coloured cane and guinea grass patch, intermixed with the useful plantain, waving bamboo, and cocoa nut; the orange walk, bounded by tufts of palmettoes; wild shrubbery, in perpetual green, confined by the aloes hedge, or shut in by native forests, covered with flowering woodbines of various tints and continual odour, and watered with the gushing rills, that fall in natural cascades from the mountains, crowned with deep, overhanging woods, interspersed with plains and natural meadows, grottoes and abrupt precipices. These diversified, yet harmonizing features of nature, might all equally swell the scene; but bid defiance to the numbers of the one, or the canvass of the other." I. 82, 83.

Rains in St. Domingo are periodical, as in the other islands. Hurricanes are seldom experienced. The thermometer rises in the plains to

96°; standing at the same time in the mountains at 72°, 6000 feet above the level of the sea. The vegetable productions of St. Domingo are, the mahogany, a tall, straight, beautiful tree, with red flowers, and oval, lemon-sized fruit. When this tree grows in a barren soil, the grain of the wood is beautifully variegated; upon rich ground, it is pale, open, and of little value. The manchineel tree affords, for furniture, slabs interspersed with beautiful green and yellow veins, like marble; but the dust of this wood is of so acrid and poisonous a nature, that the sawyers and carpenters are forced to work with gauze masks, to protect them from its injurious effects. St. Domingo produces fustick, lignumvitæ, the bark of which the natives use for soap; the capa, impervious to worms; the dwarf-pine, used for candles; braziletto wood; the cotton tree, of which beds and hats are made; the cedar; the sandbox tree, the fruit of which explodes with the noise of a pistol; the palm tree, which fattens hogs, and supplies timber houses, hats, and baskets; the palmetto tree, growing seventy feet high, with a cabbage at the top; the dwarf palmetto, the berries of which are used for low spirits; sugar, cotton, coffee, cocoa; the calabash, which supplies the place of Wedgewood's ware; the plantain, the staff of life in the West Indies; the varilla, quassia, simarouba, sarsaparilla, indigo; tobacco, turmerick, ginger, and rice plants.

"The European, on landing, is struck with the novel and variegated foliage of a tropical hemisphere. The orange, or golden apple of the Hesperides; the shaddock grove, and alcoves covered with the creeping granidillo, in flower and bearing fruit, form, at noon, a delightful shade to enhance the conviviality of a dinner party. The pomegranate, the sweet smelling acacia, the red and white franchipane, equally ornament the prospect, and perfume the air.

"As a matter of curiosity, I cannot but mention, that, in travelling along the road, the horse sometimes steps on a spreading bed of the sensitive plant, that instantly droops, as does the loaded corn to a gust of wind, with the suddenness of magical influence. The tea plant runs wild, but is only used as an excellent pectoral. The almond shrub has the peculiarity of perfectly affording the taste of that kernel, on mastication; and is used in distilling, to give to cordials its rival flavour. The aloes serve only for fences." I. 104, 5.

Eight leagues from the capital are the gold mines, known by the name of *Buona Ventura*. It was here that Garay and Diaz found that wonderful grain of gold, which weighed 3600 pesos, equal to 200 ounces. It was found by an Indian woman, and purchased by governour Bobadilla for the king; but it went down, with the ship that contained it, to the bottom of the sea. To the south are the mines of Giraba, where several persons have enriched themselves without touching a tool. The Maroons, who occupy the hills of the latter place, procure, with the gold they collect, part of their clothing, for they have no other trade. Mr. Walton once purchased a square bottle of grains from them, containing 45 ounces. All these mines have been closed by a royal decree, and men stationed at the mouths of the mines; and all enterprising chrysophilists threatened with the most exemplary punishment. St. Domingo produces also silver, quicksilver, the loadstone, jasper, porphyry, agates, antimony, red ochre, and amethysts. In old times, says Mr. Walton, from *Herrera*, the mines of La Vega and Buona Ventura produced annually 460,000 merks of gold, besides what was sent away in ornaments.

"Even now, after the great successive ravages and pillages the country has undergone, it is not unusual to see a grazier or woodcutter come down from the mountains, with massive buckles, a pound each, two gold watch chains, and perhaps a poor, silver watch to one, a rosary, large, double buttons, hat buckle, &c. which he parades as ornament, and thinks

the most respectable finery. Their church ornaments were also very heavy; but, though they had withstood the temptations of Toussaint, and his sooty cohorts, when possession was given him of the country, they soon disappeared after the entrance of the white French government. Such, even at those times, was their boasted fraternity to the Spaniards." I. 116, 117.

Is not this picture a little overcharged? Upon referring to the reports and tables of the bullion committee, we find that this grazier, who comes skipping down from the mountains with a pound weight on each foot, carries upon his whole body golden ornaments to the value of 130*l.* or 140*l.* sterling. And yet we must say, in justice to Mr. Walton, that there are graziers in St. Domingo who own 12,000 head of cattle, which they often sell in herds at six and eight dollars a piece. The graziers on the Spanish Main, whose flocks (and, therefore, probably, whose buckles) are still larger, take great pride in paving their halls with the kneepans of horned cattle, slaughtered from their own estates.

In speaking of the marine productions of St. Domingo, Mr. Walton has a curious anecdote of the land crab:

"The land crabs found here are of an immense size, burrow in the sands, and at night issue in great numbers. It is on record amongst the natives, that on the above occasion, in the still of the night, the English landed an ambuscade to surprise the Spanish camp, which, being unprepared, and consisting of irregulars, had it been pushed, must have certainly fallen. The advanced line from the first boats had already formed, and were proceeding to take post behind a copse, when they heard the loud and quick clatter of horses' feet, and, as they supposed, of the Spanish lancemen, who are dexterous, and whose galling onset they had experienced the day before. Thus believing themselves discovered, and dreading an attack before their comrades had joined, they embarked precipitately, and abandoned their enterprise. But the alarm proved to be these large land crabs, which, at the sound of footsteps, receded to their holes; and the noise was occasioned by their clattering over the dry leaves, which the English soldiers mistook for the sound of cavalry. In commemorating this defeat, considered highly miraculous, the inhabitants solemnly celebrated *la Fiesta de los Congrejos*, or the feast of the crabs, held on the anniversary of the day, when an immense solid gold land crab was carried about in procession, equal in size to the head of a drum. This valuable and curious piece of plate, collected principally from the devotion of the people to this feast, and in celebration of their supernatural release, long held an undisturbed place in the sanctuary of the cathedral; but its massive weight was too tempting to the French, when they arrived, who soon took off its hallowed character, by passing it through the crucible." I. 39, 41.

These animals, we have heard, have also been met with on the coast of Ferrol, and at the Helder Point; and are fatal to commanders unacquainted with this piece of natural history.

Spanish St. Domingo contains at present 103,000 persons, of which 30,000 are slaves; the rest, all colours under heaven. But the European Spaniards are few, and principally Catalans, who come out in search of fortunes. Their largest city, St. Domingo, contains about 20,000 persons. In the cathedral church of this city were buried the remains of Columbus, removed from the Carthusian convent of Seville, together with the chains which were put upon him, and which he wore in his passage home. When the island was ceded to the French, his descendants directed the brass coffin, in which the whole was contained, to be removed to the Havanna; which ceremony was performed on the 19th of January, 1796. The ashes of this great man were carried down to the harbour in procession, and, under the fire of the forts, put on board a brig, which conveyed them to the capital of Cuba, where they now lie, but without a monument.

"I cannot forbear," says the author, in

speaking of this cathedral, "to notice a peculiarity of Don Pedro de Prado, long a venerable dignitary of this cathedral, the more striking, as, in the habits of intimacy I enjoyed with him, I had an opportunity of remarking it. Unlike the other clergy at the cession of the island, this aged pastor would not leave the flock which God had committed to his early care; though on the main, where he was born, and had all his relations, much greater dignities and preferments were offered him. With a degree of enthusiastick foresight, even in presence of the French commanders, he would continually say, that, though then old, he was confident he should live to see that sacred spot devolve to its ancient and rightful owners; and, on the triumphant entry of the combined armies, though too infirm personally to sing the Te Deum, in congratulating the British general on the capture of the city, he cried out in ecstacy, that he that day saw realized, the prayer he had unceasingly made for twelve years; and in the words of Simeon in the temple, on receiving the Messiah into his arms, he emphatically exclaimed: "Nunc dimittis servum tuum secundum verbum tuum in pace," &c. that he could then depart in peace, he had not a wish on this side the grave. It is remarkable that he died a fortnight afterwards, aged 78 years; and, to redress in some measure the cruelties of the French, in which he had been at once a sufferer and an eyewitness, he left what he possessed to his fellow victims in the siege, particularly thirteen houses, the annual rents of which are distributed to the poor in daily sums." L. 146, 147.

In the Dominican convent of this town, the amiable Las Casas took refuge from the persecution of his enemies, and died.

The French possessed, under the old monarchy, about one fourth part of the island of St. Domingo; inferiour, in natural fertility, to the Spanish possessions in the same island. What the value of the whole settlement would be in the hands of that active, able, and unprincipled people, we may judge from the immense resources which this small portion of it afforded to old France.

Merchandise landed in the various Ports of France, from the Island of Santo Domingo, in the Year 1789.

Millions.	Thousands.	Hundreds.	Packages.	Commodities and Products.
84	617	328	Pounds	Coffee.
	217	463	Casks	Sugars, white and brown.
	5	836	Ditto	Molasses.
3	257	610	Pounds	Indigo.
1	536	17	Ditto	Cocoa.
11	317	226	Ditto	Cotton Wool.
	1	514	Serons	Spanish Cochineal.
	6	814	Tons	Logwood, Fustick, Nicaragua Wood, Lignum Vitæ.
	1	865	Ditto	Mahogany.
	4	618	Bags	Black Pepper.
	2	426	Ditto	Ginger.
		380	Casks	Gums, Ciema, Guaiacum, &c.
		248	Boxes	Aloes, Cassia, China Root.
	26	948	Hides	Tanned.
	114	529	Ditto	In the hair, from the Spaniards
	4	167	Pounds	Tortoiseshell.
	27	812	Barrels	Syrup.
	1	346	Boxes	Sweetmeats.
	1	478	Serons	Jesuits Bark, Quinquina.
2	617	530	Dollars	Spanish coined, hard Dollars.
	57	218	Ounces	Gold in Grains, &c. from the Spaniards.

The value of these products landed in France, and before the French duties were paid, was more than six millions sterling. The number of vessels employed in the year 1789, from the different ports of France, direct to St. Domingo, were 710; navigated by 18,460 seamen, and measuring 213,460 tons. The value exported from France to St. Domingo, in the year 1789, was 4,125,610*l.* English money. In the same year, an extensive smuggling trade was carried on between French St. Domingo and the Spanish main, to the value of 2,450,115*l.* English money. In the same year, there sailed, from France for the coast of Africa, 119 large ships, importing 35,260 slaves into St. Domingo, at a profit of more than a million sterling. In spite of the irreconcilable hatred of the two people, a smuggling trade was also carried on between the French and Spanish divisions of the island, to an amount of 1,445,000 dollars. In the year 1789, 684 vessels, of the United States of America, entered the French ports of St. Domingo with provisions, lumber, and East India goods; carrying back the produce of the island. The amount of this trade was about 900,000*l.* sterling. From this specimen, may be inferred, what the value of this island would be, if it were completely in the hands of the French; and the advocates for peace with France must be prepared to show, that a good would result from it to this country, equivalent to all the enormous increase of power, which it would necessarily place in the hands of our rival, or, as the Morning Post calls him, *the direful foe.*

Long before the cession of Hispaniola to the French, the Spanish government had begun to relax from its narrow policy. As far back as the year 1700, fresh colonies were sent out from the Canaries; a frugal, laborious people, well suited to the climate. More politick and economical measures soon bettered the face of the country. The demands of the neighbouring French increased the industry of the Spaniards. The herds multiplied rapidly; the old towns were rebuilt; new ones formed; and chapels and hermitages (the sure signs of prosperity in Spain, as alehouses are in England) began to rear their heads. The late queen of Spain, whose passions were the mainspring of the Spanish monarchy, fell in love (as every one knows) with Godoy, a robust officer of the guards; and a reign of vigour commenced, as lately with us. Godoy became prime minister; and, in 1795, conveyed away Hispaniola, the oldest American colony of the Spanish crown, to the French republick. None of the Spanish colonies are more loyal; and the most earnest remonstrances were made, so much in vain, that they were not even noticed by the Spanish court. Don Emanuel Godoy conceiving (like our ministry at home) that true vigour, and real force of mind, consists in neglecting and despising the wishes of the people. As they could not live under their old sovereign and laws in St. Domingo, the greater part of the inhabitants emigrated to Puerto Rico, Cuba, and the Spanish main, with the dry bones and the embalmed heart of the cortes, and the living carcases of the useless. Ships were freighted with monks, friars, eremites, and nuns; and loaded higher than the poop with miraculous legs and arms, and all the holy fopperies of the catholick church. It was not till the latter end of 1801, that legal delivery was made to Toussaint, the representative of the French people. Don Gartia counteracted every thing that could militate against those orders for a peaceful cession of the island, which he had received from home. Toussaint marched in; and his brother Paul was quietly invested with the government of what had hitherto been the Spanish part of the island.

The cession of the island was followed by the usual French crimes, of sacrilege, murder, robbery, cruelty, and falsehood; by the loss of 50,000 Frenchmen; by their final expulsion by the English; and by a treaty between the English and Spaniards, in which the ships of the former are, upon their entry into the ports of the island, put on the same footing as Spanish ships. Upon the importance of this treaty to our commerce in general, Mr. Walton has some sensible remarks, and brings forward some valuable information. The quantity of mahogany this island is capable of furnishing, is about 10,000 logs, each containing, on an average, 300 feet, or, in all, three millions; but this year it will exceed that quantity. In the year 1808, the duty paid on mahogany to our government was 26,080*l.* but, in 1809, it had got up to 46,927*l.* yet the greatest results of commercial speculation have not yet reached England. One third of the mahogany furnished by St. Domingo goes to the United States; and the remainder comes over to England; but, formerly, there was a considerable demand for this article in Hamburgh, Holland, and the Hanseatick towns; a branch of trade that may revive again, if Buonaparte, or the pregnant empress, become fond of mahogany tables, and include them in the list of importable articles. The following scale will afford an idea of the quantity and prices of those articles which the country affords:

	Local rate of Value.	*Amount of Duty, War and Permanent.*
3,000,000 feet Mahogany (two thirds to England)	6d. per foot	L. 30,416 0 0
500 tons Lignumvitæ	60s. per ton	17,700 0 0
500 tons Fustick	60s.	500 0 0
400 tons Logwood	120s.	140 0 0
Annual amount of duties which St. Domingo productions pay in England, in war time		L. 48,756 0 0

Besides the above articles, there are shipped annually 1,000,000 lb. of coffee; 10,000 hides; and large quantities of satin wood, ebony, cattle, mill, ship, and building timber. The material advantage, however, to be derived from this commerce, is, that whilst, on the main, and in the other Spanish islands, the import duties amount to more than 34 per cent. they here do not exceed 5 per cent. and the export 6 per cent. by which means, this port might be made a depôt for all the west coast of Puerto Rico.

Such is the information afforded by Mr. Walton, respecting the present state of St. Domingo. His second volume contains his observations on the settlement of the Spanish continent. But in this part of his work, there seems to be so much of book-making; the Travels of Humboldt, and the Mercurio Peruano, are so outrageously pillaged, and the obligation so little acknowledged, that we have no kind of temptation to pursue our criticism any further. The whole work is the production of a very ordinary man, who has had his notes upon St. Domingo furnished up in the row; and deemed it necessary, that the little he had to say should be said with as much parade and embellishment as possible. That the island of Santo Domingo will ever be regarded with a wistful eye by France, there can be no doubt; but we scarcely see any probability of her regaining it, unless, indeed, she is destined to absorb every thing in her empire.

St. Domingo cannot be given up at a peace; for what have the French to offer, but the nominal manumission of some of their European slaves? If we were to speculate upon the future destiny of St. Domingo, we should conjecture, that the Spanish slaves would rise upon their masters, and supply fresh spirit and aliment for a long and bloody contest between the savages of every colour, race, and denomination.

Sævit toto Mare impius orbe.

FROM THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Curse of Kehama. By Robert Southey. 4to. pp. 376, London. 1810.

WE admire the genius of Mr. Southey; we reverence the lofty principles, and we love the tenderness of heart, that are visible in all his productions. But we are heartily provoked at his conceit and bad taste, and quite wearied out with the perversity of his manifold affectations. Not many poets, dead or living, have given proofs of a finer fancy, or drawn more copiously from the stores of a rich and cultivated imagination. Still fewer have maintained a sublimer tone of sentiment; or pictured, in more enchanting colours, the simple and innocent affections of our nature; and none has ever "made these rich gifts poor" by such an obstinate strain of childish affectation: or so perversely defrauded the world of the delight, and himself of the glory, which they were intended by nature to produce.

It is this mixed feeling of provocation and delight, that has given that contradictory character to our observations on Mr. Southey's former productions; which, we fear, may have brought our judgment into disrepute with the more uncharitable part of our readers. Our praise and our blame, we suspect, have appeared to be both too strong, to be justly applicable to one and the same performance; and we have been accused, alternately, of malice and of partiality, by those who will not understand, that a long poem may afford matter both for just ridicule, and for just admiration. Mr. Southey's case, indeed, we have always considered as an extreme one; and, however awkwardly the censure and applause may stand together in our pages, we must be permitted to say, that nothing could be more sincere and conscientious than our expression of both these feelings; and that it appears to us, that no other expressions could have done full justice to the extraordinary performances by which they were excited. It is Mr. Southey himself that is the grand inconsistent; and the more truly we are charmed by the brilliancy of his imagination, and the truth and delicacy of his feelings, the more we must be offended by the wilful deformities by which he has rendered vain the combination of so many beauties.

Mr. Southey, of course, despises equally our censure and our advice; and we have no quarrel with him for this. We have been too long conversant with the untractable generation of authors, to expect that our friendly expostulations should have any effect upon them; except as exponents of the silent, practical judgment of the publick. To that superiour tribunal, however, we do think ourselves entitled to refer; and while we, who profess the stately office of correcting and instructing, are yet willing, in most things, to bow to its authority, we really cannot help

thinking, that a poet, whose sole object is to give delight and to gain glory, ought to show something of the same docility.

There is, indeed, another and a final appeal—to posterity; from the benefit of which, we are very far from wishing to exclude any unfortunate persons, whose circumstances may reduce them to rely on it. But the cases, we believe, are wonderfully rare, in which that mysterious and inaccessible judge has ever reversed the *unfavourable* sentences of the ordinary jurisdictions; and there seems even to be great reason for thinking, that such reversals will be still fewer in time to come. Without resting much upon the superiour intelligence of the present age, we believe we may safely pass a large encomium on its indulgence; and may be fairly allowed to doubt, whether any time is at all likely to come, in which every sort of merit will be so sure of being detected and extolled, in spite, and sometimes in consequence, of the incongruities and deformities with which it may be associated. Things are wonderfully changed in this respect, since a licentious and illiterate age withheld from Milton the fame which its successour was so proud to bestow. Poetry is read now, we suppose, by very nearly ten times as many persons; and fifty times as many think themselves judges of poetry; and are eager for an opportunity to glorify themselves as its patrons, by exaggerating the merit of some obscure or dubious writer, in whose reputation they may be entitled to share, by contributing to raise it. Thus, in our own time, we have had Mrs. H. More patronising Mrs. Yearsley, the milkwoman; and Mr. Capel Loft bringing forward Mr. Bloomfield, the shoemaker; and Mr. Raymond Grant challenging immortality for Mr. Dermody, the drunkard; and sir James Bland Burgess, and sir Brooke Boothby; and Miss Aikin, and Miss Holford, and fifty others, patronising themselves, and each other, with the most laudable zeal and exemplary activity. Now, whatever may be its other effects, it is certain that all this competition for patronage and discovery ensures notoriety, and a certain *viaticum* of praise, to almost every poetical adventurer; and takes away almost the possibility of that neglect, which, in former times, stood so often in the way, not merely of reputation, but of fair trial. That a great deal of false reputation will be raised, under such circumstances, and various lots of undeserved and perishable praise be awarded, by vanity, partiality, and caprice, cannot, indeed, be doubted; but it is not so easy to conceive, that any real merit should escape detection, or miss honour, in this sanguine search after excellence; that the active manure which quickens so many colder seeds, should not stimulate the more sensitive fibres of genius; or that the bright sun, which gilds, with a passing glory, the idle weeds of literature, should fail to kindle into beauty the splendid blossoms of poetry.

But, leaving Mr. Southey the full benefit of his chance with posterity, it is enough for us to observe, that his appeal to the present generation has now been made with sufficient fulness and deliberation; and that the decision, as we understand it, has not only confirmed, but outgone all that we had predicted as to the fatal effects of his peculiarities. During the last fifteen years, he has put forth (besides the present work) three very long poems; none of which, we think, can be said to have succeeded. That they have all had some readers, and some admirers, we do not mean to dispute. Nay, there are many who pass for tolerable judges in such matters, who think that they had a very strange and unaccountable success. But the author, and his admirers, and his booksellers, are not by any means of that opinion; and we, for our

parts, have no hesitation in saying, that they have not had nearly so much success, as it appears to us that they deserve. There have been three editions, we believe, of Joan of Arc; two of Thalaba, and one only of Madoc; though the last has been six years in the hands of the publick; and of a publick which has called, during the same interval, for more than ten editions of the Farmer's Boy, and five or six, if we do not mistake, of the Wanderer of Switzerland.

This, we think, is pretty strong testimony against the *taste* of a poet, whose *genius*, we believe, was never lowered, even among those who neglect him, to a comparison with that of Mr. Bloomfield, or Mr. Montgomery. But the inference is still stronger, when we consider the circumstances under which this testimony has been given. Mr. Southey is no longer in his noviciate. Though still in the vigour of life, he has been a full fledged and industrious author for nearly twenty years; and has not wanted, as we ourselves can testify, for advice and admonition, both laudatory and vituperative. With all these advantages, however, and means of improvement, we are afraid that he is rather less in favour with the publick, than he was at the beginning of his career. His first poem was decidedly more successful than his second; and his second than his third. Yet his genius certainly is in no degree impaired; and his judgment and powers of execution may be fairly presumed to have received some improvement. When we find him rather on the decline, therefore, in publick estimation, and discover that his fame, instead of gathering brightness, as his course is prolonged, seems rather to waste away and wax dim, it is difficult to suppose that this proceeds from any thing but the misapplication of acknowledged powers, and the obstinacy with which he has persisted in errours, of which he received very early warning. The publick is naturally disposed to be very kind to the errours of youthful genius; and was entitled, in this case, to look for the speedy correction of faults, for which mere inexperience could scarcely at any time be received as an apology. If such faults, therefore, are long persisted in, their indulgence will be gradually exhausted. What was at first ascribed to inadvertence, will now be referred, with some appearance of justice, to bad taste and perversity; and the reader will turn away, disappointed and disgusted, from an ostentatious display of absurdities, that are no longer original.

There is one other peculiarity in the state of Mr. Southey's poetical reputation, from which, we think, that he should take warning, while it is yet time. His admirers, we fear, are not the very best sort of admirers. In so far as we have been able to gather, there are but few persons of cultivated taste and sober judgment in his train; and his glories are celebrated, we think, chiefly by the young, the enthusiastick, and the uninstructed; persons whose fancies are easily captivated with glitter, exaggeration, and novelty, and whose exuberant sensibility is apt to flame out at the approach even of the false fire of bombast and affectation. Not many of the admirers of the ancient or the modern classicks are admirers of Mr. Southey; and many of those who applaud him the most warmly, can discover no merit in those celebrated performances. We do not propose, by any means, to deny, that there are many dull and weak persons among the professed admirers of Homer and Virgil; and that there is much natural feeling in the description of readers whom we have supposed to take delight in Mr. Southey. But it is not of good augury, we think, for his future fame, that his supporters should be all of this description; and that almost all

those should be against him, who have any decided relish for what has hitherto been found enduring in poetry. So, however, we take the case very nearly to be. Almost all nice criticks and fastidious judges, and the greater part, indeed, of men of improved and delicate taste, not only refuse to admire Mr. Southey and his colleagues, but treat them with absolute contempt and derision; wonder at such of their friends as profess to think favourably of their genius; and look upon the circumstance of their having made a kind of party in the literary world, as one of the most humiliating events in the recent history of that great society. For our own part, we are a good deal less difficult; and shall continue to testify in favour of Mr. Southey's talents and genius, as resolutely, as against his peculiarities and affectations; considering it, indeed, as our chief duty, in this matter, to counteract the neglect into which he seems to be falling, both by endeavouring to correct the faults by which it is provoked, and by pointing out the excellences by which those faults are at once enhanced and redeemed.

But, though we cannot sympathize with the undiscriminating scorn and sweeping reprobation which Mr. Southey meets with in very respectable quarters, we think we can see very clearly how such feelings should have been excited; and are very ready to enter into sentiments, which we think, at the same time, have, in this instance, been carried greatly too far. Mr. Southey's faults are peculiarly glaring; and, to all improved understandings, we admit, peculiarly offensive. But they are combined, in him, with great gifts and great acquirements; and ought not to be alone remembered, in his final accounting with the publick. We have said enough of these faults on former occasions; and shall not enter again at large upon the invidious task of classing or illustrating them. If we were to express them all in one word; that word should be *childishness*, and, indeed, it is very curious to trace the effects of this quality, in all the departments of his poetry.

His taste in description is as remarkably childish, as his powers of execution, in this branch of his art, are rare and admirable. Every thing, in his pictures, is gaudy and glittering, and fantastically exaggerated and contrasted. His landscapes are full of coloured light, and gems; and metallick splendour; and sparkle with such portentous finery, as to remind us of the oldfashioned grottos and shellwork of the last generation, or the gilded caverns and full lighted transparencies of the opera-house. His excessive love of the marvellous and gigantick, is a symptom not less decisive; and his delineations of persons, and of affection, are still more strongly marked with the same infantine character. He seems to think grown men and women too corrupt and hardened for poetical purposes; and, therefore, all his interesting personages lisp like sucklings; and his unamiable ones are, as nearly as possible, such sort of monsters as nurses imagine to frighten naughty boys into obedience. There is little other passion in his poetry, than what arises from the natural affection of fathers and daughters, or brothers and sisters; and from that calm, pure, subdued sort of love which may be indulged by dutiful children under the immediate inspection of their parents. All their pleasures, and pastimes, and occupations, too, are evidently borrowed from the same age of innocence; and the picture of society that is offered to us, rarely extends beyond the domestick privacy of a small, secluded family.

We do not say, that all this may not be very sweet and interesting; or even that Mr. Southey does not of-

ten make us feel how very beautifully it may be represented; but the tone is too weak, to strike with sufficient force on the ear of an ordinary reader; and is, by far, too uniform, not to pall upon any one who is doomed to pursue it through a series of long poems. There is no variety of human character in all Mr. Southey's productions. Men are never brought forward to contend with men, in the management of great affairs; or to display those social or lofty qualities, by which they are enabled, in real life, to attach or to command their fellows. If Mr. Southey wants a living instance of the value of such elements, we would remind him of the signal success with which Mr. Scott has given the strong interest of reality to his most fanciful delineations, by this perpetual interposition of intelligible motives and familiar principles; and has, at the same time, imparted a spirit, and force, and variety to his pictures, by keeping his readers perpetually engaged with events and persons, that bear a character of historical importance; instead of soothing them, like the author before us, with the virtues and affections, as well as the marvels and legends of the nursery.

All this, however, would have been greatly more tolerable, if the poet had condescended to assume the lowly tone that is suitable to such subjects and feelings. If he had been contented to leave the loftier regions of the epic, to more potent and daring spirits, and addressed himself to youths and virgins, in soft and unambitious strains, we have no doubt that he would soon have found a fit and willing audience, and been left, by those who were careless of such themes, to pursue them in his own circle, without let or molestation. But he has imprudently challenged the attention of a far wider and less tractable auditory; he has come with his whistle, and his gilded book of fairy tales, into the assemblies of bearded men, and audibly undervalued all other instruments and studies. The kind of conceit, indeed, and arrogance, that is visible in this author and his associates, is still more provoking than their childishness; or rather, is that which makes their childishness so offensive. While gravely preferring the tame vulgarity of our old ballads, to the nervous and refined verses of Pope or Johnson, they lay claim, not to indulgence, but to admiration; and treat almost the whole of our classical poets with the most supercilious neglect; while they speak in an authoritative tone, of the beauties of George Wither and Henry More. With such ludicrous auxiliaries, they wage a desperate war on the established system of publick taste and judgment; and waste their great talents in an attempt, the success of which is as hopeless, as it would be lamentable, and which all their genius cannot save from being ridiculous.

The last unfortunate accompaniment of Mr. Southey's childishness, is the perpetual artifice and effort that is visible in every part of his performances. We do not mean to say, that he has not great facility of diction, and copiousness of imagery; but, there is always too apparent a resolution to make the most of every thing; a kind of rhetorical exaggeration (according to his own notions of rhetorick) a determination to miss no opportunity of being fine and striking; and an anxiety to present every thing, great or small, under the most imposing and advantageous aspect. The general principle, no doubt, is highly laudable, and, we suppose, is common to all who write for glory. But what we complain of, is, that it is by far too visible, and too indiscriminately indulged, in the works of this author. If there be any room or apology whatever for a description, it is sure to be thrust in; elaborately finished,

and extended to a vast length; and if any striking sentiment or event is about to be brought forward, such a note of preparation is sounded, and so much care taken to ensure it a favourable and conspicuous introduction, as to give the reader rather a distressing impression of the labour the author has bestowed on his composition, and of the great value he attaches, even to the meanest of his ingredients.

It is difficult for us to believe, that Mr. Southey has ever rejected or suppressed any idea that he thought might be introduced with the smallest prospect of success; or has ever regarded any of so little importance, as to deserve only a slight and incidental notice. In his poetry, therefore, we have not a selection of the thoughts and images that have occurred to him; but we seem to have them *all;* and to have them all dilated and worked up, with nearly the same fond and indiscriminate anxiety. He seems, in short, to have as excessive a love for his own genius, as Ovid, or the long-winded Spaniards and Italians of the sixteenth century; and to think as little of sparing his readers any thing which his own reading or reflection had once suggested to his imagination. The effect of all this is, not only to make his poetry very diffuse, and to give it a general air of heaviness and labour; but to deprive his felicities of their greatest grace, and to render his failures inexpiable.

There is nothing so charming in poetry, as that appearance of perfect ease and carelessness, which makes the result, perhaps, of long study, appear like the spontaneous effusion of a superiour or inspired mind; and at once raises the reader, as it were, into the society of a higher order of beings, whose common language and habits of thought bear a stamp of vigour and sublimity far above the reach of ordinary mortals. This charm, however, is destroyed, the moment that we are permitted to look behind the scenes, and to catch a peep of the operose and toilsome machinery by which the effect is produced. Nor can any secret be of more importance for a poet to keep from his readers, than that of the time he has spent, and the difficulties he has encountered, in the course of his composition. This maxim, we think, was well understood by the older writers; among whom it is rare to find any marks of extraordinary pains, either to introduce or to bring out their favourite images or conceptions. We do not speak of the labour occasionally bestowed, and visibly enough, on their diction or versification. But, with reference to the more substantial qualities of thought and fancy, we think there are few poets of established character, who can be reproached, in any considerable degree, with the fault we impute to Mr. Southey. On the contrary, it will be found, that almost all their beauties appear to have been produced by accident; and that their fine passages are both brought in and concluded, with an apparent unconsciousness of their superiour merit. They are neither introduced with any sort of parade, nor dwelt upon with any protracted complacency. They open quietly upon the eye of the reader as he advances; and disappear again long before he is satiated with beholding them. He is never diverted from his path to catch a striking view of them; nor made to linger in its windings, till all the sweetness is exhausted.

The practice of Mr. Southey, and of many other modern writers of inferiour note, is directly the reverse of this; nor, indeed, is there any fault more characteristick of our modern poetry, and, perhaps, of our literature in general, than the offensive anxiety that our authors are continually showing to make the most of their talents and their materials; to miss no occasion to astonish and transport the reader; and to take special care that no-

thing which they think beautiful or important shall pass unobserved, or be dismissed till its merits have been fully pointed out, and made apparent to the most negligent and inattentive. It is this miserable trick of overrating the importance of all our conceptions, that has made our recent literature so intolerably diffuse and voluminous. No man, for example, has now the forbearance to write essays as short as Hume's, even if he had talents to make them as good; nor will any one be contented with stating his views and arguments in a popular and concise manner, and leaving them to their fate; but we must have long speculative introductions; illustrations and digressions; objections anticipated and answered; verbose apologies, at once fulsome and modest; practical inferences; historical deductions; and predictions as to the effect of our doctrines, or the neglect of them, on the fate of men, and of the universe, in all time coming. In poetry, again, a great part of our modern authors seem equally averse to throw away the rubbish of their imaginations; and when they do hit upon any thing which seems to them of more than ordinary value, never fail to exert themselves notably to ensure the reader's attention to it. It is introduced either with startling abruptness, or slow and pompous preparation; and is turned into all possible lights, and repeated in all possible forms, and with every possible encouragement and suasory to admiration. The consequence of all which is, that the whole spirit, lightness, and nature of the thought is extinguished; and the reader left oppressed with a sense of fatigue, heaviness, and confusion.

But if this tone of perpetual effort and ambition, prove so injurious to the effect of the very passages in which a poet is most successful, it is a thousand times worse where he experiences any failure or miscarriage. If a man says a dull thing in a low tone and quiet manner, it is very likely to escape notice; and is almost sure to escape derision; but if he utter an inconceivable stupidity in an emphatick and arrogant accent, and, after taking great pains to prepare his hearers for something very impressive; the ridicule is irresistible, and its effect scarcely ever to be got over. Now, the poets who are at so much trouble to force all their bright thoughts on the notice of their readers, *sometimes* mistake for a bright thought, what appears to others purely nonsensical or affected; and thus give rise to associations that are neither very favourable to their reputation, nor very easily dissolved. Where there is no visible effort, though there may be dullness, there can scarcely be failure; and the reader who is not gratified, may still retain his faith in the taste and judgment of the author; and impute his want of brilliancy to an intractable subject, or a moment of negligence or inattention. But, the instant that he fails in a strenuous and open attempt on his admiration, there is an end to apology and toleration; there is then evident proof of weakness, where a feat of strength was intended; and of open and irreconcilable differences, as to the fundamental articles of his mystery. In our classical poets, accordingly, though there is abundance of flat passages, we scarcely recollect any instance of egregious failure. In Mr. Southey and Mr. Wordsworth, and in the German dramatists whom they seem to copy, we meet with them perpetually. Nor is it possible, even for great genius and originality, to prevent the combination of childishness with an unremitting effort at force and sublimity, from producing passages which chill the unwary reader with a mixture of shame, provocation, and compassion.

We have extended these general observations much farther than we

intended; and farther, certainly, than we should have permitted ourselves to do, had the work before us furnished any exception to the character of those former publications, by the recollection of which, they were suggested. But, alas, it is another and the same; another pile of splendid images and amiable sentiments, doomed, by the perversity of the author, to meet the derision of the fastidious, and the neglect of the sober part of the publick; and destined, we fear, to speedy oblivion, by its bad taste and extravagance, in spite of greater beauties than are to be found in much of our remembered poetry.

The work may be shortly characterized, we think, as the most extravagant and most elaborate of all Mr. Southey's performances; and likely to succeed very nearly as Thalaba has succeeded. It bears, indeed, a very striking resemblance to that poem, both in the irregularity of its measures, the wildness of its fictions, the splendour of its oriental scenery, its eternal enchantments, and the fewness of its human characters. The general outline of the story, too, and the kind of interest that it excites, is so precisely the same in the two works, that if this last had proceeded from another author, he must have incurred the charge of very poor and barefaced plagiarism from Mr. Southey; and Mr. Southey himself must submit to the imputation of some poorness of invention in the department of incident or fable. The subject of both is the adventures of an innocent girl, with her father and lover, persecuted by a host of witches and evil spirits; and finally triumphing over them, in a great measure by the help of the very enchantments that are resorted to for their destruction. The Curse of Kehama, in short, is another Thalaba; with the addition of rhyme, of more ostentatious and elaborate description, and of still greater extravagance of fiction. Those who were offended with the irregularity and extravagance of that poem, we think, will have still less toleration for this; and, even of those who admired formerly, there are many who will not admire now; though there are some, no doubt, who will admire a great deal more than ever. This is a finished poem, in the same style, in which Thalaba was but a slight and hasty sketch; and there are many who were pleased with the lightness, the rapidity, and variety of the sketch, who will think the loss of these qualities but ill compensated by the splendid colouring and minute details of the finishing. To such persons, the present piece will appear loaded, and tedious, and glaring, in comparison with that less elaborate production; but those who have a full and decided relish for the peculiar style by which both are characterized, will certainly find more to admire in the work now before us; much greater fullness of detail, brilliancy of tint, and richness of construction; more boldness of imagination, and deeper complication of incident. For our own part, we incline to the severer judgment. The marvels of Thalaba are more thin, airy, and fleeting; and, while they appear to us to be on the whole more elegant, they do not wait for that deliberate investigation which is challenged by the elaborate groups of the present performance. We are more uniformly interested, perhaps, by the poem before us, and more deeply impressed with a sense of the author's genius; but we are also more fatigued, and more provoked; and feel that the pains and deliberation that have evidently been employed upon *this* exhibition of his extravagances, deprive him of an excuse, of which he still seems to stand in need. It is quite time, however, that we should endeavour to make our readers more particularly acquainted with this extraordinary production.

In the Hindoo religion there is

this singularity, that prayers, penances and sacrifices, if regularly and exactly performed, are supposed infallibly to procure certain powers and advantages to the worshipper, altogether independent of the motives or dispositions by which he was influenced. The powers which may be thus acquired, are such as not only to subject all the elements to the will of the devotee, but to endanger the dominion of the deities themselves, and to expose the sovereignty of the universe to the enterprises of human ambition. Upon this revolting peculiarity of the Hindoo faith, the poem before us is founded; and a single sentence of additional explanation will enable the reader to understand perfectly the short abstract which we are about to give of the story. Kehama, a king somewhere in India, was one of those wicked worshippers, who, by penances and ritual observances, had acquired supreme power over all this lower world, and brought the gods themselves to tremble for their independence. His son, Arvalan, the heir apparent to all his power and wickedness, had offered violence to Kailyal, the beautiful daughter of a peasant in the neighbourhood of his imperial palace; and had been felled to the earth, and slain, by the avenging arm of her father. The poem opens with an account of the prince's interment.

It is divided into twenty four books or sections. The first of which is entitled, "The Funeral;" and contains a very complete and elaborate picture of the midnight procession, and the burning of the dead Arvalan and his living wives. This affords a very good specimen both of the author's powers of picturesque representation, and of the exhausting, and somewhat oppressive, fulness and minuteness of his details. The roofs and balconies crowded with spectators; the interminable line of smoking torches; the splendid palankins; the musick; the shoutings; the baldheaded priests; the soldiers; the mourning sovereign; the funeral pile; the devoted widow; the dancing and the blaze, are all described at full length, and with careful and repeated touches. The effect is undoubtedly rich, to those who have patience to go through with it. But, to many readers, it will prove very fatiguing; and, indeed, it is rather too much, to fill a whole book of an epic poem with the description of a burial; without the relief of dialogue, character, or action of any sort.

The second section is entitled "The Curse;" and begins, rather in a startling manner, with a colloquy at the side of the funeral pile, between the dead Arvalan and his father. The young gentleman complains grievously of the loss of his body, and of the piercing influences of the air on his naked spirit. The omnipotent monarch commands the elements to cease from troubling him, and promises him an ample revenge. For this purpose, he orders the peasant and his daughter to be brought forward. The former obeys, with calm resignation; but the girl clings with instinctive terrour to a wooden image of her favourite goddess, that happened to be placed hard by, on the bank of a river; and while the guards are struggling to tear her from it, a part of the bank gives way; and they, and the goddess, and her votary, are all plunged into the water. Kehama then turns to the father; and, summoning up all his energies of power and of malice, for one great effort, pronounces that portentous *curse*, from which this wonderful work of Mr. Southey takes its denomination. The greater part of this curse would appear to most people, we believe, as no inconsiderable blessing; since it charms its object from the effects of wounds and violence, and sickness, infirmity, and old age; and merely dooms him not to be wet with water,

nor fanned with wind, and to pass his days without sleep, with a fire in his heart and in his brain. We did not intend to give any extract, in this short view of the story; but we must make one exception, we believe, for the sake of this Curse, which is so very cardinal a point in the whole machinery. We suspect our readers have seldom met with such a miserable doggrel; nor, indeed, could we easily find a better specimen of those terrible failures to which Mr. Southey is liable.

"I charm thy life
From the weapons of strife,
From *stone* and from *wood*,
From fire and from flood,
From the serpent's tooth,
And the beasts of blood:
From sickness I charm thee,
And time shall not harm thee;
But earth, which is mine,
Its fruits shall deny thee;
And water shall hear me,
And know thee and fly thee;
And the winds shall not touch thee
When they pass by thee,
And the dews shall not wet thee
When they fall nigh thee:
And thou shalt seek death
To release thee, in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain,
While Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart,
And a fire in thy brain;
And sleep shall obey me,
And visit thee never,
And the Curse shall be on thee
For ever and ever." p. 18, 19.

With this curse, however, such as it is, Ladurlad (for that is his name) having only laid his account for death by torture, is quite horrour-struck; and wanders away, in the beginning of the third section, entitled "the Recovery," along the banks of the river, in silent consternation. About sunrise, he sees something floating in the stream; and by and by recognizes a woman clinging to a wooden image; suspects it may be his daughter; rushes in; and, by the powerful protection of the curse, walks dry through the roaring flood, and bears her to the shore. There is then a very pretty account of her restoration, though quite minute enough to do credit to the secretary of the Humane Society; and a communication of his strange destiny, to the full, as outrageously bad as the sentence itself. We doubt greatly, whether any of our readers ever saw any thing so pitiful as the following attempt at terrible sublimity and novelty.

"The winds of Heaven must never breathe on me;
The rains and dews must never fall on me;
Water must mock my thirst and shrink from me;
The common earth must yield no fruit to me;
Sleep, blessed sleep! must never light on me;
And death, who comes to all, must fly from me;
And never, never set Ladurlad free." p. 27.

Kailyal, however, is so much shocked at this direful sentence, that she refuses to give credit to it; till, looking down at the skirts of his coat, she finds that the curse had had an operation even more powerful than we should have expected; having kept not only his person, but his garments, comfortably dry.

——"Oh misery! she cried,
He bore me from the river depth, and yet—
His garment is not wet!"

The fourth canto is called "the Departure," and helps the story but little forward. The father and daughter lie in listless and silent agony, almost all day. At last, the former, not satisfied with the experiment of the dry coat, steps down to the river to ascertain whether the water really would not touch him; and is again thunderstruck to find, that it recedes round his dry hand. Kailyal then bethinks her of the services of the wooden goddess; and, after expressing her gratitude in some very sweet and innocent verses, erects the image on the bank, and leads

her father further off from the residence of their omnipotent oppressor.

The fifth section, entitled "the Separation," is a little more progressive. The wretched pair lie down under a tree for the night, Ladurlad, breathing regularly in silent agony, appears to his daughter to sleep; and she, after a long contest with filial anxiety, very sweetly described, yields at last to the pressure of fatigue, and sinks into slumber herself. Her father, anxious to spare her the spectacle of his incurable misery, seizes this moment to escape from her vigilant love, slips his head from her lap, and runs off. She awakes with the motion, and runs frantick after him through the dark wood. She is here met by the ghost, or rather by a new incarnation, of the detested Arvalan, who chases her to some distance, when she flies to the sanctuary of a good, quiet god, called Pollear, whose statue, in the shape of an elephant, stood by the wayside. Arvalan, impiously following to seize the maid, "with fleshly arm," as Mr. Southey has it, at the altar, is seized by the indignant statue, and tossed into the heart of the wood. The maid, rushing on in agony of fear, stumbles against the root of a manchineal tree, and falls senseless under its deadly shade.

The sixth canto, called "Casyapa," is the first that introduces the superhuman agents, and must be admitted to present us with some new and very eloquent description. One of the pure spirits termed Glendoveers in the Hindoo mythology, floating near the earth, in the sweet moonlight of that evening, discovers the prostrate maiden, and bears her in his arms up to Mount Himakoot, where old Casyapa, the sire of gods, dwells by the spring of the Ganges. The pitying spirit is here informed by the ancient divinity, of the rage and power of Kehama. A very beautiful description is given of Kailyal's revival by the side of the holy fountain, and of the heroick pity by which the Glendoveer is roused to defy the rage of the omnipotent Kehama in her behalf. He calls to him, therefore, a ship of heaven, and embarks in it with her for the Swerga, or lowest heaven of their mythology.

"The Swerga" gives its name to the seventh section; which opens with an elegant and fanciful description of the ship of heaven, shaped like a shell, rigged with a rainbow bending in one fine sweep from end to end, coloured like the green light of evening, and holding its noiseless way through air and sunshine, with inconceivable rapidity. This, which is long enough for most readers, is followed with another still longer, of the wings of the Glendoveer, which were leathery, it seems, like the bat's, without feathers, very transparent, coloured like good port wine, divided into compartments by fibres of pliant bone of a silver hue, and folding up, when his flying was over, into the form of a very becoming drapery. After sporting through five pages with these redundant descriptions, Mr. Southey lands his voyagers at the Swerga, which is described with still more extravagant luxuriance, both of language and of fancy. A huge tree on the midland height, drops diamond water from every leaf, and feeds a thousand rills that collect into rivers, and spread into lakes among bowers of bliss. Upon these blue lakes, as a floor, the palace of Indra is reared, of clouds, and fire, and water, and pieces of rainbow; pillars of cloud, with capitals of fire, being arched over with rainbow, and spires and pinnacles of flame supporting cupolas of water. Indra, however, gives the Glendoveer as little comfort as old Casyapa. He, too, is unable to control, and afraid to oppose the will of the terrible Kehama; and as no mortal king can inhabit the ethereal bowers of the Swerga, it is

doomed that Kailyal must be conveyed back to earth, and placed again at the foot of mount Meru, beside the fountains of the Ganges. She prays, with sweet filial devotion, to be conducted again to her father.

In the eighth canto, entitled "the Sacrifice," we return to earth, and Kehama; and meet again with new failures and fallings off on the part of Mr. Southey. The sacrifice which is to give the impious sovereign the dominion of the Swerga, consists in the immolation of a wild horse, upon which no man has ever laid his hand; and many thousand guards surround him, to keep off the profane touch. When the moment has arrived, Kehama rises to strike the fatal blow, when a man rushes wildly forward, and, in spite of the arrows and javelins that fall like hail around him, lays his hand on the devoted steed, and destroys the whole virtue of the ceremony. Kehama recognizes the victim of his curse, in this bold and invulnerable delinquent; and refusing him the death to which he eagerly offers himself, sends him back to his wanderings; but at the same time, orders the whole vast array of his guards to be slain on the spot, for not having done impossibilities, by stopping him in his approach; so ten thousand horsemen gallop in, and quietly cut down ten thousand infantry! This tame-told butchery, instead of being impressive or terrible, is absolutely ridiculous, and the whole canto, indeed, though indicating very great talents, is heavy, tedious, and preposterous.

The next, which is called "the Home-scene," is of a mixed character. Ladurlad wanders to his own happy home, and surveys, in mute despair, the overblown flowers of his garden, the garlands withered on the brows of his household gods, the peacocks veering their glittering necks, in expectation of the wonted meal from his hand, and the wild grown marriage bower, which his widowed hands had been used to deck with such mournful assiduity. All this is described beautifully, as well as the listless tenderness of sorrow with which the deserted scene is contemplated, and the soothing feelings of devotion that arise from this softened form of affliction. But Mr. Southey mars all again, by bringing in the disgusting form of Arvalan; and then follows nothing but disgust and failure, and cold and impotent extravagance. This amiable person, of whom it is very difficult to say whether he is dead or alive, material or spiritual, throughout the poem, shows his ugly face from the sky, and grins so provokingly at Ladurlad, that, in spite of all he had already suffered, he takes up a stick to belabour him, when the dead ravisher gathers you a handful of sunbeams, and points them at his opponent. Kehama's curse, however, enables him to set fire at defiance; but the stick in his hand is immediately reduced to white ashes! The mischievous spectre then blows up the hot sand upon his unhappy victim; and, as Mr. Southey elegantly expresses it, fills and chokes up his mouth, nose, ears, and eyes, with the drifting shower. While the poor man is reeling about in this sandy tornado, the Glendoveer whips down most opportunely from the sky, and hews the dead Arvalan to pieces with his sword; and then turning the heavenly ship a little from its course, lays the entranced father beside his daughter, and sails away with them for Mount Meru.

The tenth section begins with Sapphicks addressed to this vessel, and a description of the blessed sanctuary to which it conveyed those high-fated mortals. The description is verbose, and not very intelligible. But there are some tender and poetical lines, expressive of the calm and innocent delight that awaited them in this divine retreat, where Kailyal meets the spirit of her dead mother, and the Glendoveer sports with his

fair *protegée* in all the playfulness of ethereal infancy. It is quite plain to the reader, that the mortal and immortal have a decided *penchant* for each other, as the sequel of the poem, indeed, abundantly proves: however, the author thinks proper positively to deny all knowledge of it at this period, and brings in the Indian Cupid riding on a lory, to shoot vainly at them with a bow of sugar cane, strung with a row of living bees. This section contains more childishness than any we have yet noticed, and is full of namby-pamby and affectation, intermixed with a sort of amiable and pretty silliness.

The next is more entirely disagreeable. It is entitled "The Enchantress," and contains a long, disgusting account of a witch, to whom Arvalan repaired for aid and counsel in his distresses; and of her getting him a suite of armour, and sending him off in her chariot, to invade the blessed family on Mount Meru. The device which she employs to find out the place of their retreat, is, perhaps, the most revolting and contemptible extravagance in the whole poem. Her own eyes being bad, she calls her attendant spirits to bring in a "globe of liquid chrystal, as black as jet;" to make which, we are literally and distinctly told, that she had taken out *the sight* from a thousand eyes, and *kneaded it* into this magical organ! by looking through which, she immediately discovers Kailyal's bower of bliss on Mount Meru. The catastrophe of the unhappy Arvalan is not very intelligibly narrated. He sets out gallantly in a car drawn by dragons, according to the universal practice of all champions equipped by enchanters, and gets very near the habitation of his victims, when his chariot and steeds are very conveniently drawn aside by "All-commanding Nature!" and dashed upon certain adamantine rocks, from which the wicked prince falls battered down into an ice-rift, ten thousand miles below, where he is jammed in, and left to howl, unpitied and unheard.

The succeeding section is not much better. It is called "The Sacrifice completed," and contains a dull and noisy account of the evacuation of the Swerga by Indra and his attendant spirits, in consequence of Kehama having got another wild and untouched horse within the reach of his axe. The affrighted gods take ship for a higher heaven; but call, on their voyage, to explain the melancholy cause of their emigration, to the party on Mount Meru, and to apprize the unhappy Ladurlad and his daughter (the former of whom, we think, might have baffled the sacrifice again) that they must return within the sphere of the tyrant's power.

The thirteenth canto, entitled "the Retreat," drops these devoted victims upon the lower earth; and contains an account of the sylvan abode in which they resolved to await the renewal of their trials. We are rather inclined to think it the most beautiful of the whole poem. There is a fine description of a Banian tree, and of the rich oriental scenery around it; and though the idea of the tyger and elephant losing their fierceness at sight of the beauty and innocence of Kailyal, be borrowed from the lowest commonplaces of poetry, yet the picture of their homage is finished with great elegance and beauty, as well as that of the pious resignation and simple occupations of her who receives it. Having "fed upon heavenly fare," as Mr. Southey elegantly expresses it, she had been converted, by a process somewhat analogous to that of making a queen bee, into a creature of a much higher order than a mere peasant girl; and begins to be familiar with lofty thoughts and imaginings, though she cannot repress some womanish and

loverlike fears as to her being forgotten by the Glendoveer, which are expressed with great delicacy and tenderness. The canto ends with affected and disagreeable abrubtness, by suddenly telling us, in four lines, that she was carried off from this lonely retreat by a band of wandering priests, who were travelling to find a bride for Jaga Naut, the idol with seven heads.

The fourteenth section is named after this captivating deity; and is one of the most obstreperous, confusing, and disagreeable in the volume. There is a noisy and insupportably tedious description of the procession of the giant idol in his chariot, and of the shouting, dancing and singing, with which his nuptials with Kailyal are celebrated. Then the unhappy victim is shut up in the bridal chamber, and sees approaching to her the accursed and incorrigible Arvalan, clothed, as usual, in the borrowed flesh of man. We doubt whether the pious virgin was more disgusted than most of Mr. Southey's readers will be, at this unpardonable intrusion. However, she shrieks lustily, and down comes the faithful Glendoveer, who dashes her unworthy paramour to pieces on the floor. But, at this instant, his amiable friend and procuress, the witch, appears with a legion of fiends, who seize and pinion the Glendoveer, while she patches up the mangled body of her favourite, and encourages him to take his pleasure [such is Mr. Southey's style] with the lady, while she secures his rival in the ancient sepulchres under the ocean. Kailyal being thus left once more with the amorous defunct, takes a torch, and sets fire to the curtains; and, while her lover roars with the scorching pain, she herself is rescued by her father, who walks unhurt through the flames, under the protection of his curse, and bears out his astonished daughter.

The next canto is called "the city of Baly," and abounds in splendid description, and the brighter fruits of a poetical imagination. Baly, we learn, was a mighty monarch of former days, who built a superb city by the sea shore; and was afterwards appointed judge of hell; upon which the sea rose, and overflowed his earthly city, leaving only a few mouldering towers and spires peering above its lonely waters. Ladurlad conjectures, that it is in the royal sepulchres of this submarine capital that the witch has deposited the captive Glendoveer; and being gifted, by the curse, with the power of walking under water, resolves to go and attempt his deliverance. The appearance of the city, from the sculptured and rocky shore, is very finely described; and the anxious hope with which his lovely daughter sees him descend into the abyss, and waits day after day, with growing terrour, on the silent and solitary strand.

The following section is of the same general character. It is entitled "The Ancient Sepulchres," and contains the account of Ladurlad's acquatick adventure. The appearance of the drowned city, its sculptured gateways, and palaces and temples, and lonely streets and gardens, all shining in the green light of the incumbent ocean; all silent, and entire, and desolate, is represented with great power of colouring. Ladurlad wanders long, in astonishment, through this portentous scene; but at last descends into the arched sepulchres of the kings, where, by the light of a huge carbuncle, he discovers their embalmed bodies, each placed in a nich on his chair of state; and, at one end, the unfortunate Glendoveer chained to a rock, and watched by a huge sea monster with "a mouth from ear to ear," triple rows of teeth, and two long sinuous tails. This formidable guardian immediately flies upon his un-

expected visiter: but his life had been charmed from teeth as well as water; and he finds he can make no impression upon his impassive body. Being a fish of conscience, however, he will not permit him to rescue his prisoner, but holds him fast in his coils; while he, in return, attempts to throttle the monster, and extricate himself from his grasp. This preposterous struggle is continued for no less than seven entire days; at the end of which, the monster being overcome with want of sleep [a necessity from which also the curse has dispensed his antagonist] is at last obliged to give out, and fairly gives up the ghost, under the obstinate harassment of his enemy. Ladurlad then finds an old sword, with which he hacks a while at the Glendoveer's fetters, and at last sets him free; and they both, make the best of their way back to the upper light of day.

The eighteenth canto is called "Baly," and describes the reunion of the happy family. The said Baly, it seems, had annually one night of vacation from his judicial function in hell, which he employed in taking a cool walk over India, and revisiting the precincts of his old flooded city. By great good luck, the night on which Ladurlad emerged with the Glendoveer to rejoin his daughter, was the night of this annual promenade; and the worthy Baly was consequently a witness of their encounter. His assistance, as it turns out, was highly opportune; for, while they are all embracing in speechless joy, the loathsome Arvalan appears "in fleshy form," with his patroness the witch; and is just about to remand the celestial rival to his bonds, when the good judge interposes; collars the impious pair with irresistible strength, stamps upon the earth, which opens beneath him, and bears down the guilty beings to his own realm of punishment.

The next canto is entitled "Kahama's Descent." For this tender father, having heard his son's shrieks, as he was arrested, rushes down to his relief, smoking, as Mr. Southey assures us, with very rage and resentment. He roars to Baly to deliver up his victim; but the old gentleman answers from the cellarage, that the rajah has not yet won the dominion of Padalon, and that his *habeas corpus* cannot be allowed him. The almighty rajah then turns, with softened looks to Kailyal; and tells her that it is doomed by fate, that he and she alone, of all mortals, shall drink together the Amreeta cup of immortality, and that she must therefore consent to be his bride. She refuses, with expressions of disgust and horrour; and he soars back to the Swerga, scattering curses on them as he rose.

The next canto, entitled "Mount Calasay," begins well; but soon wanders into bombast, extravagance, and mock sublimity. One effect of the rajah's farewell curse had been, to crust over the pure beauty of Kailyal with leprosy; and nothing can be more beautiful than the representation of her womanly feelings of apprehension and pain at the thought of appearance she would make in the eyes of her Glendoveer, gradually giving way to a proud reliance on her inward merits and his unchangeable affection. The reader is then called to accompany the said Glendoveer in his bold attempt to reach the inaccessible throne of Seeva the Preserver, to whom he is resolved to carry the tale of Kahama's atrocities. This throne was enshrined, it seems, in such immeasurable distance, that Brama and Vishnu had formerly travelled a thousand years without being able to reach it: but the Glendoveer, born up by faith, arrives, in an incredible short space of time at the foot of Mount Calasay, which is a silver mountain set round with seven ladders; and, having reached the summit, he finds a broad table of gems, a sacred triangle, and a

rose; and, over all, a silver bell, self-suspended in the air, but no life, nor sound, nor visible presence. Overawed and confounded by the holy solitude and silence, he prays aloud to the omnipresent deity, and ventures to strike the silver bell; upon which the table, and the mountain itself, and all the mystick scene, vanish away in a flood of intolerable light; and, while the dazzled angel falls headlong from the giddy height, he hears a solemn voice direct him to repair to the throne of Yamen (the king of Padalon, or Hell) and there await the end.

The twentieth canto is entitled "The Embarkation;" and sets the whole pious party forward on this desperate voyage. There is a very pretty scene between Kailyal and the Glendoveer, when she first meets him with her altered form. They then journey together to the end of the world, where they find a crazy vessel riding in a stormy creek that opens out to a sea overhung with impenetrable darkness, step aboard, and push out into that gloomy ocean.

The next section, entitled: "The World's End," terminates the voyage. They soon shoot across the zone of darkness that seemed to bar their way, and emerge into a softer and purer light; upon entering which, Ladurlad feels the burning curse departed from his heart and brain; and the leprous train falls off from the bright and blooming beauties of Kailyal. They then reach a level belt of ice that bounds the tranquil ocean before them; and find it peopled with the souls of departed men, proceeding on their destined way to the throne of Yamen, and the judgment-seat of Baly. The plain of ice is bounded, on the farther side, by a broad and profound gulph, beyond which rise the rocky foundations of the second earth. From this gulph ascend, every now and then, the ministering spirits of Padalon, who seize some of the wandering souls, and plunge down with them to their final audit. Kailyal trembles with horrour at the struggles and agonies of those whom conscious guilt forewarned of the doom that awaited them; but the Glendoveer bids her be of good comfort; and, raising her in his arms, shoots down with her to the bottom of the abyss. The fictions of this canto are very much in the manner of Dante; though the diction is infinitely more ornate and verbose.

The twenty second section, entitled, "The Gate of Padalon," is constructed in the same spirit.—There is a description of the economy of Padalon, which seems borrowed somewhat too faithfully from the commonplace Tartarus of the classicks; souls purging off their guilt in fires; rebel spirits cursing, and calling on Kehama; and the stern police of the place growling, and sweating, and scourging them. The Glendoveer brings the maiden to the southern gate, and leaves her in charge of the keeper till he goes back for her father. He then explains their embassy; and the guardian of the way orders out his own chariot, poised upon a single wheel, like a wheelbarrow, wraps the whole party in magick fire-proof robes, and sets them on the way to the central city of the Yaman.

The twenty third canto is entitled "Padalon;" and is, upon the whole, laborious and turgid, though adorned with some strong painting. After passing through the adamantine portal, the travellers arrive on the edge of a vast sea of fire, over which there is no bridge but one narrow rib of steel, as sharp and fine as the edge of a scymitar. The one wheeled car rises upon this ticklish bridge, and rolls steadily over the red-quivering and loud-tossing ocean beneath. Nothing can be more vulgar and undignified

than the scenes they witness after gaining the farther shore. They proceed along a raised causeway; on each side of which are erected little vaults and dungeons, all tenanted by tormented souls, and each supplied with a sluice from the fiery sea, to keep their torments fresh and active. Nothing is heard on all hands but the old Tartarean noises, of chains, lashes, hammers, groans, and execrations; and nothing seen but executioners administering different forms of damnation. The city, however, is built entirely of diamonds, and shines with a light brighter than the midday sun. It is approached by eight brazen bridges crossing the fiery river by which it is surrounded; and in the centre is the palace of Yamen, in the vestibule of which he sits along with Baly, and before them a vacant throne of gold, supported at three of its corners by three living, but red-hot human figures. The pious visitants do homage to the god, who accommodates them beside him; and bids them wait the approaching catastrophe in patience.

The last canto is entitled "The Amreeta;" and opens with the dreaded advent of Kehama to seize the throne of Padalon. The voice of command and of lamentation cease together at his approach; and a dread and awful silence keeps the whole region in suspense. In his plan for the assault of the Diamond city, Mr. Southey certainly outdoes all his former outdoings; for he makes the Rajah divide, or rather multiply, himself, into *eight several rajahs* of the same form and reality, and march up in this manner, at the same moment, to the eight gates of the place, advance through the streets, and meet at the palace in the centre. The battle between him and Yamen is prudently enveloped in darkness; but Kehama is victorious, and the rightful sovereign prostrated before him. The victor then questions the burning supporters of the throne, who acknowledges the justice of their doom, and say they wait for a fourth, of equal guilt, to complete their number. He then renews his proposals to Kailyal, which are again rejected with disdain. Upon which, he calls impatiently for the Amreeta cup of immortality; and, at his voice, a huge marble tomb opens, and discovers a giant skeleton, reclining within, with the precious cup in his hand. The spectre rises slowly, and presents the cup to Kehama, saying it had been doomed from eternity for him only, and for Kailyal, of all the children of mankind. The impious monarch eagerly quaffs the potent liquor; but instantly feels inexpressible agony shoot through all his veins; and finds, too late, that he has doomed himself to an immortality of insupportable and incurable pain. His body immediately becomes red-hot; and, urged on by an irresistible force, he moves towards the golden throne, and takes post at the vacant corner. The skeleton then presents the cup to Kailyal, who drinks with pious awe and holy confidence. That instant, a steam of divine fragrance arises from all her frame; and, while she remains entranced in rapture, she feels all that was mortal in her melt softly away, and rises incorruptible, without having tasted the bitterness of death. She now rushes into the arms of her faithful Glendoveer; his fitting bride, his equal in purity and immortality. Yamen gives them his benediction, and directs them to repair to their bower of bliss in the Swerga; and, when he sees Kailyal look with reluctant tenderness and anxiety on her father, assures her that she shall meet with him also in her mother's bower. The car then bears off the blessed pair; and the lord of death, smiling gently on Ladurlad from his golden throne, he sinks, like a child overwearied with play, into a soft slumber; on awaking from which, he finds himself a disembodied spirit, with his wife and

daughter, in the blessed groves of the Swerga.

Such is the faithful outline, and such the principal details of this singular poem; of the fable and incidents of which, our readers, therefore, are now qualified to judge for themselves. Our fault to it is, that it possesses the interest of a fairy tale for children, and not of an epick poem for men; and that the fictions of which it consists, are so utterly extravagant as to lose the power even of producing astonishment. We do not mean to deny, that it does credit to Mr. Southey's powers of invention; but if we are once dispensed from the laws of probability, the task of invention is not very difficult. The great problem is, to devise incidents that shall be new and striking, and yet conformable, in their great outlines, to truth and to human experience. If the last condition be remitted, fiction is an art of very vulgar attainment. Who looks with envy upon the author of baron Munchausen's adventures?

But, even where beautiful description and striking sentiments are interwoven with extravagant fiction, the effect of the latter ingredient is always debasing and unpleasant. And there seems to be two reasons for this, independent of the painful and intense feeling of impossibility that stands constantly in the way even of the most momentary illusion. In the first place, we do not know how to sympathize with persons placed in situations of which we can have no experience, and, in the second place, when we are once familiarized with the violation of all truth and probability, we cannot easily admit that any thing the poet can tell us is sufficiently wonderful or surprising. If he gives us a giant a hundred feet high, we think we should have one of a thousand; if his hero can walk in the water, we want him also to fly in the air. The familiar use of prodigies, in short, makes us impatient of any ordinary occurrences; we will not submit to any difficulties or obstructions arising merely from the laws of nature, or the infirmity of human nature; and feel it as a sort of stinginess in the author, when he allows his favourites to be embarrassed for want of a miracle or an angel. After the abstract we have made of the story, it may seem very unreasonable to complain of Mr. Southey for not giving us enough of wonders; especially when it is considered, that, in order to oblige us, he has made one individual run up eight streets at the same moment of time, and actually accomplished the annihilation of space and time [p. 207] for the sake of another of his heroes. Unreasonable, however, as it may seem, we do think that, having gone so far, he ought to have gone still farther; and that his poem, considered only as a series of marvels, is greatly inferiour to many other works of much lower pretension. In variety and novelty of wonders, it is not to be compared with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments; and indicates much less facility of invention than the Fairy Tales of the facetious count Hamilton.

Next to the fable, we should like to say a word or two of the diction and versification of this strange poem, before laying any specimens of it before our readers. The diction is copious, and flowing and varied, though always diffuse, often affected, and sometimes very provokingly debased by such babyisms as "dearest dear,"—"maiden mine," and the other offensive blandishments of Mr. Southey's school. Of the versification, we can only say, that it is still more irregular than that of Thalaba; or, at least, that its irregularity is more conspicuous, by the capricious alternation of rhyme and blank verse, and the uncertain recurrence of the rhymes that are used. Regularity, we confess, appears to us to be of the very essence of versification; nor is it easy to give any other

definition of a metrical work, than that it is divided into regular portions called verses; and though it be very true, that there are legitimate verses of various lengths and constructions, all of which are at the service of the poet, still it seems almost necessary that those of the same order should either be repeated in sequence, or interposed according to some regular system, in order to give us that perception of uniformity which seems to be the basis of the pleasure we receive from metrical harmony.

If absolute uniformity, however, be thought too cloying: though Homer and Milton do not seem to have found it so, there seems no good reason why a poet may not use one measure in one canto (or in one page, if he pleases) and another in another: But, to mix up all sorts of measures in every canto, and in every page, seems really to be defeating the very purpose of writing in verse at all; and cannot fail to perplex the reader with a perpetual feeling of uncertainty and disappointment.

The only apology that could be offered for great irregularity of measure, would be, exquisite propriety of diction. In order to keep all his lines up to one standard, a poet may sometimes be obliged to leave out an impressive word, or to insert a weak or redundant one; and if he had the power of shortening or varying his measure, so as to suit it exactly to the very best selection of expressions that the language could afford, it may be thought that we should have, on the whole, a more perfect composition, or at least a composition that more than compensated for the irregularity of its metre, by the beauty and force of its diction. Plausible, however, as such a notion may appear, we suspect that it would not be found to answer even in more scrupulous hands than those of Mr. Southey. The license which was conceded as an encouragement to extraordinary diligence, would soon come to be employed as an instrument of mere indolence; and, instead of being used only to supply the unavoidable defects of the language, would be familiarly resorted to, when the only defect was in the author. But, however this may be in theory, we are pretty sure that even Mr. Southey's greatest admirers will not pretend to say that, in point of fact, he is entitled to make use of *this* apology. Notwithstanding the unprecedented irregularity of his verse, his diction is the least compact, select, or elaborate, of any with which we are acquainted. It is, indeed, in a very remarkable degree, loose and verbose, and neglected; and the irregularities of his measure seem to be far more frequently adopted, because they enabled him to employ the first unweighed expression that occurred to him, than because they afforded the only perfect vehicle for phrases too precious to be altered.

We have another fault to Mr. Southey's versification in this poem, besides its irregularity. He has introduced a great number of very unharmonious metres; and combined them very unharmoniously. Instead of the firm march of the Iambick and Trochaick measures, for which alone our language seems to be adapted, we have (besides the poor pedantry of Sapphicks and Dactylicks) a great variety of tottering and slovenly measures, that were either never introduced into English poetry, or have been long discarded from it, from experience of their unfitness for the service. In the very beginning of the poem, for example, we have a series of such verses as these.

"He moves—he nods his head,
But the motion comes from the bearers' tread,
As the body born aloft in state,
Sways with the impulse of its own dead weight."

And a little after—

" By this in the orient sky appears the gleam
Of day—Lo! what is yonder in the stream?—

There is great choice, indeed, of such passages throughout the work.

" A fire is in his heart and brain
And nature hath no healing for his pain."

" As if from some *tort catapult* let loose,
Over the forest hurled him all abroad."

" Thereat the heart of the universe stood still;
The elements ceased their influences; the hours
Stopt on the eternal round: Motion and breath,
Time, change, and life and death."

" It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is there."

" And hated women because they were loved."

" O silent night! how have they startled thee
With the brazen trumpets' blare!"

" Never before
Had Kailyal watched it so impatiently,
Never so eagerly had hoped before,
As now when she believed, and said, all hope was o'er.

Beholding her, how beautiful she stood,
In that wild solitude,
Baly from his invisibility
Had issued then, to know her cause of wo:
But that, in the air beside her, he espied
Two powers of evil." p. 189, 190.

" And blessed be the hour that gave thee birth,
Daughter of earth."

" *Where* in his ancient and august abodes,
There dwélt old Casyapo, the sire of gods."

We do not know whether its versification be the worst fault of the following very affected passage; but it is extremely offensive to our ears.

" But rising over all in one acclaim
Is heard the echoed and reechoed name,
From all that countless rout:
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Arvalan! Arvalan!
Ten times ten thousand voices in one shout
Call Arvalan! The overpowering sound,
From house to house repeated rings about,
From tower to tower rolls round."

" And now at once they shout
Arvalan! Arvalan!
With quick rebound of sound,
All in accordant cry,
Arvalan! Arvalan!" p. 3, 4.

The following, we think, is equally detestable, in rythm, style, and conception:

" Dost thou tremble, O Indra, O god of the sky,
Why slumber those thunders of thine?
Dost thou tremble on high—
Wilt thou tamely the Swerga resign—
Art thou smitten, O Indra, with dread?
Or seest thou not, seest thou not, monarch divine,
How many a day to Seeva's shrine
Kehama his victim hath led?
Nine and ninety days are fled," &c.

" O day of wo! aboye below,
That blood confirms the almighty tyrant's reign!
Thou tremblest, O Indra, O god of the sky,
Thy thunder is vain!
Thou tremblest on high for thy power!
But where is Veeshnoo at this hour,
But where is Seeva's eye?" p. 74, 75.

Neither have we more toleration for such harsh and noisy bombast as the following:

" And all around, behind, before,
The bridal car, is the raging rout,
With frantick shout, and deafening roar,
Tossing the torches' flames about.
And the *double double* peals of the drum are there,
And the startling burst of the trumpet's blare;
And the gong, that seems, with its thunders dread,
To stun the living, and waken the dead.
The ear-strings throb, as if they were broke,

And the eyelids drop at the weight of its stroke.
Fain would the maid have kept them fast,
But open they start, at the crack of the blast. p. 148.

Nearly one half of the poem is written in verses as loose and unsteady as this; though there is great variety in their kinds of badness. The passage which follows is pure childishness and sing-song.

"O happy sire, and yet more happy daughter!
The etherial gales his agony aslake,
His daughter's tears are on his cheek,
His hand is in the water;
The innocent man, the man opprest,
Oh joy!—hath found a place of rest
Beyond Kehama's sway.
His curse extends not here; his pains have past away.

"O happy sire, and happy daughter!
Ye on the banks of that celestial water
Your resting place and sanctuary have found.
What! hath not then their mortal taint defiled
The sacred solitary ground?
Vain thought! the holy valley smiled,
Receiving such a sire and child;
Ganges, who seemed asleep to lie,
Beheld them with benignant eye,
And rippled round melodiously,
And rolled her little waves, to meet
And welcome their beloved feet."

"Lovely wert thou, O flower of earth!
Above all flowers of mortal birth;
But fostered in this blissful bower
From day to day, and hour to hour
Lovelier grew the lovely flower.
O blessed, blessed company!
When men and heavenly spirits greet,
And they whom Death had severed meet,
And hold again communion sweet;
O blessed, blessed company!" p. 104.

It is not fair, however, either to our readers or to Mr. Southey, to extract such passages. The following account of the burnlag of Arvalan's young widow, though defaced with a good deal of affectation, is powerfully executed, and makes full as striking a picture as the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

"Wo! Wo! Nealliny,
The young Nealliny!
They strip her ornaments away;
Bracelet and anklet, ring, and chain, and zone;
Around her neck they leave
The marriage knot alone,...
That marriage band, which when
Yon waning moon was young,
Around her virgin neck
With bridal joy was hung.
Then with white flowers, the coronal of death,
Her jetty locks the crown.
O sight of misery!
You cannot hear her cries,... all other sound
In that wild dissonance is drown'd;—
But in her face you see
The supplication and the agony, ...
See in her swelling throat the desperate strength
That with vain effort struggles yet for life;
Her arms contracted now in fruitless strife,
Now wildly at full length
Towards the crowd in vain for pity spread.—p. 8, 9.

The following picture of morning, is also sketched with bright and transparent colours. It relates to Kailyal and her father, after he had saved her from the flood.

"The boatman, sailing on his easy way,
With envious eye beheld them where they lay;
For every herb and flower
Was fresh and fragrant with the early dew,
Sweet sung the birds in that delicious hour,
And the cool gale of morning as it blew,
Not yet subdued by day's increasing power,
Ruffling the surface of the silvery stream,
Swept o'er the moisten'd sand, and raised no shower.
Telling their tale of love,
The boatman thought they lay
At that lone hour, and who so blest as they!"—p. 28, 29.

The evening scene is also very sweetly drawn, and with the same fidelity to eastern costume.

"Evening comes on: arising from the stream,
Homeward the tall flamingo wings his flight;

And where he sails athwart the setting beam,
His scarlet plumage glows with deeper light.
The watchman, at the wished approach of night,
Gladly forsakes the field, where he all day,
To scare the winged plunderers from their pray,
With shout and sling, on yonder clay-built height,
Hath born the sultry ray.
Hark! at the golden palaces,
The Bramin strikes the hour.
For leagues and leagues around, the brazen sound
Rolls through the stillness of departing day,
Like thunder far away."
p. 35, 36.

The awaking of Kailyal, too, when first born, in her swoon, to the spring of the Ganges, is very beautifully represented. The last six lines appear to us peculiarly sweet and melodious.

"The waters of the holy Spring
About the hand of Kailyal play;
They rise, they sparkle, and they sing,
Leaping where languidly she lay,
As if with that rejoicing stir
The holy Spring would welcome her.
The Tree of Life which o'er her spread,
Benignant bowed its sacred head,
And dropt its dews of healing;
And her heart-blood at every breath,
Recovering from the strife of death,
Drew in new strength and feeling,
Behold her beautiful in her repose,
A life-bloom reddening now her dark-brown cheek;
And lo! her eyes unclose,
Dark as the depth of Ganges' spring profound,
When night hangs over it,
Bright as the moon's refulgent beam,
That quiver's on its clear up-sparkling stream."—p. 54, 55.

Her first interview with the spirit of her mother, whom she had lost in infancy, is described with the same tenderness and truth of feeling. The language (and this is no light praise) is like the finest parts of Mr. Wordsworth's.

"The Maid that lovely form surveyed;
Wistful she gazed, and knew her not;
But nature to her heart conveyed
A sudden thrill, a startling thought,
A feeling many a year forgot,
Now like a dream anew recurring,
As if again in every vein
Her mother's milk was stirring.
With straining neck and earnest eye
She stretched her hands imploringly,
As if she fain would have her nigh,
Yet fear'd to meet the wished embrace,
At once with love and awe opprest." p. 99.

The passage that follows is an imitation, almost equally successful, of the moralizing style of Walter Scott.

"They sin who tell us love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of wo, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?" p. 100, 101.

There is no finer description, perhaps, in the whole poem, than that of the ancient city of Baly, showing its silent turrets above the surrounding sea.

"Their golden summits, in the noonday light,
Shone o'er the dark green deep that rolled between;
For domes, and pinnacles, and spires were seen
Peering above the sea—a mournful sight!
Well might the sad beholder ween from thence
What works of wonder the devouring wave
Had swallowed there, when monuments so brave
Bore record of their old magnificence.
And on the sandy shore, beside the verge
Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fane

Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain.
In solitude the ancient temples stood,
Once resonant with instrument and song,
And solemn dance of festive multitude;
Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save of the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or, visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves." p. 162.

The picture is still finer, when Ladurlad descends to the buried city; and evinces great power, both of fancy and of expression, though infected with many faults of taste and of manner.

" Those streets which never, since the days of yore,
By human footstep had been visited;
Those streets which never more
A human foot shall tread,
Ladurlad trod. In sunlight, and sea-green,
The thousand palaces were seen
Of that proud city, whose superb abodes
Seemed rear'd by giants for the immortal gods.
How silent and how beautiful they stand,
Like things of nature! the eternal rocks
Themselves not firmer. Neither hath the sand
Drifted within their gates, and choaked their doors,
Nor slime defiled their pavements and their floors."

" And now his feet attain that royal fane
Where Baly held of old his awful reign,
What once had been the garden spread around,
Fair garden, once which wore perpetual green,
Where all sweet flowers through all the year were found,
And all fair fruits were through all seasons seen."

" It was a garden still beyond all price,
Even yet it was a place of paradise;
For where the mighty ocean could not spare,
There had he, with his own creation,
Sought to repair his work of devastation.
And here were coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of spung, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
Their languid limbs in summer's sultry hours."—
" And arborets of jointed stones were there,
And plants of fibres fine, as silkworm's thread;
Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair
Upon the waves dispread:
Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
Like streamers wide outflowing."
" The golden fountains had not ceased to flow,
And, where they mingled with the briny sea,
There was a sight of wonder and delight,
To see the fish, like birds in air,
Above Ladurlad flying.
Round those strange waters they repair,
Their scarlet fins outspread and plying,
They float with gentle hovering there;
And now upon those little wings,
As if to dare forbidden things,
With wilful purpose bent.
Swift as an arrow from a bow
They dash across, and to and fro,
In rapid glance like lightning go
Through that unwonted element." p. 170—174.

The following description is in a very different style, though not less perfect in its kind.

" Twas a fair scene wherein they stood,
A green and sunny glade amid the wood;
And in the midst an aged banian grew.
It was a goodly sight to see
That venerable tree;
Far over the lawn, irregularly spread,
Fifty straight columns propt its lofty head;
And many a long depending shoot,
Seeking to strike its root,
Straight like a plummet, grew towards the ground.

Some on the lower boughs, which crost their way,
Fixing their bearded fibres, round and round,
With many a ring and wild contortion wound;
Some to the passing wind at times, with sway
Of gentle motion swung;
Others of younger growth, unmov'd, were hung
Like stone-drops from the cavern's fretted height.
Beneath was smooth and fair to sight,
Nor weeds, nor briars, deformed the natural floor;
And through the leafy cope which bowered it o'er
Came gleams of checkered light.
So like a temple did it seem, that there
A pious heart's first impulse would be prayer.
Fed by perpetual springs, a small lagoon,
Pellucid, deep, and still, in silence joined,
And swelled the passing stream. Like burnished steel
Glowing, it lay beneath the eye of noon;
And when the breezes, in their play,
Ruffled the darkening surface, then, with gleam
Of sudden light around the lotus stem
It rippled; and the sacred flowers that crown
The lakelet with their roseate beauty, ride,
In gentlest waving rocked, from side to side;
And as the wind upheaves
Their broad and buoyant weight, the glossy leaves,
Flap on the twinkling waters, up and down." p. 133—5.

The reader, perhaps, may now wish to see some of Mr. Southey's living characters; and we give them the picture of Kailyal's retreat in the forest, after her sojourn by the holy fount of the Ganges.

" And duly here, to Marriataly's praise,
The maid, as with an angel's voice of song,
Poured her melodious lays
Upon the gales of even,
And gliding in religious dance along,
Moved, graceful as the dark-eyed nymphs of heaven,
Such harmony to all her steps was given.
Thus ever, in her father's doting eye,
Kailyal performed the customary rite,
He, patient of his burning pain the while,
Beheld her, and approved her pious toil
" He, too, by day and night, and every hour,
Paid to a higher Power his sacrifice;
An offering, not of ghee, or fruit, or rice,
Flower-crown, or blood; but of a heart subdued,
A resolute unconquered fortitude,
An agony represt, a will resigned"
" Yea, all around was hallowed! Danger, fear,
Nor thought of evil ever entered here.
A charm was on the Leopard when he came
Within the circle of that mystick glade;
Submiss he crouched before the heavenly maid,
And offered to her touch his speckled side;
Or with arched back erect, and bending head,
And eyes half closed for pleasure, would he stand,
Courting the pressure of her gentle hand.

Trampling his path through wood and brake,
And canes which crackling fall before his way,
And tassel-grass, whose silvery feathers play
O'ertopping the young trees,
On comes the elephant, to slake
His thirst at noon in yon pellucid springs.
Lo! from his trunk upturned, aloft he flings
The grateful shower; and now
Plucking the broad-leaved bough
Of yonder plane, with waving motion slow,
Fanning the languid air,
He moves it to an fro.
But when that form of beauty meets his sight,
The trunk its undulating motion stops,
From his forgetful hold the plane-branch drops,
Reverent he kneels, and lifts his rational eyes
To her as if in prayer;
And when she pours her angel voice in song,
Entranced he listens to the thrilling notes,
Till his strong temples, bathed with sudden dews,

Their fragrance of delight and love
diffuse." p. 136—9.

Redundant and over minute as these descriptions undoubtedly are, it is impossible not to feel, that they are conceived in the true spirit, and expressed in the genuine language, of poetry. We must add a few specimens of Mr. Southey's delineations of character and affection.

" Hope, we have none, said Kailyal to her
sire.
Said she aright? and had the mortal
maid
No thoughts of heavenly aid,
No secret hopes her inmost heart to
move
With longings of such deep and pure
desire,
As vestal maids, whose piety is love,
Feel in their ecstacies, when rapt
above,
Their souls unto their heavenly spouse
aspire!
Why else so often doth that searching eye
Roam through the scope of sky?
Why if she sees a distant speck on
high,
Starts there that quick suffusion to her
cheek?
'Tis but the eagle, in his heavenly
height;
Reluctant to believe, she hears his
cry,
And marks his wheeling flight,
Then languidly averts her mournful
sight.
Why ever else, at morn, that waking
sigh,
Because the lovely form no more is
nigh
Which hath been present to her soul all
night;
And that injurious fear
Which ever, as it riseth, is repress,
Yet riseth still within her troubled
breast,
That she no more shall see the Glendoveer!" p. 141, 142.

Her emotions, when defaced with leprosy by the wrath of Kehama, have a character of equal tenderness and greater dignity.

" This is a loathsome sight to human
eye,
Half-shrinking at herself, the maiden
thought,
Will it be so to him? O surely not!
The immortal powers who see
Through the poor wrappings of mortality,
Behold the soul, the beautiful soul,
within,
Exempt from age and wasting malady,
And undeformed, while pure and free
from sin.
This is a loathsome sight to human
eye,
But not to eyes divine,
Ereenia, son of heaven, oh not to thine!"
p. 204, 205.

There is something very sweet and touching in their meeting after this disaster.

" Thou seest his poor revenge! So having
said,
One look she glanced upon her leprous
stain
Indignantly, and shook
Her head in calm disdain.

O maid of soul divine!
And more than ever dear,
And more than ever mine,
Replied the Glendoveer:
He hath not read, be sure, the mystick
ways
Of fate." p. 214, 215.

We add but one other picture of her piety and filial devotion.

" O thou whom we adore,
O Marriataly, thee do I emplore,
The virgin cried; my goddess, pardon
thou
The unwilling wrong, that I no
more,
With dance and song,
Can do thy daily service, as of yore!
The flowers which last I wreathed around
thy brow,
Are withering there; and never
now
Shall I at eve adore thee,
And swimming round with arms outspread,
Poise the full pitcher on my head,
In dext'rous dance before thee;
While underneath the reedy shed, at
rest
My father sate the evening rites to view,
And blest thy name—and blest
His daughter too." p. 33, 34.

" And turning to the image, threw
Her grateful arms around it, ... It was
thou
Who saved'st me from the stream!

My Marriataly, it was thou!
I had not else been here
To share my father's curse,
To suffer now, . . . and yet to thank thee thus!" p. 32.

And, again, when they are sent back from mount Meru, to wander on the earth—

"Thus to her father spake the imploring maid:
Oh! by the love which we so long have born
Each other, and shall never cease to bear...
Oh! by the sufferings we have shared,
And must not cease to share—
One boon I supplicate in this dread hour,
One consolation in this hour of wo!
Thou hast it in thy power, refuse not thou
The only comfort now
That my poor heart can know.

O dearest, dearest Kailyal! with a smile
Of tenderness and sorrow, he replied,
O best beloved, and to be loved the best,
Most worthy, . . . set thy duteous heart at rest.
I know thy wish; and let what will betide,
Ne'er will I leave thee wilfully again.
My soul is strengthened to endure its pain,
Be thou, in all my wanderings, still my guide;
Be thou, in all my sufferings at my side.

The maiden, at those welcome words, imprest
A passionate kiss upon her father's cheek." p. 132, 133.

We fear we have already extended those quotations to a length which our unpoetical readers will not easily forgive; but we must add the following passage, in which Mr. Southey throws all the brightness of original poetry upon the old classical fiction of the souls of infants being stationed in the outskirts of the Elysian world.

"Innocent souls! thus set so early free
From sin and sorrow and mortality,
Their spotless spirits all creating love
Received into its universal breast.
Yon blue serene above
Was their domain; clouds pillowed them to rest;
The elements on them like nurses tended,
And with their growth etherial substance blended.
Less pure than these is that strange Indian bird,
Who never dips in earthly streams her bill,
But, when the sound of coming showers is heard,
Looks up, and from the clouds receives her fill.
Less pure the footless fowl of heaven, that never
Rest upon earth, but on the wing for ever
Hovering o'er bowers, their fragrant food inhale,
Drink the descending dew upon its way,
And sleep aloft while floating on the gale." p. 222, 223.

We here close our extracts, and take our leave of Mr. Southey. We wish we could entertain any tolerable hopes of converting him from the damnable heresies into which he has fallen, and to which, if he does not reform speedily, we fear his reputation will die a martyr. The great space we have allowed him to occupy, both now and on former occasions, proves sufficiently what importance we attach to his very errours, and what great things, we think, might be expected from him, if he could only be made to exert himself on the same side with those who have hitherto succeeded in commanding the admiration of the world. To those who care little for our opinions, the copious extracts which we have given, will afford a safer ground of conclusion; and we conceive, that no reader of any taste or sensibility can peruse even those detatched fragments, without feeling that Mr. Southey is gifted with powers of fancy and of expression beyond almost any individual of his age: and that in the expression of all the tender and amiable, and quiet affections, he has had but few rivals; either in past or in present time. These are rare and precious qualities; the intrinsick value of which cannot be destroyed

by their combination with others of an opposite character, and to which we shall always be glad to do homage in spite of any such combination. But a childish taste, and an affected manner, though they cannot destroy genius, will infallibly deprive it of its glory; and must be reprobated, therefore, with a severity proportioned to the mischief they occasion; a mischief that can only be measured by the greatness of the excellence they hide, and will always be stated the highest by those to whom that excellence is dearest.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song: with historical and traditional Notices relative to the Manners and Customs of the Peasantry. Now first published by R. H. Cromek, F. A. S. Ed. Editor of "The Reliques of Robert Burns." 1 vol. 8vo. 1810.

TO Mr. Cromek every lover of Scottish poetry is already deeply indebted for the industry and taste with which he collected materials for an additional volume to the works of Robert Burns. Of that work our opinion has been given in our eleventh volume, p. 132:* but we are now called upon to consider a production of a very different nature: a production which characterizes the modes of thought and feeling among the peasantry of a sister kingdom, and which, in its compilation, reflects no common praise upon the enthusiasm with which Mr. Cromek must have pursued his labour, and the judgment with which it is executed.

The contents of this volume form a subject more than usually interesting to the philosopher and the critick. They are not the matured efforts of labour, study, and learning; they are not the offspring of refinement, nor are they executed from any prescribed model: they are the simple, natural, and heart-warm effusions of rustick feeling: they describe those passions which nature plants, nourishes, and expands: they have been written with no expectations of renown; they have floated upon the breath of tradition: the very names of their authors are unknown: and just when the period had arrived that they would probably have died with their possessors, Mr. Cromek has arrested them in their fleeting progress, and has given them "a local habitation and a name."

The inquiry which might lead to a satisfactory explanation of the causes, whether physical, moral, or political, that have concurred to give to the peasantry of Scotland that superiority of mind which could produce such exquisite poetry as is contained in this volume, would carry us into a discussion too prolix for the pages of our miscellany. We feel, however, all the importance of the topick, and wish that we had space to do it justice. As we cannot, however, let us pass to a consideration of the volume itself.

The first thing that arrests our attention is an "Introduction" from the pen of Mr. Cromek, in which we find many very pertinent and judicious remarks upon the subject of Scottish poetry: a subject upon which he can scarcely feel more enthusiasm than we do; but his enthusiasm has led to enterprise: it has not been a vague and general feeling of the mind. The manners of the peasantry, also their superstitions, their customs, and their po-

* See Select Reviews, vol. II. p. 10.

pular prejudices, come in for a share of his attention.

The introductory paragraphs deserve to be transcribed.

"The Scottish poets have raised a glorious fabrick of characteristick lyrick, the fairest, perhaps, any nation can boast. The foundations were laid by various unknown hands, and even of those who raised the superstructure few have attained the honour of renown; but the whole has been reformed and completed by a man whose fame will be immortal as his genius was transcendant. The name of ROBERT BURNS, let a Scotchman pronounce it with reverence and affection! He produced the most simple and beautiful lyricks himself; he purified and washed from their olden stains many of the most exquisite of past ages. He collected others with all the glowing enthusiasm of an antiquary, and with the keen eye of an exquisite critick and poet. It was on these beautiful old ballads and songs that Burns laid the foundation of his greatness. Their simplicity he copied; he equalled their humour, and excelled their pathos. But that flame which they helped to raise absorbed them in its superiour brightness; so that the more we investigate the sources from which he drew, the more our reverence for his genius is increased. Whatever he transplanted grew up and flourished with a vigour unknown in the parent soil; whatever he imitated sinks almost into insignificance placed by the side of the imitation. He rolls along like a mighty river, in the contemplation of which the scattered streams that contribute to its greatness are forgotten.

"It has been the work of the present collector to redeem some of those fine old ballads and songs, overshadowed by the genius of Burns; such, especially, as have never before been published, and are floating in the breath of popular tradition.

"Many of these are peculiar to certain districts of Scotland, and tracts of finely situated country. Deeply founded in the manners and customs of the peasantry, they keep hold of their minds, and pass from generation to generation by these local ties: their flashes of broad humour, their vivid description render them popular; and their strong touches of native feeling and sensibility make a lasting impression on the heart.

"It is worthy of remark, that in no district of England are to be found specimens of this simple and rustick poetry. The influence of commerce has gradually altered the character of the people: by creating new interests and new pursuits, it has weakened that strong attachment to the soil which gives interest to the localities of popular ballads, and has destroyed those cherished remembrances of former times which impart to a rude, an unpolished strain, all the pathos of the most laboured elegy.

"We may safely premise, that many of the most valuable traditional songs and ballads perished in those afflicting times of reformation and bloodshed which belong to queen Mary, to Charles, and to James. A great change then took place in the Scottish character; the glowing vivacity and lightsomeness of the Caledonian muses were quenched in the gloomy severity of sour, fanatick enthusiasm, and iron-featured bigotry. The profanity of the song was denounced from the pulpit, and the holy lips of Calvinism would not suffer pollution by its touch: dancing, to which it is nearly allied, was publickly rebuked, attired in fornicator's sackcloth. The innocent simplicity and airiness of song gave way to holier emanations; to spiritualized ditties, and to the edifying cadence of religious, reforming cant. Such seems to have been the state of song when Allan Ramsay arose. His beautiful collection rekindled the smothered embers of lyrick poetry; but he could not redeem the lost treasures of past ages; nor rake from the ashes of the fallen religion the sacred relicks of its songs. A few were redeemed; but they were trimmed anew, and laced with the golden thread of metaphysick foppery, over the coarse and homely hoddingray of rural industry. Their naïveté of feeling, their humour and amiable simplicity now gave way to the gilded and varnished trappings and tasselings of courtly refinement.

"Scottish humour attempted to smear his thistles with the oil and balm of polite satire, till they lost their native pungency. Love was polished, and boarding-schooled, till the rough mint-stamp of nature was furbished off it. The peasantry, however, preserved, in their traditional songs and ballads, a fair portion of the spirit and rough nature of the olden times. To the peasantry the Scotch are indebted for many of their most exquisite compositions. Their judgment in the selection and preservation of song scarcely can be sufficiently appreciated:—*Barbour's* Bruce; *Blind Harry's* Sir William Wallace; *Ramsay's* original works, and his *Collection of Songs*; *Fergusson*, and *Burns* are to be found in every Scot-

tish hamlet, and in every hand. Accompanying these, there are a multitude of songs, ballads, and fragments, which descend by tradition, and are early imprinted on every mind;—

"Which spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant of."

Mr. Cromek next proceeds to investigate some of the causes which may have led to the formation of that peculiar character among the peasantry of Scotland, which has been so generally remarked. His arguments are commonly very appropriate; but, as he does not profess to go deeply into the question, there yet remains sufficient ground for a future inquirer. These causes he considers as declining, and with them the consequent peculiarity of manners.

"So great and rapid, indeed," says Mr. C. "has been the change, that in a few years the songs and ballads here selected would have been irrecoverably forgotten.

"The old cottars (the trysters of other year) are mostly dead in good old age; and their children are pursuing the bustle of commerce frequently in foreign climates. The names of their bards have been sought after in vain; they live only in song, where they have celebrated their social attachments.

"It is affecting to think that poets, capable, perhaps, of the wild creations of Milton; the bewitching landscapes and tenderness of Thomson; the faithful nature of Ramsay; or the sublimity, eloquent pathos, and humour of Burns; it is affecting to think that they lie below the turf, and all that can now be redeemed from the oblivious wreck of their genius is a few solitary fragments of song! But these remnants show the richness of the minds which produced them; they impress us with a noble idea of peasant abilities, and a sacred reverence for their memory.

"Such might have been the fate even of Robert Burns, had not a happy combination of adverse and fortunate circumstances brought his works before the publick tribunal. Some stranger might, a short while hence, have been gathering up the ruins of his mighty genius, and wondering while he collected them in morsels from the remembrance of tradition; nor need it be deemed extravagant to assert, that Nithsdale and Galloway have, at some period of fifty years back, nourished, among their harvesting and their pastoral valleys, a rustick bard, who sung the loves and feelings of his fellow-peasants, and who bemoaned in undying strains, the deplorable ravages of 1745, and, perhaps, shared in the general and desolating ruin."

In stating the origin of this volume, we shall prefer to use Mr. Cromek's own words:—

"These ballads and songs are gleaned from among the peasantry of *Nithsdale*, and the *skirts* of *Galloway*, adjoining to it. They were never printed before, and are ripe in the sentiments and feelings of their forefathers, and often deliciously mixed with their humour. To those who wish to know how the peasantry think and feel, these *Remains* will be acceptable. They may be considered as so many unhewn altars raised to rural love, and local humour and opinion, by the genius of unlettered rusticity.

"In works of compilation like the present, the labour of an editor, however severe, is least apparent, and as far as regards the publick, of very inferiour consideration. It may be proper, however, to say a few words respecting the remarks which are interspersed through the present volume.

"It has been my purpose to avoid the mistake into which collectors are prone to fall, of heaping on their materials a mass of extraneous lumber in the shape of facts and dates, of minute discussions and conjectural emendations, equally perplexing to themselves and to the reader. It is by no means a subject of boast that I have avoided this reproach, for, circumstanced as I was, to have incurred it would have been unpardonable.

"In the progress of this collection, it was necessary to have personal intercourse with the peasantry, in whose traditions these Remains were preserved. From a race of men so interesting, and so rich in original character, volumes of curious and valuable remark might be gathered; hence, from access to a mine so abundant, it was more a business of selection than of toil, to derive details which might establish what was doubtful, and illustrate what was obscure. At

the same time, these Remains, by exhibiting masterly sketches of the popular genius which produced them, naturally excite a curiosity in readers of every taste, to behold the portrait more fully delineated. Presuming on the excitement of this curiosity, I have ventured to describe, at some length, the domestick manners, the rural occupations, the passions, the attachments, the prejudices, and the superstitions, which characterize the peasantry of Nithsdale and Galloway.

"These details were in part necessary to make the poetry understood, and if they should have exceeded the bounds which a rigid critick might prescribe, they will not, it is hoped, be considered wholly irrelevant to the purpose I have had in view.

"In point of style, they lay no claim to the praise of elegance or refinement; for, as they were dictated by strictly local observation, they were written with a sole regard to fidelity and truth. Should the outline be found correct, the colouring vivid, and the whole likeness striking, it is a matter of very little moment that the picture appear unrecommended by the graces of laborious embellishment."

Mr. Cromek has divided the ballads into four classes, which he denominates *Sentimental Ballads*, *Humorous Ballads*, *Jacobite Ballads*, and *Old Ballads and Fragments*. The first class has the most attractions. It is in them that we find all those glowing touches of inspiration, which excite astonishment and delight. The humorous ballads have their merit, and so have the jacobitical ones: but the sentimental have a merit which, in some respects, have never been surpassed by the wit of man. They have that strain of thought and sentiment which is derived immediately from nature herself: not the frigid echoes of former writers, but the warm and glowing language of the heart. There is a strong and marked originality in all of them, which necessarily enhances their value.

Not, however, to dwell any longer upon general qualities, we shall proceed to make some extracts, and our first shall be of a short poem, but one most exquisitely finished:

"SHE'S GANE TO DWALL IN HEAVEN.

[*Nithsdale.*]

"Historical notices on these songs are the most difficult things to be procured imaginable. They are below the dignity of the historian, and tradition has so fabled them that we dare scarcely trust her report. We may justly say they are like wild-flower seeds scattered by the winds of heaven. Who can tell the mother which gathered them, or the wind which sowed them? They rise up only to flourish unseen, or to be trodden down and to wither.

"This ballad is said to be written about the time of the reformation, on a daughter of the Laird Maxwell, of Cowhill, on the banks of the Nith, called by the peasantry, 'The lilie of Nithsdale.' 'She faded in her place,' at the age of nineteen.

SHE'S gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie;
She's gane to dwall in heaven:
Ye're owre pure, quo' the voice o' God,
For dwalling out o' heaven!

O what'l she do in heaven, my lassie?
O what'l she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels sangs,
An' make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in luve wi' her,
An' took her frae us a'.

Low there now lies my lassie,
Low there now lies;
A bonnier form n'er went to the yird,*
Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
But took gudeness sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie.
I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lilie new cut i' the bud,
An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy death-shut eye, my lassie,
I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
Fell time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddie and calm, my lassie,
Thy lips were ruddie and calm;
But gane was the holie breath o' heaven
To sing the evening psalm.

* Earth.

There's naught but dust now mine lassie,
There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
An' why should I stay behin'!

"This ballad was copied from the recitation of a young country girl. She observed that it was a great favourite of her mother's, but seldom sung, as its open familiarity with God made it too daring for presbyterian strictness. These elegiack verses, though in some instances they pass the bounds of the simple and natural pathetick, express strongly the mingled feelings of grief and devotion which follow the loss of some beloved object. There are degrees of affliction corresponding with the degrees of our attachment and regard; and surely the most tender of attachments must be deplored by affliction the most poignant. This may account for, and excuse those expressions in this song, which border on extravagance; but it must be confessed that the first stanza, with every allowance, is reprehensible from its open and daring confidence in the Deity. The rest are written in a strain of solemn and feeling eloquence, which must find an echo in every bosom. The effusion is somewhat too serious for a song: it has all the holiness of a psalm, and would suffer profanation by being set to a common tune."

Surely our readers will agree with us in affirming, that English poetry can scarcely boast any thing superiour to some of the above stanzas. The beautiful and affecting image in the concluding lines of the third stanza, the melancholy simplicity of the fourth, and the continued pathos of the sixth, seventh, and eighth, will justify the assertion.

We cannot omit the follow stray verse which Mr. Cromek picked up in the course of his search. It is a pious address of a mother to a daughter concerning her lover:

"He disna tak the beuk
Een's the mair pitie!
He says nae grace to his meat,
An' graceless maun he be:
Whan he's nae gratefu' to his God,
He canna be guid to thee."

"A noble sentiment," says the editor," "which ought to be written in letters of gold."

The next ballad with which we shall treat our readers is the following:

"THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

The lark had left the evening cloud,
The dew fell saft, the wind was lowne,
Its gentle breath amang the flowers
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down;
The dappled swallow left the pool,
The stars were blinking owre the hill;
As I met amang the hawthorn's green,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Her naked feet amang the grass,
Seemed like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;
Her brows shone comely 'mang her locks
Black curling owre her shouthers bare;
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;
Her lips were like a honey well,
An' heaven seemed looking through her een,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I, 'Fair lass, will ye gang wi' me,
Whare black cocks craw, and plovers cry?
Sax hills are wooly wi' my sheep,
Sax vales are lowing wi' my kye:
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass,
By Nithsdale's howmes an' monie a hill;'
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

Quo' I 'sweet maiden, look nae down,
But gie's a kiss, and gai wi' me:'
A lovelier face, O! never looked up,
And the tears were drapping frae her ee;
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa,
That weel could win a woman's will;
My heart's already fu' o' love,'
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

'O wha is he wha could leave sick a lass,
To seek for love in a far countrie?
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew,
I fain wad hae kissed them frae her ee.
I took but ane o' her comelie cheek;
'For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!
My heart is fu' o' ither love,
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

She streeked to heaven her twa white hands,
And lifted up her watry ee;
'Sae lang's my heart kens ought o' God,
Or light is gladsome to my ee;

While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,
Till my last drap o' blood be still,
My heart sall haud nae ither love,
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

'There's comelie maids on Dee's wild banks,
And Nith's romantick vale is fu';
By lanely 'Clouden's hermit stream,
Dwalls monie a gentle dame, I trow!
O, they are lights of a bonnie kind,
As ever shone on vale or hill;
But there's a light puts them a' out,
The lovely lass of Preston Mill."

Before we pass from the consideration of the sentimental ballads, we will extract one from the pen of Miss Hamilton, which is, we think, creditable to her poetical powers:

"MY AIN FIRE-SIDE.

O, I hae seen great anes, and been in great ha's,
'Mang lords and 'mang ladies a' covered wi' braws;
At feasts made for princes, wi' princes I've been,
Whar the great shine o' splendour has dazled my een.
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied,
As the bonnie blyth blink o' my ain fire-side.
My ain fire-side, my ain fireside,
Oh, cheering's the bling o' my ain fire-side!

Ance mair, Guid be thank it! by my ain heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle:
Nae form to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry—and sigh when I'm sad.
Nae fausehood to dreed, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me—and friendship to cheer.
Of a' roads to happiness ever was tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside,
Ane's ain fire-side, ain's ain fire-side,
Oh! happiness sits by ane's ain fire-side!

When I draw in my stool on my cozie hearth-stane,
My heart loups sae light, I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's flown on the winds—it's clean out o' sight,
Past sorrows they seem but as dreams o' the night:
I hear but kent voices—kent faces I see,
And mark fond affection glint saft frae ilk ee.
Nae fleechings o' flattery—nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart, at ane's ain fire-side,
My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh! there's nought to compare to my ain fire-side."

We must observe, however, that this modern effusion is not equal to the one which precedes it, upon the same subject, entitled, "A weary body's blythe when the sun gangs down."

We are afraid that in passing to the class of humorous ballads, we shall not so readily obtain the assent of our readers to those commendations which we shall be prompted to bestow. To the mere English reader their humour will be lost: to relish them, a person must, at least, have familiarized himself with the dialect of North Britain by the diligent perusal of Scottish poems: but he who has resided for any time among the peasantry, who has had opportunities of observing their manners, noting their superstitions, and hearing their idiomatick phrases, accompanied with the expression of look and voice, he it is, who will most intensely feel and enjoy the broad but natural humour of these ballads. Some such there will doubtless be among our readers, and therefore we will venture to extract from this division of the work. We may observe, indeed, that Mr. Cromek would have done well had he been more copious in his explanations of Scottish words and phrases; as he doubtless looks up to the English publick for some part of that praise which he has justly deserved.

We will select one which is as likely to be generally relished as any:

"ORIGINAL OF BURNS'S CARLE OF KELLY-BURN BRAES.

There was an auld man was hauding his plow,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
By came the Devil, says, 'How do you do?'
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

It's neither your ox, nor your ass that I crave,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
But your auld scolding wife, man, and her I maun have,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

'Go take her, go take her,' the auld carle said,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
Ye'll no keep her lang, an' that I'm afraid,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

The Devil he mounted her on his back,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
An' awa like a pedlar he trudged wi' his pack,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

He carried her on till he came to hell's door,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
An' bade her gae in, for a bitch an' a whore,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

He placed her on his big arm chair,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
An' thousands o' Devils came roun' her to stare,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

But ay as they at the auld carlin played pouk,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
She gied them a bann, an' she lent them a clout,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

A reekit we devil gloured owre the wa',
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
Says, help! master, help! or she'll ruin us a',
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

The deil he came up wi' a good brunstane rung,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
An' out at the door the auld carlin he swung,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

He hynt up the carlin again on his back,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
An' awa fu' blythely he trudged wi' his pack,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

He carried her owre an acre to two,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
Till he came to the auld man hauling his plow,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

An' ay as the auld carle ranted and sang,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
'In troth my auld spunkie ye'll no keep her lang;'—
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

'Gude morrow,' most sadly, the auld carl said,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
'Yere bringing me back my auld wife I'm afraid;
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

'I tryed her in spunks, and in cau'drons I tryed her,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
'An' the wale o' my brunstane wadna hae fry'd her,
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

'I stapped her in the neuk o' my den,
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
'But the vera damn'd ran, when the carlin gaed ben,'
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

'Sae here's a gude pose* for to keep her yoursel',
Hey! an' the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme!
'She's nae fit for heaven, an' she'll ruin a' hell,'
An' the thyme it is withered, an' the rue is in prime.

"This original and strongly relieved song was retouched by Burns. Yet there is reason to believe he had not seen the whole of the verses which constitute the present copy, as it contains many characteristick traits, that his critical taste would have held sacred.

"A truly ludicrous and witty vein of wedded strife enlivens many fragments of Scottish song:

Souter Sawney had a wife,
Souter Sawney had a wife,
Souter Sawney had a wife,
They ca'd her Meg the Randie:
She suppit the butter off Sawney's brose,
She suppit the butter off Sawney's brose,
And wadset baith his sark an' hose,
For burning sowps o' brandy.

She rampit butt, she rambit ben,
Wi' cock broo in a frything pan;
It dreeped down Sawney's meezled shin,
'Hech! Cuckold, did I scaud you!'
The donnot bedie croon'd right lowne,
Whyle tears dreeped a' his black beard down,
'The Diel maun knuckle to yere tune,
Or hell it winna haud you!'

"The honest carle of '*Kellyburn Braes*,' seems to have possessed all the patience of *Souter Sawney;* yet the Souter, though he '*crooned right lowne*' before his unmanageable shrew, would, at times, gratulate himself in her absence, with a verse of

"FAIRLY SHOT ON HER.

O gin I were fairly shot on her,
O gin I were fairly shot on her,
Auld Satan wad lie neither side nor on top on her,
But wad cowre in his cleugh, and sing—
'fairly shot on her.'

When I sing at the Beuk she will lilt like a starling,
'Johnnie come kiss me, my Joe and my darling;'
O gin the grass wad grow green on the top on her,
I'd rin daft wi' joy were I fairly shot on her.

Auld Clootie thous't had a han' i' the getting her,
Or she'd choked wi' the broo, whilk they took for to christen her,
The lugs o' a tinkler, wad deave for to listen her,
O gin I were fairly shot on her.

"Did not his respect for the fair dames of Nithsdale and Galloway restrain the editor, he could present them with many more lamentable fragments of hen-pecked ejaculation; but this sad remnant of the *olden time*, having now no modern parallel, it would be deemed invidious and uncharitable in him (conscious of owing so much to these ladies) to visit the sins of the mothers upon their daughters of the gentler generation."

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Lettre au Comte Moira, Général de sa Majesté Britannique, Colonel du 27eme Régiment, Conseiller Intime† de sa Majesté, Gouverneur de la Tour de Londres, &c. &c. sur les Espagnols, et sur Cadiz, par le Baron de Geramb, Major Général au Service de sa Majesté Catholique Ferdinand VII. Magnat de Hongrie, Chambellan actuel de sa Majesté l' Empreur d' Autryche, &c. &c. Londres. 4to. pp. 72. 1810.

THIS animated address to the earl of Moira, the patron and friend of the meritorious or distressed of every nation, consitutes a continued panegyrick on the people of Spain, couched in language abounding with that imagery and metaphor, which seems requisite to sustain elegant

* *Pose*, or *hoard of money*, a purseful of coin. "He has a guid pose,' is an old expression for riches. 'A pose o' gowd,' occurs in an old song, which I do not at present recollect.

† Conseiller Intime—Privy Counsellor.

French; but which, if equally applied to an English prosaick composition, would diminish its interest, and give it a character of bombast and affectation, not meant however in reference to the work before us.

The baron, in his usual vivid and flowing style, feelingly laments the fall of the House of Hapsburgh, broadly hinting at causes which are now but too apparent. He might have mentioned the reason of the loss of the battle of Wagram. Austria was completely victorious up to that fatal period of the war. Buonaparte's situation, though in possession of Vienna, was extremely perilous; and procrastination in the then state of Europe was the essential object in view. The preventing of the passage of the Danube would completely have effected this. Instead of that, the French army was quietly allowed to pass over, and to appear the following morning drawn up in battle array, at right angles to the left flank of the Austrian army, which was thus forced to change front, under every circumstance of disadvantage. It was attacked during a difficult and complicated movement, and necessarily defeated. The honour of characters, deemed previously great in the cabinet and field, is deeply implicated in the event of that mysterious passage of the Danube. The Austrians are still, in heart, attached to Britain; and therefore we earnestly wish to have the loss of the battle of Wagram accounted for, on grounds that will bear tactical investigation.

The author, when he arrives at Cadiz, does ample justice to the enthusiastick patriotism pervading the people of Spain, whose exalted character and ardent spirit, struggling against the severest privations, myriads of disciplined enemies, and cruelty, misery, and oppression in every shape, will stand high in future annals. In every work on Spanish affairs, which we have occasion to notice, the misconduct of the various juntas of Spain, seem to form a prominent feature. A want of union, a false confidence, a lamentable imbecility, jealousy, and not unfrequently *palpable treason*, are, one or all of them, established as incontrovertible facts. The author before us not only ascribes to them several of these qualities, but calls on them to account for treasures that ought to have been applicable to the support of their armies, instead of being absorbed by the prodigality and avarice of these inefficient juntas. These considerations naturally lead us to glance at the conduct of even the *cortes*, and to ask how far they have fulfilled the publick expectation, since the period of their assembling? Has any measure of energy or vigour emanated from their deliberations? Have they organized a steady and powerful system of defence, adequate to the exigencies of the country? If we deduct the British and Portuguese forces, where are we to look for such armies as may be calculated to repel the powerful oppressor of Spain? It will probably be answered, give them time, and all this, and more, will be effected; they have nearly established the liberty of the press; they will abolish the Inquisition. They cannot do less, as the decree against it is the *only* laudable act of their most bitter enemy.

Measures of military vigour and decision are what are *immediately wanted*, and not empty declamation and idle disputations about forms and ceremonies. The masterly generalship of lord Wellington has saved Portugal, and diverted the first army of France from the conquest of Spain. This army has been forced to retreat without accomplishing the avowed object of its advance. No artful fabrications in the Moniteur, no control of the continental press, can hide from Europe the disgrace reflected on

the arms of the tyrant by the retreat of his armies. He is deeply sensible of the errour he has fallen into, by invading a country without forming magazines, and without duly appreciating the strength, power, and resources of his enemy. He feels his throne tottering under him by this grand failure of what he deemed a decisive plan of campaign. His efforts next spring will be commensurate with his danger. He is sensible that his armies, reduced by uncommon hardships and privations, must rest on their arms till they are refitted and reenforced. He will studiously avoid all the rash errours of the campaign, which has covered him with confusion; and will appear, *early in Spring*, at the head of at least 200,000 men, and deem every other object minor to that of expelling the English from the Peninsula. His first attempt will be to occupy the south of Portugal. That secure, he will advance towards Lisbon. The state of his affairs will impel him to make a daring and desperate attack on the allied lines. We have no fear as to the result, after a prodigious loss on the part of the enemy. It may be readily seen, that the preservation of Europe, if not of the world, depends on the result of the greatest, most important, and most decisive campaign, which will appear on the records of history. Few will feel disposed to combat so evident a probability, or rather so apparent an event. Those who can, under such circumstances, oppose the reenforcing of our armies almost to any extent, must be able at least to prove, that what is suggested, is equally unfounded and improbable. Let them, however, recollect, that facts before us in a thousand instances, and the character of the enemy we have to deal with, warrant all that is advanced. The Cortes, it is hoped, will feel a lively impression of the magnitude, dangers, and vast importance of the ensuing campaign, and be impelled to make adequate efforts. Their first care must be to provide for the safety of the south of Portugal, by strengthening the garrisons and strong holds of the southern provinces; and by provisioning them, and principally Lisbon. As for Cadiz, it is in little danger while Lisbon remains safe. The Cortes would find it conducive to a happy result of the tremendous campaign before us, to establish light armies in the northwest and northeast of Spain, to threaten the rear of the French, to hang on their flanks, and to cut off supplies. To effect these purposes it will be necessary, without delay, to call out the population, between 16 and 50; but above all to conciliate America, which is to furnish the sinews of war; for though that country must in time become independent, its pecuniary aid at present is a primary object of consideration. We deem it a duty to our country to throw out these hints; leaving it to those who may be more able, and better informed, duly to appreciate their value or utility.

The baron de Geramb, with a view of exemplifying the generous, virtuous, and exalted character of the Spanish nation, gives an account of an apparition, which those who have faith in ghosts, will perhaps credit; while others, with us, will ascribe the whole to the lively imagination of the author, impressed with the scenes of combined patriotism and warfare in which he participated. It is, however, a curious tale!

The baron, accompanied by a party of Spanish ladies, went on board a ship of war in the harbour. Returning in the dusk of the evening, the singing of the ladies was suddenly interrupted by a voice exclaiming in French—Save me! help! help! in the name of God save me! These cries became fainter and fainter, till they entirely died away. In vain did they steer their course in the direction of the voice; all their hopes of

saving some unfortunate being, who must have fallen from one of the prison ships, proved ineffectual. We shall now give the baron's narration of the Spanish apparition, necessarily condensing the translation as much as possible.

"Walking the following day on the strand, I observed a naked, dead body placed on a black board, having a lighted flambeau on each side. Supposing this to be the body of the unfortunate person, whose distressing cries I had heard the preceding day, I directed the livid corpse to be covered, and gave those who were collecting money, a sum sufficient for defraying the expenses of interment. In the evening, a secret inquietude, an irresistible instinct, attracted me again to the place, where in the morning I witnessed so shocking a spectacle. The beach was deserted, the wind blew tempestuously, and the roaring of the waves was alone heard. Suddenly, there arose from the spot where the dead body had been placed, an airy phantom, devoid of any distinct form, and wrapped up in the winding sheet of dark cloth which I had purchased in the morning. This spectre moved, it advanced, stalking sometimes with huge strides, and resembling a giant. It then assumed a round form, rising in a spiral direction, and describing circles diminishing in size, till it arrived at their common centre, when it again bounded off with velocity to resume a gigantick size at some distance. I at first supposed this appearance to be a mere vapour springing from the earth, or a cloud of dust to which the irregular action of the wind had given a fantastick form. But, arriving in the streets of Cadiz, I still perceived this extraordinary apparition, accompanied with a rustling noise, like that of autumnal leaves rolling along the ground. The door of a house having been suddenly thrown open with violence, the phantom, which I followed, rushed forward with the velocity of lightning; and sinking, plunged into one of the underground apartments so common at Cadiz. Hollow groans issued from this species of cavern. I discovered the entrance that led into it; and what must have been my astonishment on perceiving there the dead body, which I had seen in the morning on the strand, and which I supposed interred! Stretched on the livid corpse lay an aged person, whom I must have deemed lifeless, if the deep sighs that escaped from his heavy heart did not indicate the contrary. A lamp, fixed to the wall, faintly illumined this abode of grief and of death, which, besides the dead body exposed to view, seemed to conceal others; as the earth in several places appeared to have been recently opened. I cannot find words to express the impression made on my mind by this sorrowful picture. The death-like silence; the accents of deep despair; the old man kneeling, with his head inclined over the body, firmly grasped in his arms, while his hoary locks blended their colour with that of the corpse; and in a dark corner, the very spectre originally seen, and still continuing to exhibit the same singularity of appearance, seeming sometimes to rise to the arch of the cavern, and then to whirl spirally in the air; these united objects excited in my mind a sensation, not distinctly of horrour, or of terrour, but which participated of both, and kept me in a distressing state of mind, and in painful suspense. At length, this apparition appeared to float in a luminous vapour, and I thought I distinguished the pale, but interesting features of a young man, who undulated as if he had been rocked by the waves, the gentle murmuring of which I imagined myself hearing at the moment. This part of the scene had in it nothing of a shocking description; on the contrary, I felt as it were refreshed by a cooling breeze; and experienced a pleasing emotion in beholding this shade, which seemed to balance itself in a silvery fluid, resembling the reflected rays of moon-light. At that moment, a soft and melodious voice was heard, chanting the psalms and prayers for the dead, and a young woman, clothed in shining, white garments, entered the apartment. She knelt, and without seeming to observe me, she continued her melancholy strains, which had the effect of gradually rouzing from his lethargy the old man, stretched over the dead body. 'Carlos! Carlos!' exclaimed he in a mournful tone, his hollow eyes becoming at the same instant rivetted on the vision I have been describing, and which he surveyed without any mark of surprise or emotion. On attentively examining the appearance of the body he had held in his arms, his features assumed an expression of contempt, and he bitterly gave vent to his feelings. 'Thou art not Carlos! this body which I snatched with difficulty from the waves is not, it seems, thine. Listen to me, Camilla!' continued he, taking hold of the hand of the young woman, 'I sallied out, calling on the name of Carlos, in the dead of night. My voice mingled with the howling of the tempest. I imagined that, loud as it raged, my cries were heard far and wide on the main, and

that the guardian angel of my Carlos had triumphed over the fury of the ocean; and also that, by his powerful aid, the remains of my son would be deposited on the beach, to enable me to commit them to the tomb; but, alas! they are still the sport of the waves, and observe—observe how they torment him. . . . ."

" The apparition, on this, became quiescent, and the old man, turning towards me, on seeing that I sympathized in his sorrow, said: 'I am satisfied that it is the good angel of Carlos that has directed your steps hither, to allay the sufferings of his aged father. Alas! the French have assassinated my son; for, after taking him prisoner, they put him to death in cold blood, without once asking him if he had a father. They then stripped the body, and threw it into the sea. Ever since, his lamentable wailings awake me in the middle of the night, calling on me to obtain the rights of burial for my son. I then fly to the shore, in expectation of finding the body cast up by the waves. I embrace, I carry off a dead body. Alas! alas! it is not his! Thrice have I been cruelly deceived, and how often may I not again be deluded by despair? How often, after pressing the remains of a stranger to my bosom, am I doomed to be undeceived by the bloody shade of Carlos, who has just appeared to me tossed about by the waves?' On observing Camilla weeping, as she listened to him, he directed his discourse to her. 'My poor child, you weep because I weep, you groan because I groan. You participate in my sufferings; you respect my grief, you do not speak to me of your own sorrow; you do not tell me how bitterly you lament the death of Carlos, thy destined husband; you hide from me the agonies of your broken heart, and even force a smile when the hand of death is on you, to sooth the dreadful transports of the grief which possesses me. Poor, unfortunate girl! your decay is as rapid as mine; your youth declines with my advanced age, and, leaning on each other, we are both sinking into the silent tomb. Thy voice calls me back to life; its devotional accents renovate my exhausted strength; it dispels the delusion which surrounds me; it banishes the phantoms which beset me; and when I listen to it, I seem to be blessed with heavenly visions. O! my child! beings pure as thou art, administer unspeakable consolation; and their minds are made by divine Providence the depositories of an emanation of celestial goodness, intended to assuage excessive grief, under which the human frame would otherwise sink.' The old man then made me a sign to follow him, and we quitted this dismal place, conducted by Camilla, who gently led him away. We then entered an apartment hung round with white, and which had no other ornament than a portrait surrounded with white roses, and representing a handsome young man, habited in the uniform of a captain of the Spanish army. The looks of the old man, wildly directed towards the picture, convinced me that it was the portrait of Carlos. Camilla threw down her eyes, being either unable to bear the sight of these adored features, or being restrained by bashful timidity from contemplating the image of an intended husband.

" A venerable priest, who was praying fervently on our entrance, rose up hastily to salute the old man by the appellation of brother. 'Well, brother! has it pleased the Almighty to hear our prayers?' The old man sat down, remained immovable, and his vacant and fixed looks indicated the dark despair which had full possession of his heart. Camilla signified by a silent motion of her head, that the unfortunate object of their cares still remained without consolation. His features soon assumed the appearance of tranquillity, or rather of that stupor which succeeds to violent fits of frantick grief, and to the wanderings of lost reason. He raised himself like an infant, who is attempting to walk. Camilla sprung forward to support him, and these two wretched beings, who by turns soothed each other's sorrows, quitted us with that inattention, which marks a mind oppressed by severity of sufferings."

As our limits will not admit us to give a translation of the explanatory conversation which passed between the baron and the priest, an abstract of it may prove sufficient. The holy father, on being informed of the appearance of the spectre, enters into a religious dissertation on the subject, and is of opinion, that traditions, and some respectable authorities, seem to favour the supposition of their occasional appearance. He, however, leaves the subject exactly where he found it, involved in mystery and uncertainty. He informs the baron, that Don Carlos, a youth of promise and accomplishments, became a captain in the armies of Spain; that he was

made a prisoner in defending a gun, which the enemy endeavoured to get possession of; that the enemy, under an erroneous impression that some French prisoners had been put to death, inhumanly, as an act of retaliation, murdered Carlos, and threw his body into the sea; and that his father receiving at the same instant a letter from his son, stating his brilliant career to military glory, and another mentioning his death by a cruel execution, became, as described, immediately bereft of his senses beyond every hope of recovery.

The baron de Geramb seems to possess a talent for animated and flowery composition; and he would render a service to the cause of civilized society were he to employ his pen in exciting the Cortes to exertions, imperiously demanded to meet the decisive campaign of 1811.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

The Peacock at Home, and other Poems. By Mrs. Dorset. 12mo. pp. 126. *5s.* 1809.

OUR elegant little favourite, "the Peacock at Home," here presented in a new edition, *auctior et emendatior*, would be truly welcome, were we entirely satisfied that all the alterations introduced by the author, are real improvements. Of this, however, in one or two instances, we will leave our readers to judge. The poem now begins thus:

"When the Butterfly burst from her chrysalis state,
And gave to the Insects a ball and a fete,
When the Grasshopper's minstrelsy charmed every ear,
And delighted the guests with his mirth and good cheer;
The fame spread abroad of their revels and feasts,
And excited the spleen of the birds and the beasts;
For the gilded-winged Dragon-Fly made it his theme,
And the Gnat blew his horn as he danced in the beam;
The Gossip, whose chirping beguiled the long night
By the cottage fireside told the tale of delight;
While suspending his labours, the Bee left his cell,
To murmur applause in each blossom and bell,
It was hummed by the Beetle, &c."

The chief fault of all this is the loss of that air of ease and familiarity which graced the former exordium. The *chrysalis*, though very instructive (perhaps) is a hard word; *fete* is French; and the whole is too much spun out. The Dragon-Fly makes no sound whatever, and, therefore, is ill introduced. The "Gossip" should be changed for the Cricket, which is meant; and then no note would be required to explain it. The peacock's harangue is enlarged, we think, without effect. The change of *begun* into *began*, in the introductory lines, was, indeed, required by grammar. "Cousin Turkey-Cock, well may you *quiver with* passion," is a picturesque improvement. The following lines are new.

"Some bird of high rank should his talents exert
In the general cause, and our honour assert.
But the Eagle, while soaring through ether on high,
Overlooks what is passing in our nether sky;
The Swan calmly sails down the current of life,
Without ruffling a plume in the national strife;
And the Ostrich, for birds who on iron are wont
Their breakfast to make, can digest an affront."

This should be, for the construction's sake:

And the Ostrich—a bird who on iron is wont
His breakfast to make—can digest an affront.

To the rest we do not much object, except as making the speech less abrupt and more elaborate. In some places, however, new ideas are neatly, and even happily introduced; and, perhaps, the whole poem may be considered as improved, though certainly less than the author intended.

In the additional poems, which are twenty in number, we see nothing that demands particular remark. Many of them turn on the peculiarities of animals, and are so far instructive for young persons. They are all short.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Gastronomy; or, The Bon-Vivant's Guide. A Poem in four Cantos. From the French of J. Berchoux. 4to. pp. 42. 5*s*. 1810.

THE original poem here translated, is a kind of offspring of the *Almanac des Gourmands*, and has been very favourably received in France. The translator has executed his work with spirit; but in some places he seems to have thought that the difference of manners would not allow of more than a kind of remote imitation. The following passage, which we will give in each language, is a proof of this assertion:

" Que j'aime cependant l'admirable silence,
Que je vois observer, quand le repas commence!
Abstenez-vous sourtout de ces discours bourgeois,
Lieux-communs ennuyeux, répétés tant de fois:
'Monsieur ne mange point; monsieur est il malade?
Peut-etre, trouvez-vous ce ragoût un peu fade?
J'avors recommandés de le bien apprêter:
Celui-ci vaudra mieux; ah! daignez en goûter,
Ou vous m'offenserez. La saison est ingrate,
On ne sait que donner, messieurs; mais je me flatte,
Que si j'ai quelque jour l'honneur de vous revoir,
J'aurait tous les moyens de vous mieux recevoir." Chant. 2. p. 9.

This passage is thus rendered in the English edition:

" I'm pleased with the silence I've often observed,
Prevail round the table when dinner is served;
From common-place phrases with caution abstain,
Nor apologies, equally vulgar, retain;
A blight in the air, or a servant's neglect,
Eke out a short course, with but little effect:
And still worse is the cant—'Pray your dinner don't spare,
No wonder you fast, on our coarse country fare.'
Be attentive and ready, but pressing avoid,
By officious civility, ease is destroyed."

The account of the author being *compelled* to *volunteer* his services in the army, during the revolution, is well rendered.

——" Some seasons ago,
When such horrours prevailed, as may we never know,
By a barbarous tyrant expelled from my home,
For a time in disguise I was fated to roam;
In the national ranks, then enlisted, through fear;
Becoming, like others, *a forced volunteer;*
Though, thank heaven, I ne'er fired it, a musket I bore,
And a knapsack, containing the whole of my store;

Thus equipped, I set off; who'd not pity my plight?
O'erwhelmed with regret, and half dying with fright;
Farewell! lovely dinners, where flowed wit and wine,
And gay parties, embellished by beauty divine!
Adieu *Fricandeaux*, and *perdrix aux choux*,
With all the nice cooking, at home, that I knew." P. 32.

If the translator had allowed the writer to be still a Frenchman, he would have avoided a little inconsistency in this passage, which we have concealed, by omitting the four first words. Altogether, however, the Gastronomy, makes a pleasant trifle, even in its English form.

Berchoux is an author of talent, and some of his fugitive poems have considerable humour, particularly that beginning, "Qui me delivra des Grecs et des Romans?" "Le Troubadour emigré," is also pleasant. The notes on his Gostronomie deserved in general to be translated, but the English translator has thought otherwise.

FROM THE BRITISH CRITICK.

Wieland; or the Transformation: an American Tale. By C. B. Brown, author of Ormond, or the Secret Witness. 3 vols. 12mo. 12*s*. 1811.

THIS is one of the most extraordinary compositions of the kind which have of late come before us, and to which we certainly cannot deny the praise of ingenious contrivance. They who delight in the marvellous, may here be gratified even to satiety. Yet amidst all the triumphs which are here recorded of artifice and fraud, over simplicity and innocence, it is made to appear, that the sufferers had to blame themselves for an excess of credulity, and a want of proper reflection on the consequences of their actions. This, we presume, is the moral which the writer intended to inculcate; but it is with so much intricacy enfolded in tales and incidents of wonder, that it requires great pains and patience to disentangle it. Many of the deceptions represented as practised successfully on various unsuspecting objects of both sexes, are effected by ventrilocution. We doubt, however, whether it could ever be carried to the extent which is here depictured.

SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MILITARY CATECHISM OF GENERAL SUVOROF.

THE following curious document is extracted from Dr. Clarke's Travels in Russia: it is a series of instructions drawn up by the celebrated general Suvorof (or Suwarrow) for the use of the army under his command, after the Turkish war, and was transmitted by order of the Russian government to every regiment in the service. The line is supposed to be drawn out, the soldiers resting their pieces, and the general inspecting and addressing the troops; hence it is called

A DISCOURSE UNDER THE TRIGGER.

Heels close—knees straight. A soldier must stand like a dart!—I see the fourth—the fifth I don't see!

A soldier's step is twenty eight inches—in wheeling, forty two.—Keep your distance well!

Soldiers, join elbows in front! First rank three steps from the second—in marching, two!

Give the drum room!

Keep your ball three days:—it may happen for a whole campaign, when lead* cannot he had!

Fire seldom, but fire sure!

Push hard with the bayonet!—The *ball* will lose its way—the *bayonet* never! The *ball* is a fool—the *bayonet* a hero

Stab once! and off with the Turk from the bayonet! Even when he's dead, you may get a scratch from his sabre.

If the sabre is near your neck, dodge back one step, and push on again.

Stab the second!—stab the third! A hero will stab half a dozen.

Be sure your ball's in your gun!

If three attack you, stab the first, fire on the second, and bayonet the third!—This seldom happens.

In the attack there's no time to load again.

When you fire, take aim at their guts; and fire about twenty balls.—Buy lead from your *economy*†—it costs little!

We fire sure—we lose not one ball in thirty. In the light artillery and heavy artillery, not one in ten.

If you see the match upon a gun, run up to it instantly—the ball will fly over your head—The guns are yours—the people are yours! Down with 'em, upon the spot! pursue 'em! stab 'em!—To the remainder give quarter—it's a sin to kill without reason; they are men like you.

Die for the honour of the Virgin Mary—for your *mother*‡—for all the royal family! The church

* The Russian soldiers buy their own lead.

† The treasury of the mess.

‡ The name given by the Russians to the empress.

prays for those that die; and those who survive have honour and reward.

Offend not the peaceable inhabitant!—he gives us meat and drink—the soldier is not a robber.—Booty is a holy thing! If you take a camp it is all your's! if you take a fortress, it is all your's! At Ismael, besides other things, the soldiers shared gold and silver by handfuls; and so in other places; but, without order, never go to booty!

A battle in the field has three modes of attack:

1. *On the Wing*

Which is weakest. If a wing is covered by wood, it is nothing; a soldier will get through. Through a morass, it is more difficult. Through a river you cannot run. All kind of intrenchment you may jump over.

2. *The Attack in the Centre*

Is not profitable, except for cavalry, to cut them in pieces, or else they'll crush you.

3. *The Attack Behind*

Is very good. Only for a small corps to get round. Heavy battle in the field against regular troops. In squares, against Turks, and not in columns. It may happen against Turks, that a square of 500 men will be compelled to force its way through a troop of 6 or 7,000 with the help of small squares on the flank. In such a case, it will extend in a column; but till now we had no need of it. There are the *God-forgetting, windy, light-headed Frenchmen*; if it should ever happen to us to march against them, we must beat them in columns.

The Battle, upon Intrenchments, in the Field.

The ditch is not deep—the rampart is not high—Down in the ditch! Jump over the wall! work with your bayonet! Stab! Drive! Take them prisoners! Be sure to cut off the cavalry, if any are at hand!—At Prague, the infantry cut off the cavalry: and there were three fold, and more intrenchments, and a whole fortress; therefore we attacked in columns.

The Storm.

Break down the fence! Throw wattles over the holes! Run as fast as you can! Jump over the palisades! Cast your faggots (into the ditch). Leap into the ditch! Lay on your ladders! Scour the columns! Fire at their heads! fly over the walls! Stab them on the ramparts! Draw out your line! Put a guard to the powder cellars! Open one of the gates! The cavalry will enter on the enemy! Turn his guns against him! fire down the streets! Fire briskly! There's no time to run after them! When the order is given, enter the town! Kill every enemy in the streets! Let the cavalry hack them! Enter no houses! Storm them in the open places where they are gathering. Take possession of the open places! Put a capital guard! Instantly put piquets to the gates, to the powder-cellars, and to the magazines! When the enemy has surrendered, give him quarter! When the inner wall is occupied, go to plunder!

There are three military talents:

1. *The Coup dœil.*

How to place a camp—How to march—Where to attack—to chace and to beat the enemy.

2. *Swiftness.*

The field artillery must march half, or a whole verst in front, on the rising ground, that it may not impede the march of the columns. When the column arrives, it will find its place again. Down hill, and on even ground, let it go in a trot. Soldiers march in files, or four abreast, on account of narrow roads, streets, narrow bridges, and narrow passes through marshy and swampy places; and only when ready for attack draw up in platoons, to shorten the rear. When you march four abreast, leave a space between the companies. Never slacken your pace. Walk on! Play! Sing your

songs! Beat the drum! When you have broken off* ten versts, the first company cast off their load and lie down. After them, the second company, and so forth, one after the other. But the first never wait for the rest! A line in columns will, on the march, always *draw out*. At four abreast, it will draw out one and a half more than its length. At two abreast, it will draw out double. A line *one* verst in length will draw out two; two versts will draw out four; so the first companies would have to wait for the others half an hour to no purpose. After the first ten versts, an hour's rest. The first division that arrived (upon the coming up of the second) takes up its baggage, and moves forward ten or fifteen paces; and if it passes through defiles on the march, fifteen or twenty paces. And in this manner, division after division that the hindmost may get rest. The second ten versts, another hour's rest or more. If the third distance is less than ten versts, halve it, and rest three quarters, half, or a quarter of an hour, that the *children*† may soon get to their kettles. So much for infantry.

The cavalry marches before. They alight from their horses and rest a short time, and march more than ten versts in one stage, that the horses may rest in the camp. The kettle-wagons and the tent-wagons go on before. When the *brothers*† arrive, the kettle is ready. The master of the mess instantly serves out the kettle. For breakfast, four hours rest; and six or eight hours at night, according as the road proves. When you draw near the enemy, the kettle-wagons remain with the tent-wagons, and wood must be prepared for beforehand.

By this manner of marching, soldiers suffer no fatigue. The enemy does not expect us. He reckons us at least a hundred versts distant; and when we come from far, two hundred, or three hundred, or more. We fall all at once upon him, *like snow on the head.* His head turns. Attack instantly *with whatever arrives*‡; with what God sends. The cavalry instantly fall to work; *hack and slash! stab and drive!* Cut them off! Don't give them a moment's rest!

3. *Energy.*

One leg strengthens the other! One hand fortifies the other! By firing many men are killed! The enemy has also hands; but he knows not the *Russian bayonet!* (alluding to the Turks.) Draw out the line immediately; and instantly attack with *cold arms!* (the bayonet.) If there is not time to draw out the line, attack, from the defile, the infantry, with the bayonet; and the cavalry will be at hand. If there be a defile for a verst, and cartridges over your head, the guns will be yours! Commonly the cavalry makes the first attack, and the infantry follows. In general cavalry must attack like infantry, except in swampy ground; and there they must lead their horses by the bridle. Cossacks will go through any thing. When the battle is gained, the cavalry pursue and hack the enemy, and the infantry are not to remain behind. In two files there is strength; in three files, *strength and a half.*§ The first tears; the second throws

* This is a Russian mode of expression. To proceed ten versts, they say, To *break off* ten.

† *Children* and *Brothers.* Appellations given by Suvorof to his troops.

‡ *Whatever arrives.* Suvorof began the attack as soon as the colours arrived; even if he had but half a regiment advanced.

§ *Strength and a half.* A common mode of expression in Russia. Suvorof aimed at the style and language of the common soldiers, which renders his composition often obscure.

down; and the third perfects the work.

Rules for Diet.

Have a dread of the hospital! German physick stinks from afar, is good for nothing, and rather hurtful. A Russian soldier is not used to it. Messmates, know where to find roots, herbs, and pismires. A soldier is inestimable. Take care of your health! Scour the stomach when it is foul! Hunger is the best medicine! He who neglects his men, if an officer, *arrest;* if a sub-officer, *lashes;* and to the private, *lashes*, if he neglects himself. If loose bowels want food, at sun-set a little gruel and bread. For costive bowels, some purging plant in warm water, or the liquorice-root. Remember, gentlemen, *the field physick of Doctor Bellyfiotski!** In hot fevers eat nothing, even for twelve days;† and drink your soldiers' *quas*;‡ that's a soldier's physick. In intermitting fevers, neither eat or drink. It's only a punishment for neglect, if health ensues. In hospitals, the first day the bed seems soft; the second, comes French soup; and the third, the brother is laid in his coffin, and they draw him away! One dies, and ten companions round him inhale his expiring breath. In camp the sick and feeble are kept in huts, and not in villages; there the air is purer. Even without an hospital, you must not stint your money for medicine, if it can be bought; nor even for other necessaries. But all this is frivolous; we know how to preserve ourselves! Where one dies in an hundred with others, we lose not one in five hundred in the course of a month. For the healthy, *drink*, *air*, and *food;* for the sick, *air*, *drink*, and *food.* Brothers, the enemy trembles for you! But there is another enemy, greater than the hospital; the d--mn'd *I don't know*§! From the half-confessing, the guessing, lying, deceitful, the palavering equivocation, squeamishness, and nonsense of *don't know*, many disasters originate. Stammering, hackering——and so forth; it's shameful to relate! A soldier should be sound, brave, firm, decisive, true, honourable! Pray to God! from him comes victory and miracles! God conducts us! God is our general! For the *I don't know*, an officer is put in the guard; A staff-officer is served with an *arrest* at home. Instruction is *light!* Not instruction is *darkness! The work fears its master!*‖ If a peasant knows not how to plough, the corn will not grow! One wise man is worth three fools! and even three are little, give six! and even six are little¶, give ten! One clever fellow will beat them all—overthrow them —and take them prisoners!

In the last campaign the enemy lost 75,000 *well-counted* men; perhaps not much less than 100,000. He fought desperately and artfully, and we lost not a full thousand**. There, brethren, you behold the effect of military instruction! Gentlemen officers, what a triumph!

* Professor Pallas supposed this to have been a *manual of medicine*, published for the use of the army.

† Here he endeavours to counteract a Russian prejudice, that it is favourable to immoderate eating during fevers.

‡ A sour beverage, made of fermented flour and water.

§ Suvorof had so great an aversion to any person's saying *I don't know*, in answer to his questions, that he became almost mad with passion. His officers and soldiers were so well aware of this singularity, that they would hazard any answer instantly, accurate or not, rather than venture to incur his displeasure by professing ignorance.

‖ A Russian proverb.

¶ Here Suvorof is a little in his favourite character of the buffoon. He generally closed his harangues by endeavouring to excite laughter among his troops; and this mode of forming a climax is a peculiar characteristick of the conversation of the Russian boors. In this manner; "And not only of the boors, but the gentry!—and not only of the gentry, but the nobles!—and not only of the nobles, but the emperour!"

** A slight exaggeration of Suvorof's.

ON THE LAND WINDS ON THE COAST OF COROMANDEL. BY W. ROXBURGH, M. D.

WITH respect to these land winds, it has been judiciously observed, that the subject is deservedly ranked among the curious phenomena of nature, and merits the attention of the natural philosopher; but as the minds of Europeans who have visited these regions, have been occupied with pursuits very different from philosophick research, our acquaintance with these causes have hitherto been very imperfect.

The land winds on the coast of Carothandel, says Dr. Roxburgh, are those hot winds which blow at a particular season of the year and hour of the day, from the western hills, commonly called the Ghauts, towards the bay of Bengal. In the more inland countries, as above the Ghauts, they are not confined to any regularity, though they are felt sometimes with a great degree of severity, and for hours together.

I understand also, that in the upper parts of Bengal, they are sometimes experienced very severely; but whether from the west or the northward, or in what part of the year, I have not been able to ascertain. As far as this only tends to prove the insufficiency of the denomination, it would signify little, although in other respects it would be of more moment.

As they are generally supposed to be peculiar to this country, and are felt during several months in the year, we should imagine their history and causes to have been perfectly investigated and understood; but, I know not why, neither the one nor the other has as yet been satisfactorily explained.

The most plausible reason generally given for the great accumulation of heat in them, is the heat of the season in which they prevail, and the long tract of country over which they have to pass. That this, however, is not the true cause, it shall be my endeavour to demonstrate; to which I will add an attempt to point out the most probable one, founded on known chymical principles.

Respecting the theory I have to offer, I regret that it has found but few patrons in this country, which, however, I flatter myself may be ascribed more to the manner in which it has been proposed, than to the foundation on which it is constructed.

In order to facilitate the explanation of my sentiments, as well as to show that the land winds really deserve some attention from the philosopher, I shall briefly recount the phenomena accompanying their beginning and progress, as well as the effects by which they are generally followed.

Could my pen equal my sensations, I should be able to paint their effects in the most lively colours, aided by eight years experience in a country the most noted on the coast* for their intensity.

The land winds are preceded in the latter end of March, or in the beginning of April, by whirlwinds, which, between eleven and twelve o'clock at noon, hurry, in various directions, mostly from west to east, towards the sea. These are called by the natives Peshashs or Devils, because they sometimes do a little mischief to the lighter buildings.

About the same time, or a little after the appearance of the whirlwinds, we may observe all ranges of hills garnished as it were with clouds, which become daily darker

* Samulcotah, in the northern Circars

and heavier, until they discharge themselves with much thunder and lightning in a heavy shower of rain. After this marked phenomenon, the land winds set in immediately with all the violence of which they are capable.

Their commencement is generally in the latter end of April, or beginning of May, and their reign lasts to the earlier days of June, during which period they generally exert their violence from ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, until about three or four o'clock in the afternoon.

In this season the atmosphere is commonly hazy and thick, except that in the evenings and nights, the sky is serene and clear, provided the land winds do not continue the whole day.

The rising sun which portends a land wind day, appears of a fiery red, and as if involved in mist, which mist is changed afterwards into clouds that lie heavy on the Ghauts.

The land-wind of each day is almost always preceded by a long calm, and immediately by a cloud of dust.

Their diurnal violence is terminated along the coast about two or three o'clock, by the setting in of the sea breeze, which wafts delight and health as far as its influence extends, which is not more than ten or twelve miles inland. An abatement of their intensity from thence to the Ghauts, is all that can be hoped for.

The sea breeze regularly begins in the afternoon, at one or two o'clock, blowing pretty steadily until sunset, when it dies away gradually, and at sunrise it is again perceptible, though weakly.

When I say its influence is only felt ten miles inland, I do not wish to be understood that it does not extand further; I mean only its powerful refreshing properties, which it loses in proportion to the distance from the sea, and in an inverse ratio to its strength, which is not great. In general, it arrives at thirty miles distance from the sea, in the evening, and is then only agreeable by the ventilation it effectuates.

In the country above the Ghauts, as in Mysore, the east wind prevails also in the afternoon, but from a period much earlier, or cotemporaneous with the sea breeze on the coast, which renders it clear that this inland breeze either does not extend further than to the Ghauts, or really originates there; a point which deserves to be ascertained, as another phenomenon depends upon this circumstance.

Should the sea breeze fail, as sometimes happens, the land wind decreases gradually until it dies away in the beginning of the night, which, on account of its calmness is dismal to a degree: next morning, a little motion of the air is again perceptible, but at the usual time the wind sets in as strong and hot as the day before. Every thing we put our hands upon is then distressing to the touch, which must be the case when the temperature of the body is inferiour to that of the atmosphere. This we experienced for almost a fortnight in the year 1799, in the northesn Circars, when the thermometer, at eight o'clock in the night, stood at 108°, and at noon at 112°. Shades, globes, tumblers, then very often crack and break to pices, and the wooden furniture warps and shrinks so much, that even the nails fall out of the doors and tables, &c. In their greatest intensity, however, I have never seen the thermometer rise higher than 115°, viz. in the coolest part of the house, though some say they have observed it at 130°.

The Ghauts, and the hills at no great distance from them, are then seen lighted all night by spontaneous fires, and often in a very picturesque manner.

These illuminations appear, in

general, about the middle of the mountains, and seldom or never extend to the top or bottom of them. They take place especially on those hills on which the bamboos grow very thick, which has probably led the natives to explain this phenomenon so rationally, by ascribing it to the friction of these bushes against each other.

Lieutenant Kater, of his majesty's 12th regiment, thinks that the corky bark of the *adenanthera pavonina*, is often spontaneously inflamed, as he has frequently found, on his surveys, its bark converted into charcoal, and several of these trees burnt down to the roots, although they were not in the vicinity of any other trees.

In Europe, I know these spontaneous ignitions have been much discredited; and I doubt not, but should these few sheets ever be published, many objections will be raised against what I have related: but I have endeavoured to state facts only, which a luxuriant imagination might have painted in more striking colours, but I am sure not with more strict adherence to truth.

The land winds are noticed for the dryness which they generally produce on the face of the country, as well as on that of the animal creation. This sensation is particularly felt in the eyelids, which become, in some measure, quite stiff and painful. This is owing to the immediate volatilization of all humids that irrigate our organs, and which, in this particular one, probably gives rise to inflammations of the eyes, so frequent at this time of the year.*

The continuance of this wind causes pains in the bones, and a general lassitude, in all that live; and in some, paralytick or hemiplectic affections. Its sudden approach has, besides, the dreadful effect of destroying men and animals instantaneously.

It is very common to see large kites or crows, as they fly, drop down dead; and smaller birds I have known to die, or take refuge in houses, in such numbers, that a very numerous family has used nothing else for their daily meals than these victims of the inclemency of the season and their inhospitality. In populous places it is also not very uncommon to hear, that four or five people† have died in the streets in the course of a day, in consequence of being taken unprepared. This happens especially at the first setting-in of those winds.

The natives use no other means of securing themselves against this wind, but shutting up their houses, and bathing in the morning and evening; Europeans cool it through wetted tats‡ made of straw or grass, sometimes of the roots of the wattie, which, wetted, exhale a pleasant but faint smell. It will be incredible to those that have never witnessed it, but the evaporation is really so great, that several people must be kept constantly throwing water upon the tats (eight feet by four) in order to have the desired effect of cooling a small room.

It would be scarcely necessary to

* The eye-flies, so often supposed to occasion it, produce a transient and sharp pain in the eye, but never, I believe, a lasting inflammation It is generally thought infectious, and may be so by the interference of the eye-flies carrying the contagious matter from an affected eye to a sound one.

† Four people dropped down dead at Yanam, in the year 1797, an hour after my arrival there from Masulipatam: and at Samulcotah, four or five died the same day on the short road between that place and Peddapore: the number of inhabitants of either of these places does not exceed, I believe, five thousand.

‡ The frame of them is made of bamboos, in the form of the opening in the house to be tatted, let it be door or window, which is then covered with straw in the manner every one thinks best suited to retain the water longest.

observe, if it were not in contradiction to publick opinion, that the cold produced is not a peculiar property of the wind, but depends upon the general principle, that all liquids passing into an aëriform state, absorb heat, and cause immediately around them a diminution of it, and consequently a relative coldness. On the same principle depends also the cooling of wine and water, in the land-wind seasons, the latter in light earthen vessels, which allow an oozing of the water through their pores, and the former in bottles, wrapped in a piece of cloth, or in straw, which must be constantly kept moistened.

The great violence of these winds is at last terminated by frequent showers of rain, in June, in the low countries, and by the greater quantity of the regular rains falling in the inland countries, which seem to suspend the partial formation of clouds along the Ghauts, and to leave them clearer, and visible at a greater distance, than they had been at any other period of the year before.

After the enumeration of so many disagreeable circumstances, I am naturally led to an investigation of the causes that produce them. Before this can be done, however, I must prove, according to promise, that the theory of our philosophers is founded in errour.

They ascribe, as already observed, the extraordinary heat which distinguishes these winds from most others, to the absorption of calorick, in their passage over an extensive tract of country, at a time when the sun acts most powerfully in our latitudes.

According to this theory, the heat should increase in proportion to the space over which this wind is to travel, it should be hotter on the coast, than it is at any part of the country inland, or, which is the same, it should decrease by degrees from the eastern to the western sea of the peninsula. Experience, however, teaches us the reverse; for it is hottest near the Ghauts, and among the valleys between those ranges of hills, than at any place on the coast; and the heat of those winds decreases also as they approach the Bay of Bengal, and in a direct ratio from the Ghauts to the sea: accordingly, it is at Ambore hotter than at Vellore, and at this place again than at Arcot, Conjeveram, and Madras, where the land-winds are seldom felt with any degree of severity.

Time is another measure applicable to the acquisition of heat, as it increases to the greatest pitch which a body is capable of receiving in proportion to its continuance: the land-winds should therefore be cooler when they set in at ten or eleven o'clock, and hottest at their termination in the afternoon; they should be so at least at noon, when the sun is nearly vertical, and has the greatest influence on the substances from which heat is to be attracted. The contrary, however, comes nearest to the truth; for it is known that these winds set in with their greatest violence and heat at once, which rather abate than increase, as might be expected.

We should, on this principle, further suppose the heat would increase gradually with the return of the sun to our latitudes, from its southern declination, and stand always in proportion to its position. We find, however, that experience also contradicts this point of the theory under discussion; for after the sun has passed our zenith,* the land-winds set in at once with all their intensity, in the manner before described, and they cease as abruptly before its return again.†

* The sun is in the zenith at Madras about the 26th of April.

† The sun is again in our zenith on its southern declination about the 19th August.

A material change in the temperature of this climate is certainly effected by the approach of the sun from the south; but the heat which is thus caused, and which increases by imperceptible degrees, is never so great, and is only felt by those who expose themselves to it unprotected; for the air remains proportionally cool, and our houses afford, in this season, a pleasant retreat. We find it far otherwise in a land-wind; for this penetrates our inmost recesses, and renders life miserable every where.

I have before observed, that winds equally hot with those of periodical duration, are felt in all parts of the country, and at different seasons; a circumstance alone sufficient, if proved, to overthrow the groundwork of the old theory.

For a confirmation of this, I will appeal to the general observation, that immediately before a long rain the weather is sultry, and that a single shower is always preceded by a warm, disagreeable wind.

We are very particularly reminded of the approaching great monsoon in October, by the oppressive heat we have in the calm evenings of that month, which, I am persuaded, would equal that of the land-winds in May, if the atmosphere were not cooled in the latter part of the night by breezes that have wafted over extensive inundated plains.

I can refer, secondly, to my meteorological journal, according to which, the 4th of June, 1800, at Madavaram, a place not far from Bengalore, the thermometer rose for a short time to 104° just before a slight shower of rain, and at a time when heavy clouds darkened the western hemisphere.

Further, in the months of March and April, 1804, we had often at Bengalore, in the afternoons, strong gusts of wind from the eastward, which, in common, were styled land-winds, and were really as hot and disagreeable as moderate land-winds are in the Carnatick. I could have multiplied instances of this kind, but am of opinion that in a fact so much known, it would be perfectly needless.

The last refuge of the defenders of this theory, is the valleys of the Ghauts, in which they pretend the heat is generated by the concentrated and reflected rays of the sun.

I will not deny but the heat occasioned by these causes, may contribute much to raise the heat of the land-winds; but the sudden appearance of the latter, their usual strength, and abrupt disappearance, all militate against that explanation as a principal cause.

The heat of these winds should in this case, to say a few words more on the preceding subject, decrease regularly, from the point where it is greatest towards the opposite, on both sides, as is the case on the coast of Coromandel. On the contrary, we find that, immediately on our having ascended the Ghauts, or on the top of hills elevated above the clouds, we have escaped their heat all at once. It is hereby remarkable, that the direction of the wind, remains to appearance nearly the same every where. In Mysore, for example, the wind is, in the land-wind season, west during the greater part of the day; in the afternoon it is from the east, and commonly warmer than the former.

This, together with what had been said before, will, I hope, be thought sufficient to establish my opinion relative to what cannot be the cause of the heat in the land-winds.

It remains now to point out a theory supported on a firmer basis, which I shall endeavour to do in the following pages. It is founded on a chymical principle, and will explain, I think, the heat of these winds in a satisfactory manner.

The principle itself needs no demonstration, as it is admitted as a general law; viz. that "all bodies, when they become more dense, suffer heat to escape; or, what is the same, they give out heat." For example, when gases or aëriform substances become vapours, they discharge as much heat as was necessary to keep them in their former gaseous state: further, vapours in condensing into fluids, are known to do the same, as also fluids acquiring solidity.

I am sorry that the quantity of heat set free in the condensation of vapours required for a pound of water, has escaped my memory; but I recollect it was very considerable. We know, however, that a great deal of it is required for the evaporation of the same measure, and it is but reasonable to admit that the same quantity with which it has combined should be discharged on its returning to its former state of fluidity.

In order to apply this principle to explain the presence of heat in our land-winds, I must first observe, that the atmosphere in January, February, and March, is perfectly clear and serene; and then I will call to mind what has been said of the phenomena of those winds, that they are preceded by clouds on and among the Ghauts, and that a heavy shower of rain from that quarter announces their arrival; that during their continuance, clouds are observed to lie on the Ghauts; and that the atmosphere, even in the low country, is hazy and thick. I must add also, that the countries west of the Ghauts are at this season frequently visited by heavy showers of rain, accompanied with much thunder and lightning, and sometimes with hail. Here, in the Mysore country, I have found the heaviest showers of this kind to come from the northwest, which is exactly in the direction of the countries remarkable for the great heat of the land-winds in this season. At times, we have also showers from the east and southeast, and my attention shall not be wanting to ascertain whether it is not at the time when the land-winds blow hottest in the Carnatick. By this we see, that the clouds formed on the Ghauts, charged with water and electricity (by causes I am not now to investigate) are drawn to the westward, whilst the heat, which, during the formation of these clouds, must necessarily be discharged, is carried to the east, or to the lower parts of the coast, and causes the properties for which the land-winds are so remarkable.

I have acknowledged already, that the heat occasioned by the power of the sun in this season, contributes to the aggregate of it in the wind; but I must observe also, that it acts only as a secondary cause, and passively, by preventing its absorption and diminution in the career over a variety of substances, particularly moisture, with which it would combine, if they had not been previously removed or incapacitated.

In colder climates, this absorption takes place in a greater degree, as substances are abundant with which the heat produced by the formation of rain can combine and become imperceptible. It is, however, there also often remarked, that the heat of the sun in a cloudy day is more powerful than at any other time. In common this is ascribed to the reflection of the rays of the sun from the clouds; but I opine it is often the consequence of the formation of water in the clouds, which obscure the sky at that moment.

It has been observed, that the heat of the land-winds is not felt on the top of high hills, or on plains of a very inconsiderable perpendicular height above those in which it rages most violently; as, for example, in Mysore near the Ghauts, which is only about five hundred

feet higher than the valleys immediately below. This might be considered a weighty objection against my theory; as heat, considered in the light of an elastick fluid, expands equally on all sides; and, from whatever cause it proceeds, it should be supposed to extend even further where it meets with less resistance, as from the air in higher regions, which is known to be lighter and more penetrable than near the earth.

But the reverse takes place; for almost immediately above the clouds no other heat is perceptible than what might be owing to the nature of the climate.

This circumstance may be accounted for by the diminished density of the air in the lower parts of the country, produced by the heat of the season, which would naturally cause the wind to rush thither, with all its contents, and with greater impetuosity. The coolness of the atmosphere on elevated situations may be ascribed also to the evaporation of the uppermost strata of the clouds, which accompany the land-winds.

Many arguments I have dispensed with, which might have been produced to elucidate and to establish my theory, as they were chiefly such as could be collected from simple inference, and from affirmative application of doctrines advanced before.

I will only add, that both the sirocco and samiel may be owing to similar causes as those which appear to be productive of the pernicious, or rather disagreeable, effects of our land-winds.

CURSORY INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT OF CERVANTES AND DON QUIXOTE.

SO little is really known of the biography of Cervantes, that those Spaniards who design to do him honour by learning the particulars of the life of a man whose writings have had so great an effect on their own country, and have so greatly amused all parts of the world, know not by what means to procure complete memoirs of him. Of the incidents authenticated, the following is a part. The accuracy with which his work has been investigated, the venial failures of memory detected in it, and the account obtained of the property of its author, are so many proofs of Spanish zeal and industry, in behalf of the literature of their country. They will, therefore, be found interesting by British readers, as well from that cause as from the curiosity of their contents.

In the first page of the History of Don Quixote, it is said that on Saturday the Don's dinner consisted of *duelos y quebrantos*. Shelton [the first English translator] calls it *collops and eggs:* all the other translators say, *griefs and groans; gripes and grumblings;* Pellicer has thus explained the meaning in a note.

"It was customary in some parts of la Mancha for the shepherds to convey to their masters' houses, the carcases of the sheep or cattle which had died during the week. After taking out the bones, the flesh was salted and preserved for culinary use: and broth was made of the broken bones. In allusion to the painful re-

collection of the loss of part of their flocks, the sorrow it occasioned, and the breaking of the bones, such food was called *duelos y quebrantos; sorrows and breakings.*"

The books which have been printed in Spain during these last forty years, both in verse and prose, have constantly the mark of interrogation reversed before a question, and also at the end, in the usual way.

M. de Florian has suited his translation to the present French taste. He says he is convinced that Cervantes composed the first part of Don Quixote, at a single cast [*d'un seul jet*] or as the Italians say, *by the first intention*, without even giving himself the trouble of revising his manuscript, as is evident from the number of anachronisms.

The duration of the history of Don Quixote, is thus computed by Senor Rios in the three splendid editions made of that history, under the direction of the Royal Academy at Madrid, published in four large quarto volumes, 1780, in 4 vols. 8vo. 1782, and in 6 smaller 8vo. volumes in 1787, with 36 copper-plates and a map of Spain on which is traced the route of the Don, specifying where every one of the adventures is supposed to have happened.

The first edition of Don Quixote was in 1605, and as we are to imagine Cervantes described the manners of his own times, we shall, from the text, state the following computation.

1604. July 28, he sallies forth and returns the day after,	2 days
He remains at home	18 do.
His second excursion from August 17th to September 2d	17 do.
He returns home and stays	31 do.
The third sally began on the third of October and continued to the 29th December	87 days
He returned home, fell ill next day, and on the 8th of January, 1605, he died	10 do.
	165 days

or five months and twelve days.

But although Cervantes intended that the third and last sally should be interwoven with the two first, and without any further interval than the above stated months, it, notwithstanding, appears from the context of the history that no less than ten years intervened: supposing the hero contemporary with several events in the year 1614. Such as the expulsion of the Moors; the adventures of Roque Guinart; the date of Sancho's letter to his wife from the duke's castle, July 20, 1614; the satyrical remarks on the second part published in the same month and year by Avellaneda, and the age of the housekeeper which in the first chapter is stated to be above forty, and in the last chapter but one more than fifty.

The principal purpose of the history of Don Quixote, was, as Cervantes himself tells us in his prologue to the first part, "to invalidate the authority and favour in which the world, and especially the vulgar, held books of chivalry," which delicate method of ridicule, happily became effectual, according to that wise sentence of Horace:

> .....Ridiculum acri
> Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat res. Lib. I. Sat. X.

"Ridicule often decides matters of importance more effectually and better than severity."

Cervantes was redeemed from slavery at Algiers in the year 1580, for 500 gold crowns [112*l.*] partly supplied by his mother and sister, and completed by the brothers of the

order of Holy Trinity, two of whom went purposely to Algiers to ransom one hundred and eighty five captives, among the list of whom was mentioned, "Miguel de Cervantes, 30 years of age, native of Alcalà de Henares."

After his return from captivity, he found himself nearly in the condition of Horace after the battle of Philippi, destitute of every thing, and obliged to write verses and compose comedies, which he sold for his maintenance.

> ..... paupertas impulit audax
> Ut versus facerem.
> Epist. 2. Lib. II.

"Imperious poverty urged me on, to write verses."

He wrote between twenty and thirty comedies, which were sold at 800 reals each [which, at 90 reals to 1*l.* sterling, is less than 9*l.*]

In 1584, he married Dona Catalina de Salazar, who brought him a fortune of near 60*l.* sterling [adequate to 150*l.* or 200*l.* at present] which, according to the inventory, consisted of a vineyard, a garden, and a plantation of olive and almond trees, estimated at 37*l.* and the remainder, of household furniture; and the following articles, which we insert as matters of curiosity:

	s.	*d.*
Four bee-hives - -	19	8
Five pounds of wax -	4	0
Six bushels of flower -	14	0
One bushel of wheat -	1	9
45 hens and chickens, 1 cock	9	9
An alabaster image of our Lady with the child Jesus	3	5
An oil picture in a frame of ditto	3	5
A silver image of our lady of Loretto	3	3
Two images of the child Jesus with their shirts and jackets	2	8
A crucifix - - -	0	10
A picture of St. Francis -	0	8

This fortune was to remain at her own disposal, and Cervantes settled on her 100 ducats, or about 12*l.* being one tenth of all he possessed, which thousand ducats would at present be equivalent to between three and four hundred pounds sterling.

In the following year he went to reside in Seville, where he remained till 1598. We know nothing of him after that time, till the year 1604, when he lived in Valladolid, and was employed as an agent in business. In 1605, a gentleman was murdered in the street in which Cervantes resided, and in consequence of the inquests which were made, we learn that in the apartments which were occupied in one of the houses in that street, there lodged Miguel de Cervantes, aged 57, Dona Catalina, his wife; Dona Isabel de Saavedra, his natural daughter, spinster, 20 years of age, Dona Andrea, his sister, twice a widow, above 50 years old, her daughter, aged 28, and Maria Cevallos, their only servant, aged 18. Cervantes, his daughter, his sister, and her daughter, were sent to prison, but the next day they were all released upon bail, although confined to their own house, from which confinement they were soon liberated, and the court returning to Madrid, Cervantes followed it thither, and remained there during the remainder of his life.

Cervantes was always complaining of his poverty, and notwithstanding his military services, and his merits in the republick of letters, he could never emerge from that miserable state, because "we know not how it happens," says Petronius, "that poverty is the sister of good understanding."

> Nescio quomodo paupertas soror est bonæ mentis. Satir. p. 84.

And, as our author makes Gines de Pasemont say,

"Genius is always persecuted by misfortune."

At last, Cervantes, undeceived, and convinced that he could not obtain any establishment, being continually persecuted by envy and ignorance, resolved to struggle no longer, but to live in retirement, and return, as he says, to his leisure, which he, however, employed in composing new works, and improving others.

Cervantes received a small pension from the archbishop of Toledo, and another from the count de Lemos, which barely kept him out of prison. Cervantes became a brother of the order of St. Francis, in his own house, where he was confined through illness on the 2d of April, 1616, like those, who

"——to be sure of Paradise
Dying, put on the weeds of Dominick,
Or in Franciscan think to pass disguised."
Parad. Lost, book 3.

He died three weeks after, and was buried in the poorest manner, in a convent in Madrid, without any epitaph, so that the precise place is not known.

The Spanish edition of Don Quixote, which was published in Madrid, 1797, in four volumes, in quarto, by Juan Antonio Pellicer, contains, in the life of Cervantes, the following paragraphs:

"After an illness, of seven months, died Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, on the 23d of the month of April, Anno 1616, in Madrid, aged 69. On which day, died likewise, the celebrated English poet, William Shakspeare, aged 53."

"A very good book may do much harm, witness Don Quixote. Cervantes extinguished the brilliant ideas of chivalry; and since that period, Spain has been on the decline. It is dangerous to cure a people of its chimeras and irregularities, when those chimeras form the very essence of its character, and that character is a good one. There are certain follies which are worth preserving."

The first English translation of Don Quixote was by Thomas Shelton, in 2 vols. 4to. 1620. The second edition of this book, was in 1652, in folio, 274 leaves, London, by Richard Hodgkinsonne. In the dedication Shelton says, he "translated the Historie of Don Quixote, out of the Spanish tongue into the English, in the space of *fourty dayes.*" 274 leaves are 548 pages [*in folio*] 55 lines to a page and 16 words to a line, are contained in this edition; so that he *translated* 14 pages every day, or 770 lines, which would, even at this time, be considered as very laborious work. Perhaps this is the best English translation, or that of Smollet, as being the most modern: but a new edition of *Jarvis's* translation has been lately published, with all the modern Spanish additions.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

THERE is a pathetick and elegant simplicity in the writings of great and good men, which I take to be the natural result of conscious goodness and exalted virtue. I was, therefore, highly delighted with a letter, which a neighbour of mine, a quaker, has communicated to me, written by Mr. PENN to his wife and children, a little before his first voyage to AMERICA, and found after his death among some old MSS. never published. I have permission to copy it, and here send it you. The sentiments are not studied, novel, or sublime, but simple, sincere, and

natural; adapted to the occasion, flowing from the heart, and consonant with the rules of the true epistolary writing. Mr. Penn (as observed of Shakspeare) appears not so properly to "speak from Nature, as that she speaks through him."—Whether we view this great man in the light of a legislator, historian, or chronologist, we must allow he had great extent of knowledge, accuracy of judgment, and quickness of invention: and I think it is but justice to his memory to observe, that in all his writings, the gentleman, scholar, and Christian, are eminently conspicuous. J. W. V.

London, 14th February, 1811.

MR. WILLIAM PENN'S LETTER.

MY DEAR WIFE AND CHILDREN,

My love, that sea nor land, nor death itself, can extinguish or lessen toward you, most endearedly visits you with eternal embraces, and will abide with you for ever; and may the God of my life watch over you, and bless you, and do you good in this world, and for ever. Some things are upon my spirits to leave with you, in your respective capacities, as I am to one a husband, and to the rest a father, if I should never see you more in this world.

My dear wife, remember thou wast the love of my youth, and much the joy of my life; the most beloved as well as the most worthy, of all my earthly comforts: and the reason of that love was more thy inward than thy outward excellencies (which yet were many.) God knows, and thou knowest it, I can say it was a match of Providence's making; and God's image in us both was the first thing, and the most amiable and engaging ornament in our eyes. Now I am to leave thee, and that without knowing whether I shall ever see thee more in this world, take my counsel into thy bosom, and let it dwell with thee in my stead while thou livest.

1st, Let the fear of the Lord, and a zeal and love to his glory, dwell richly in thy heart; and thou wilt watch for good over thyself and thy dear children and family, that no rude, light, or bad thing be committed; else God will be offended, and he will repent himself of the good he intends thee and thine.

2dly, Be diligent in meetings of worship and business; stir up thyself and others herein; 'tis thy duty and place; and let meetings be kept once a day in the family to wait upon the Lord, who has given us so much time for ourselves: and, my dearest, to make thy family-matters easy to thee, divide thy time, and be regular; 'tis easy and sweet; thy retirement will afford thee to do it: as in the morning to view the business of the house, and fix it as thou desirest, seeing all be in order; that by thy counsel all may move, and to thee render an account every evening. The time for work, for walking, for meals, may be certain, at least as near as may be; and grieve not thyself with careless servants, they will disorder thee; rather pay them, and let them go, if they will not be better by admonitions; this is best to avoid many words, which I know wound the soul, and offend the Lord.

3dly, Cast up thy income, and see what it daily amounts to; by which thou mayst be sure to have it in thy sight and power to keep within compass; and I beseech thee to live low and sparingly, till my debts are paid; and then enlarge as thou seest it convenient. Remember thy mother's example when thy father's publick-spiritedness had worsted his estate (which is my case.) I know thou lovest plain things, and are averse to the pomp of the world; a nobility natural to thee. I write not as doubtful, but to quicken thee, for my sake, to be more vigilant herein; knowing that God will bless thy care, and thy poor children and thee for it. My mind is wrapt up in a saying of thy father's, "I desire not riches, but to owe nothing;" and

truly that is wealth; and more than enough to live, is a snare attended with many sorrows. I need not bid thee be humble, for thou art so; nor meek and patient, for it is much of thy natural disposition: but I pray thee be oft in retirement with the Lord, and guard against encroaching friendships. Keep them at arm's end; for it is giving away our power, aye and self too, into the possession of another; and that which might seem engaging in the beginning may prove a yoke and burthen, too hard and heavy in the end. Wherefore keep dominion over thyself, and let thy children, good meetings, and friends, be the pleasure of thy life.

4thly, And now, my dearest, let me recommend to thy care my dear children; abundantly beloved of me as the Lord's blessings, and the sweet pledges of our mutual and endeared affection.

Above all things, endeavour to breed them up in the love of virtue, and that holy plain way of it which we have lived in, that the world, in no part of it, get into my family. I had rather they were homely than finely bred, as to outward behaviour; yet I love sweetness mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety. Religion in the heart leads into this true civility, teaching men and women to be mild and courteous in their behaviour; an accomplishment worthy indeed of praise.

5thly, Next breed them up in a love one of another; tell them 'tis the charge I left behind me; and that 'tis the way to have the love and blessing of God upon them: also what his portion is who hates or calls his brother fool. Sometimes separate them, but not long; and allow them to send and give each other small things, to endear one another with. Once more, I say, tell them it was my counsel, they should be tender and affectionate one to another. For their learning be liberal; spare no cost; for, by such parsimony all is lost that is saved; but let it be useful knowledge, such as is consistent with truth and godliness, not cherishing a vain conversation or idle mind; but ingenuity mixed with industry is good for the body and mind too. I recommend the useful parts of mathematicks, as building houses or ships, measuring, surveying, dialling, navigation, &c. but aggriculture is epecially in my eye: let my children be husbandmen and house wives: 'tis industrious, healthy, honest, and of good example: like Abraham, and the holy ancients, who pleased God, and obtained a good report. This leads to consider the works of God and nature, of things that are good, and diverts the mind from being taken up with the vain arts and inventions of a luxurious world. 'Tis commendable in the princes of Germany and nobles of that empire that they have all their children instructed in some useful occupation. Rather keep an ingenious person in the house to teach them than send them to schools; too many evil impressions being commonly received there. Be sure to observe their genius, and don't cross it as to learning: let them not dwell too long on one thing, but let their change be agreeable, and all their diversions have some little bodily labour in them. When grown big have most care for them; for then there are more snares both within and without. When marriageable, see that they have worthy persons in their eye, of good life and good fame for piety and understanding. I need no wealth but sufficiency: and be sure their love be dear, fervent, and mutual, that it may be happy for them. I chuse not they should be married into earthly covetous kindred; and of cities and towns of concourse beware; the world is apt to stick close to those who have lived and got wealth there: a country life and estate I like best for my children. I prefer a decent mansion of an hun-

dred pounds per annum, before ten thousand pounds in London, or such like place in a way of trade. In fine, my dear, endeavour to breed them dutiful to the Lord, and his blessed light, truth, and grace in their hearts, who is their Creator; and his fear will grow up with them. Teach a child (says the Wise Man) the way thou wilt have him to walk, and when he is old he will not forget it. Next, obedience to thee their dear mother; and that not for wrath, but for conscience sake: liberal to the poor, pitiful to the miserable, humble and kind to all. And may my God make thee a blessing, and give thee comfort in our dear children; and in age gather thee to the joy and blessedness of the just (where no death shall separate us) for ever.

And now my dear children, that are the gifts and mercies of the God of your tender father; hear my counsel, and lay it up in your hearts; love it more than treasure, and follow it, and you shall be blessed here and happy hereafter. In the first place, remember your Creator in the days of your youth: it was the glory of Israel in the 2d of Jeremiah: and how did God bless Josiah, because he feared him in his youth; and so he did Jacob, Joseph, and Moses. Oh, my dear children! remember, and fear, and serve him who made you, and gave you to me and your dear mother: and that you may live to him, and glorify him in your generations. To do this, in your youthful days seek after the Lord, that you may find him; remembering his great love in creating you; that you are not beasts, plants, or stones; but that he has kept you, and given his grace within and substance without, and provided plentifully for you. This remember in your youth, that you may be kept from the evil of the world: for in age it will be harder to overcome the temptations of it. Wherefore, my dear children, eschew the appearance of evil, and love and cleave to that in your hearts that shows you evil from good, and tells you when you do amiss, and reproves you for it. It is the light of Christ, that he has given you for your salvation; if you do this, and follow my counsel, God will bless you in this world, and give you an inheritance in that which shall never have an end. For the light of Jesus is of a purifying nature: it seasons those, who love it, and take heed to it; and never leaves such till it has brought them to the city of God, that has foundations. O! that ye may be seasoned with the gracious nature of it; hide it in your hearts, and flee, my dear children, from all youthful lusts; the vain sports, pastimes, and pleasures of the world; redeeming the time, because the days are evil. You are now beginning to live: what would some give for your time! Oh, I could have lived better, were I, as you, in the flower of youth. Therefore, love and fear the Lord, keep close to meetings, and delight to wait upon the Lord God of your father and mother, among his despised people, as we have done, and count it your honour to be members of that society, and heirs of that living fellowship which is enjoyed among them, for the experience of which, your father's soul blesseth the Lord for ever.

Next, be obedient to your dear mother, a woman whose virtues and good name is an honour to you; for she has been exceeded by none in her time for her plainness, integrity, industry, humility, virtue, and good understanding: qualities not usual among women of her worldly condition and quality. Therefore, honour and obey her, my dear children, as your mother, and your father's love and delight: nay, love her too, for she loved your father with a deep and upright love, chusing him before all her many suitors; and though she be of a delicate constitution and noble spirit, yet she de-

scended to the utmost tenderness and care for you; performing the painfullest acts of service to you in your infancy, as a mother and nurse too. I charge you, before the Lord, honour and obey, love and cherish, your dear mother.

Next, betake yourselves, to some honest, industrious course of life; and that not of sordid covetuousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, chuse with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, guardians, or those that have the charge of you: mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition; such as you can love above all this world: and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you. And being married, be tender, affectionate, and patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offsprings. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any: ruin not yourselves by kindness to others, for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not. Let industry and parsimony go no farther than for a sufficiency for life; and to make a provision for your children [and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any]. I charge you to help the poor and the needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income, for the good of the poor, both in our society and others: for we are all his creatures, remembering that "he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world; use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them, you serve them; which will debase your spirits, as well as offend the Lord. Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case: and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again. Be humble and gentle in your coversation, of few words, I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak; hearing out before you attempt to answer; and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose. Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your Heavenly Father. In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction; for that becomes not the good and virtuous. Watch against anger, neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences. Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get byt hose they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, "Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" answers, "He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart: in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoureth them who feareth the Lord." Next, my children, be temperate in all things; in your diet, for that is physick by prevention; it keeps, nay it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments; remembering, life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap; avoid pride, avarice,

and luxury. Read my "No Cross, No Crown!" There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men, as you hope for the blessing of God, and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no not of the meanest; much less of your superiours; as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busy bodies; meddle not with other folks matters, but when in conscience and duty prest: for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men. In your families, remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua; their integrity to the Lord; and do as you have them for your examples. Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people: and, as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them, as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart; that he may bless you and yours, from generation to generation. And, as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you, before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender; fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetuousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage; though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live; and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the *square*, for God sees you: therefore do your duty: and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers; cherish no informers for gain or revenge; use no tricks, fly to no devices, to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

Oh! the Lord is a strong God, and he can do whatsoever he pleases; and, though men consider it not, it is the Lord that rules and overrules in the kingdom of men; and he builds up and pulls down. I, your father, am the man that can say, he that trusts in the Lord shall not be confounded. But God, in due time, will make his enemies be at peace with him. If you thus behave yourselves, and so become a terrour to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well, God, my God, will be with you, in wisdom and a sound mind; and make you blessed instruments in his hand, for the settlement of some of those desolate parts of the world, which my soul desires above all worldly honours and riches; both for you that go, and you that stay; you that govern, and you who are governed; that in the end you may be gathered with me to the rest of God. Finally, my children, love one another with a true and endeared love, and your dear relations on both sides; and take care to preserve tender affection in your children to each other: often marrying within themselves, so as it be without the bounds forbidden in God's law. That so they may not, like the forgetting and unnatural world, grow out of kindred, and as cold as strangers; but as becomes a truly natural and Christian stock, you, and yours after you, may live

* The title of a book of his, in which his religious sentiments are recorded in a style easy, concise, and nervous: his reflections interesting; his arguments, for the most part, just; and generally enforced by illustrations from Scripture.

in the pure and fervent love of God towards one another, as becometh brethren in the spiritual and natural relation. So my God, that has blessed me with his abundant mercies, both of this and the other and better life, be with you all, guide you by his counsel, bless you, and bring you to his eternal glory; that you may shine, my dear children, in the firmament of God's power, with the blessed spirits of the just: that celestial family, praising and admiring him the God and Father of it, for ever and ever. For there is no God like unto him, the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; the God of the Prophets, the Apostles, and martyrs of Jesus; in whom I live for ever.——So farewell to my thrice dearly beloved wife and children. Yours, as God pleaseth in that which no waters can quench, no time forget, nor distance wear away, but remains for ever.

WILLIAM PENN.

POETRY.

MONODY,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAIR AND UNFORTUNATE LADY.

[*Original.*]

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrours rise! POPE.

IN dreams of fancy's wildest power,
Oft has my kindling eye surveyed
The image of some radient maid
Descending to my summer bower:
And I have gazed the fleeting hour
Upon the soul-entrancing shade,
Till e'en reality would seem
As like the gilding of a dream;
As if, indeed, from breathing air,
Was formed the life-blood goddess there.
But when the latest beams of e'en
Illumed no more the face of heaven,
And chill across my brow has past
The melancholy boding blast,
At once the spirit, all would fade;
Nor leave behind one trace, to tell
Remembrance of the vanished maid,
Or the beguiling spell.

Not so of her, whom once these eyes,
In no delusive dream, beheld,
Child of the earth—now of the skies.
A beauteous tree, untimely felled,
That flourished in the lonely glade.
While in mortal view she dwelled.
Fair as the forms that fancy drew,
In native loveliness arrayed,
In native loveliness she grew:
But, like those shadowy forms untrue
That on the musing eye decay,
She too has been—and pass'd away!
Has pass'd away—but in my mind
A living trace is left behind,
The image of her being fair,
That finds not an oblivion there.

Sad is her story, sad her fate
The sorrowing muse would now relate.
As sad the verse shall flow.
Oh! cast in beauty's heavenly mould,
Though meek of temper, mild of mien,
Thou could'st not 'scape the venomed smart
That eager anguish gives the heart;
Thou could'st not shun the form of wo,
The deadning touch of sorrow cold,
Nor shield thee from her arrow keen.
Swift o'er thy head the moments rolled
That found thee with unruffled breast.
Ah! hope's bright sunshine soon was o'er!
And holy peace, a smiling quest,
Fled from the bosom it had blest.
That holy peace retained no more.

Yet let me, ere the fatal hour,
That saw her victim to its power,
Came, like the frost in opening spring
That nips the unsuspecting flower
Of zephyr's nourishing—
While yet upon her lips were seen,
Dimpling, the wreathed smiles serene,
Let me, with mournful memory, trace
The beauties of her matchless face,
And bid the touching form appear
Arrayed in all all its graces here.

Alas! how fails the faultering line!
To give the image back to view,
The perfect whole, almost divine,
With charm for charm, and hue for hue,
Is more than poesy may do.

What boots to say her forehead bright
Seemed like a smooth cloud, snowy white;
That o'er that forehead, ivory fair,
Curled the brown maze of softest hair;
That from her eyes of liquid blue
Beamed mildest rays through trembling dew;
That from her lips, their nectared seat,
Fell accents as the honey sweet;
Her heaving bosom, half concealed,
An opening paradise revealed;
Till at the enamoured view, the gazer warm,
Felt all the impasioned sigh to clasp the inspiring form?
Think'st thou the picture then could vie
With her who meets my inward eye?
Yet such her charms. Nor these alone:
Each bland accomplishment combined
To add its polish to the mind,
And the mild virtues were her own.
In that dear face a glance might read,
From every ruffling passion freed,
The transcript of her gentle breast,
In each pure look exprest;
A placid sweetness, that might lead
The lion, rage, to rest.
Sometimes a pensive cast would gloom
(As o'er the sun the light clouds fly)
In deeper shade her feature's bloom,
Fled the young smile and mirth unholy—
And she, the seeming child of melancholy,
By sweetly-sadd'ning thoughts deprest,
Would muse on fleeting forms of folly;
And often she would sigh.

What wonder if in heart so soft,
A prey to its own feelings oft—
What wonder if within that breast
That all the gentler passions knew,
The milder sympathies had blest,
Love, with the throng, should find a place
And every meaner influence chase?
He in that sanctuary grew,
And triumphed o'er the rest.
Yes, there was one the fervent maid
With looks of tenderness surveyed,
Far distant, far the thought of ill—
And him she loved in truth.
She found her fondness all repayed,
And with soul's delighting thrill
Her vows were plighted to the youth.
Ah! hapless pair! the wintry blast
O'er blooming love's elysium past;
Ravaged the bowers of heavenly bliss,
And chilled upon your lips the kiss!

A father's mandate interposed,
Forbade the union love designed;
A mother's heart to pity closed:
The bands were torn that love had twined.
She to another was consigned,
And the last spark of joy expired:
Yet in her bridal robes attired,
Still fain their sterner hopes to crown,
The dread destroyers of her own,
Poor bleeding dove! though wounded sore,
The smile of joy her features wore!
But her heart felt that smile no more.

O, love connubial, how thy couch, profaned,
From rapture changes to a bed of thorns;
When by parental pow'r the virgin gained
Must meet embraces which she scorns!
Unhappy bridegroom! not for thee
Shone the clear star of ecstacy:
Veiled were its beams thy nuptial night,
Or only shed on thee a cold and sickly light;
Destined, though boasting all her charms,
To press a joyless bride, reluctant in thy arms.
"Ah! to another clime I go,"
The drooping fair was heard to say,
"Of ruthless force the yielding prey:
There death, the only good below,
'Tis consolation sweet to know,
Will steal me from my woes away,
And mix me with the senseless clay:
No eye to drop the pitying tear
Or mourn me on the passing bier!"

Another clime the mourner sought,
Her breast with hidden anguish fraught;
While, faithful to its propheteess,
The lamp of light less bright, and less
Each dawning day became,
Till the last, feeble, faultering flame
Seemed ready to expire.
Then nature's, powerful nature's claim
The sufferer's heart subdued:
And "bear me back;"—was now her last desire,
"O let my eyes be closed in peace!"
Her pallid lips respire.
"Not in a land of strangers rude,
But near the friends I love let my existence cease!"

Peace to thy shade, thou gentle one at rest!
No parent clasped thee ere thy slumber deep.
The wild waves rocked thee to thy lasting sleep;

And the loud winds passed o'er thy head unblest,
As shook the last sigh thy expiring breast;
The sea-nymphs heard—their coral caves that keep
Beneath the rolling water's mighty sweep,
And sung the dirge, in evening strains distrest.
Yet to their care no hands thy corse consigned,
Withheld that treasure from a watery bier.
The recent mound the narrow house o'erlays,
Where all that once was beauty lies enshrined:
A transient glory that in dust decays,
A vision vanished with the weeping year?

Baltimore, April 28th, 1811.

CAMPBELL TRAVESTIED.

ON Cannock when the sun was low,
No tainted breeze betrayed the foe,
And each sly fox and timid foe,
Lay crouched in covert quietly.

But Cannock showed another sight,
When an old man at dead of night
Stole forth, and by his lanthorn's light,
Stopt all the earths so cunningly.

By the farthing candle fast arrayed,
The huntsman waked his favourite maid,
The well known call she straight obeyed,
And made his breakfast instantly.

The horsemen met the hounds at seven,
From cover soon the prey was driven,
And swift as fiery bolts from heaven,
The pack pursued their enemy.

The chase is up! on, on ye brave,
Who never care your necks to save,
And scorn a dangerous leap to wave,
Now spur your coursers manfully.

The straining pack have neared their foe;
Hark to the halloo! tally ho!
Ne'er pause! o'er gates and hedges go,
The brush rewards your victory.

'Tis night—the hunt dine at the Sun,
The pipes are filled; the healths begun,
Each counts his feats and trophies won,
And all is mirth and jollity.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
Each finds a bed beneath his seat,
And every hound couched at their feet,
Partakes a hunter's canopy.

SONG.

Tune—"*Humours of Glen.*"

HOW fresh is the rose in the gay dewy morning,
That peeps with a smile o'er yon eastern hill.
How fair is the lily, our gardens adorning,
And fresh is the daisy that blooms by the rill:
But *Mary*, the rarest, the fairest, sweet flower,
That ever adorned the green banks of the Main,*
Compared with this beauty, the eglantine bower,
The rose, and the lily, how trifling and vain!

How lovely her bosom, where friendship and feeling
Still heave for misfortune the dear tender sigh;
How sweet are her looks, every beauty revealing;
And mild is the lustre that beams in her eye
The blush of her cheek still outrivals Aurora,
When beauty and musick awake the young dawn,
And sweeter her smile than the smile of sweet Flora,
When cowslips and daisies bedeck the gay lawn.

And, O, lovely maid! may thy beautie still flourish,
Unnipped by the blast of misfortune's rude gale;
May Virtue attend thee, thy goodness to nourish,
And no ruffian hand the sweet blossom assail!
May fortune's best smiles, lovely maid, never leave thee,
Through life's fleeting scenes as thou journeyest along,
And curst be the villain would seek to deceive thee,
Or offer thy virtue and innocence wrong!

* The principal river in county Antrim is called the Main. It rises in the northern part of the county, and falls into Lough Neagh.

Let lordlings exult in their titles and treasure,
Where courts and where grandeur extend their proud blaze.
And proud city beauties may listen with pleasure,
While poets as venal reecho their praise;
No man shall now boast of the city or palace,
Bedecked with their beauties, a gay gilded train;
For now there's a fairer adorns our green valleys—
'Tis Mary, sweet Mary, the flower of the Main.

JOHN GETTY.

Ballytrima, Co. Antrim.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Articles of literary intelligence, inserted by the booksellers in the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, will be copied into this Magazine without further order.

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Published—The Eclectick Repertory and Medical and Philosophical Journal, No. 3, Vol. I.

By Thomas B. Zantzinger, and Co. Philadelphia.

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By S. Conrad and J. Hulgate, Philadelphia,

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By Bennett and Walton, Philadelphia,

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Published—The Knight of Snowden, A Musical Drama in three Acts, by Thomas Morton. Price 25 cents.

Also—The Lady of the Lake. A Melo Dramatick Romance. [From the popular Poem of the same title.]

By Collins and Co. New-York,

Published—(Price 50 cents) Mitchill and Miller's Medical Repository, and Review of American Publications of Science. For February, March and April, 1811. Total No. LVI.

By William Wells and T. B. Wait & Co. Boston,

Published—The Christian Observer. [From the London edition.] For January, 1811.

D. Mallory and Co. Boston,

Published—An Essay on Maritime Loans, from the French of M. Balthasard Marie Emerigon; with Notes: To which is added an Appendix, containing the titles De Exercitoria Actione, De Lege Rhodia De Jactaw, and De Nautico Foenore, translated from the Digests and Code of Justinian. And the title Des Contrats a la Grosse Aventure *ou* a Retour De Voyage, from the Marine Ordinance of Louis XIV. By John E. Hall, Esq.

By William Andrews, Boston,

Published—(Price 3 dollars) A Dis-

sertation on the Prophecies, that have been fulfilled, are now fulfilling, or will hereafter be fulfilled, relative to the Great Period of 1260 years; the Papal and Mohammedan Apostacies; the tyrannical Reign of Antichrist, or the Infidel Power; and the Restoration of the Jews. To which is added an Appendix. By the Reverend George Stanley Faber, B. D. Vicar of Stockton-upon-Tees.

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